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CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV., NO. 48. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY. DECEMBER 1, 1917. 5 CENTS A COPY.

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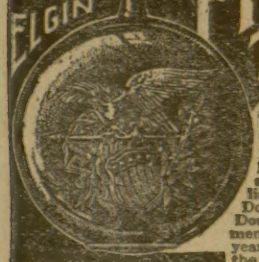

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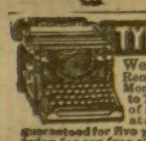

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"Swing On to Victory"

THE shower was over in the city of Chicago, and innumerable electric lights on Michigan avenue were reflected in the shining pavement.

Automobiles sped to and fro bearing their occupants dinnerward and elsewhere.

Pedestrians bound for the Illinois Central dodged recklessly across the slippery road or more cautiously awaited the white-gloved signal of the policeman, protected in his heavy raincoat.

The door of the big hotel opened and a tall, broad-shouldered soldier emerged, looking entirely a gallant young officer in his khaki suit.

"Taxi, sir?" suggested the colored porter, touching his cap.

The officer shook his head and placed a lighted match to his cigarette. "Just looking 'em over, George," he answered.

Around the corner trudged a plump little woman carrying a newspaper bundle under the arm of a coat that had seen better days. Her step was hurried, as the steps are likely to be of mothers who each day go to work and at 5 o'clock scurry homeward to get dinner for the family. Her round, shining face, suggestive of a strong soap and cold water recently applied, suddenly brightened as she caught sight of the soldier standing on the hotel step.

She stopped abruptly before him and asked eagerly: "Excuse me, sir. Are you going to St. Louis?"

The officer withdrew his gaze from the passers-by and looked down at her. He had fine, clear blue eyes and a smile slowly lighted them. "I happen to be going there tomorrow—on a furlough," was his answer.

"Ain't that just the luckiest thing!" she exclaimed joyously. "I've asked three soldiers before I saw you standing here, and not a one was going to St. Louis. Would you be so kind, sir, as to give my love to my boy, Private Jimmy Smith, at Jefferson Barracks, and tell him his mother is all right?"

"I'll look your son up, Mrs. Smith, and deliver your message," the young officer promised.

"God bless you—and swing on to victory, boy!" the little woman cried. Then in her own hand, roughened and hardened by toil, she caught the young soldier's and wrung it fervently. She hurried on her way.

A girl with a flowerlike face, whose egress from the hotel the soldier had unconsciously stopped and who perforce had witnessed the little scene, begged to be allowed to pass. With an apology the man sprang aside, touching his cap.

The girl, whose eyes matched the corsage bunch of violets she wore, flew lightly past, and sped in pursuit of the little woman trudging down the avenue.

The next instant the violets had exchanged owners. The officer could not hear what the girl said, but he saw the little woman, in the light from a shop window, bury her homely, shining face in the violets.

The colored porter opened the door of a limousine and held it ready for the girl. She paused as she reached it, hesitated and crossed the sidewalk to the soldier.

"I couldn't help overhearing what you promised. It's fine of you! My brother is at the front. I, too, pray you will 'swing on to victory.'"

She said it breathlessly, smiling up at him. Suddenly the soldier wondered whether he would be wise to go on to St. Louis the next day. The young woman had turned. He stooped and picked up a violet at his feet and held it in his hand.

As the limousine whirled away he took out a memorandum book and laid the violet carefully between the leaves.

SOME LETTERS FROM PHYLLIS

"DEAR DAD:

Thanks a thousand times for the five you handed men when you left me on the train. I ran across a girl friend and, of course, I had to ask her to go to luncheon with me, so I had to kiss my five round men goodby to pay for the treat, but the donation certainly hit me hard.

"Mrs. Benson and Marie met me, but their car is out of commission, so we had to take a cab, and, of course, I wouldn't let them stand for the cost. I had to buy some things after I arrived here that I didn't have time to get before I left, so my purse is pretty flat just now, but I'm having a peach of a time.

"Hope you and mother are missing me just enough and not too much. Lots of love. PHYL.

"P. S.—I had to tip that porter again after you left. He acted as if he had forgotten all about the fifty cents you gave him. Greedy!"

"Dear Dad:

"You're some generous parent, believe me! I haven't a minute to write, but must let you know that the check reached me safely.

"Lots of love to you and mother. Tell her to send me my old tennis shoes, will you? I was going to get a new pair here, but the exchequer is pretty low, so I'll have to cut out any unnecessary expenditures.

"Thanks awfully for the ten. They're pretty nearly shot to pieces already, but you can be sure I was glad to get them. "PHYL."

"Dad Darling:

"How did you guess that I was out of funds? Really, I thought I could get along on what I had, but when I looked into my purse I found I possessed just a quarter, so if you hadn't come to the rescue I'd have had to borrow from Marie or somebody. You old precious lamb, you, to send it without my saying a word!

"We had a terrible experience yesterday. Marie and I were out in the car and another automobile ran into us and we had an awful spill. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, but the man in the other car said it was our fault and acted dreadfully and says he's going to sue us—and my suit was ruined, so I had to go downtown this morning and get another. I borrowed the money from Marie's mother, and I don't know how I'm ever going to pay her back unless I get the money refunded on my ticket, and then I don't know how I'll get home. I'm just worried to pieces about it. What do you think I'd better do?

"Lots of love, "PHYL."

"Dear Dad:

"I almost burst with joy when I got your letter and found the check. I don't know anybody that has such a perfectly wonderful father. Lots of fathers would have sent the check, but they would have spattered a good deal of wise talk around the landscape together with it. Marie said when I showed it to her: 'I wish I'd drawn one like that.' I told her they'd destroyed the pattern. Her father's really a dear, but he sputters a lot about nothing, and you know that's awfully trying.

"I'm going to be very, very careful with this money. I think I can make it last without a bit of trouble. We had a theater party yesterday afternoon and went to tea afterward and took taxis home, so it cost us something, but as I'm going to be here only a week longer I'll get along all right.

"Well, take good care of yourself. Lots of love to you both. PHYL."

"Dear Father:

"I thought maybe I'd get a letter from you yesterday and was very much disappointed and am beginning to be afraid that one of you may be sick. If you are, either of you, please telegraph me, for I'd never forgive you if you got sick and didn't let me know.

"I've had a lovely time, but I'll really be awfully glad to get home again. I've felt rather tired and depressed the last day or two. I had such a trying kind of an experience yesterday morning. Marie and I went downtown to do some shopping, and when I started to pay for the lunch and began to look for my purse I found it had disappeared. There wasn't much in it—only $2—but it was all I had, and I feel so ashamed of being careless. Well, I'll be home day after tomorrow and I'll borrow a little change from Marie (I'd blush to tell her mother), that is, if Marie has any, and I guess I can get along without any lunch on the train going home and I won't need to take a seat in the parlor car. I'll be perfectly all right in the day coach.

"I can hardly wait to see you and mother. I guess I'm getting a little homesick.

"Your loving daughter, PHYLLIS."

"Dear Daughter:

"Please have your friends send you home by express, properly crated and marked. I'll pay all charges at this end.

"Your affectionate "DAD.

"P. S.—I am inclosing $5 for luncheon, tips, etc. Please note that this bill has wings and is of the migratory variety. Don't let it fly away."

Advice to a Son.

"WELL, well, well!" cried Mrs. Henpeck. "Our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him."

Mr. Henpeck agreed (he dared not do otherwise), and his lady picked up her pen.

"My darling boy," read the son, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry some good woman. A good woman is Heaven's most gracious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him, and helps him to suppress all that is evil. Her price is above rubies."

Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting:

"Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."

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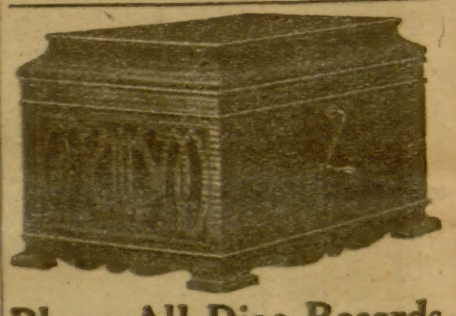

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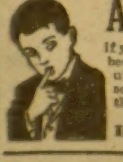

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THE FIRE EATER

By Wilder Anthony

Two adventurers match their wits against those of the savage guardians of an orchid worth a fortune. The result is startling.

FRENCHY and I lay flat on our faces with our eyes glued to the two-inch crack beneath the skin hangings which closed the doorway of the hut and watched the procession come up. It was a queer spectacle.

First came the priests, or kayin men, squat, ugly fellows, hideously tattooed and painted, and wearing grass headdresses half as high as they were. They carried skull-tipped wands, which they waved to the tune of a weird chant. Behind the priests marched twenty young girls, stark naked save for their paint and festoons of grass and metal ornaments; then came the fighting men, upstanding fellows, armed with spears and blowguns, and last of all stalked Cawr, the real focus of our straining eyes.

Cawr was the wachawe, or witch-doctor—the medicine man as our American Indians have it—and he was a sight for his heathen gods. He was tall for a Dyak—about six feet, I should say—with the beautifully muscled torso and limbs of a bronze Hercules. As he moved majestically along thru the stinking filth that the head-hunters called a street, his oiled body glistened in the sun like a snake's belly. In contrast to the priests, he wore but few ornaments and very little paint, and except for a fillet of leopard skin, his head was bare. In his right hand he carried a soft leather pouch, containing the tricks of his trade, while around his brawny neck was a string of charms.

When the crowd halted in front of the hut and began to form in a half-circle, Frenchy and I got to our feet—it would never have done for us to have been caught spying—and waited with all the dignity we could muster for Cawr to announce his visit. Both of us had spent enough years in Borneo to be fairly well versed in Dyak customs and etiquette, and, surrounded as we were by two hundred semi-hostile savages who needed only a nod from their chief to attack us, we didn't want to excite distrust by showing undue curiosity.

When Cawr's messenger—an armed warrior—threw back the door curtain and requested us to step outside he found us reclining in the rear of the hut, smoking our pipes and apparently quite oblivious of the gathering in the street. With a final hitch at my belt, which held two automatic pistols, I followed my partner out onto the entrance platform—a flimsy bamboo structure erected at a height of about ten feet from the ground—and gazed down at the assembly.

It was an odd sight, that mob of savages, looking up at us in ill-concealed hatred and distrust. Each one of the warriors fingered his sumpitan in a way that plainly showed his entire willingness to send one of its poisoned darts into our bodies, and the kayins scowled ferociously. Cawr alone seemed fully at ease and sweet as new cream, and it was to him as commander-in-chief of the whole show that Frenchy and I directed our salutations.

With a little bow of greeting, the wachawe addressed us in a polyglot of Dyak and Malayan, his voice as soft and mellow as the tone of a bell.

We understood the language well enough and we listened attentively, while he made his little speech of somewhat dubious welcome. The oily old villain was too shrewd to commit himself until he knew the real reason for our visit, and hard as he tried to hide it we could see that he was burning up with curiosity. His speech wound up with a veiled order for us to explain ourselves. Frenchy undertook the job.

We had come, he said in a jargon almost as fluent as Cawr's own, to trade with the tribesmen, collect plants, and explore a hitherto unmapped region. We wished to be friends with the natives, but we were men and we carried weapons which we knew how to use. Having heard of Cawr's fame as a conjuror and wachawe, we had traveled a little out of our way in the hope of seeing some of his magic.

When he had concluded my partner handed the witch-doctor a small bag of salt—a scarce and very highly prized dainty among the inland tribes—and stepped back as a signal that he had finished.

During Frenchy's little talk Cawr had remained as motionless as a statue, giving no flicker of interest until the salt was produced. This he accepted readily enough, however, and showed his betel-stained teeth in a smile of thanks. He was surprised, he said, that we had come so far to see his poor magic; but he would be glad to grant us an audience that very evening. Except on very special occasions it was not good form for him to appear in public—the laws of the tribe were strict; but he would stretch a point and give us a private exhibition in his own house.

Having thus delivered himself, he picked up his little bag, which had been lying at his feet meanwhile, and turned to depart, while Frenchy and I dealt out a few gaudy presents to the chief men of the tribe. To tell the truth, we were delighted. The very thing for which we had hoped and not dared to ask was going to happen. Our chief ambition just then was to get inside the witch-doctor's hut.

It was there, so rumor had it, that the wonderful orchid, discovered some years before by Captain Howard Stone of the British foreign service—a discovery, by the way, which cost the officer his life—was hidden; and it was to get this rare plant and earn the five thousand pounds reward offered for it by a wealthy collector that Frenchy and I had penetrated so far into the jungle country. For once, at any rate, luck seemed to be on our side.

After Cawr and his official bodyguard had gone, we settled down in the evil-smelling tambu house to pass the time until nightfall (it was then early afternoon) as patiently as we could. Visible signs to the contrary, we knew we were being watched by at least a score of eyes, and that any suspicious movement would be instantly reported to the man we were trying to outwit. We felt safe enough for the time being, however. Like all his nasty breed Cawr was treacherous as a snake; but we had him guessing, we thought, as we felt that he would not take any active steps against us until after we had shown our hand. By that time, if things went as we hoped, it would be too late.

Frenchy—his full name was Louis Martel; he had been a juggler and acrobat, he was brave and strong as a jungle lion, and the best partner a man ever had—was the first to voice our thoughts.

"The goddess smiles, Friend Charles," he remarked, squinting at me thru a fog of tobacco smoke. Who knows? Perhaps we shall see the orchid itself this very night?"

"Perhaps," I admitted, "but don't be too sure of it. It's a waiting game for us. Remember what happened to poor Stone."

My partner stroked his yellow beard with one big hand and looked at me quizzically.

"To be sure," he nodded. "They roasted him over a slow fire, I believe; but, mon ami, we shall see the orchid. I feel it here." He tapped his chest. "Last night after our arrival in this devil's nest I was wakeful, tho you slept like one great ox, and I did not go unrewarded. For the cost of one small shaving mirror taken from our stores I learned some things. The orchid is truly here and in Cawr's temple."

I sat up eagerly at this.

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed. "Who told you?"

"A young girl whose love of finery got the better of her tongue," Frenchy answered, with a slow grin. "It is the women everywhere, mon ami, who betray all secrets. She has never seen the flower—it is taboo for any but the kayins and the head men to visit the temple; but she knows it is there nevertheless. You know the animistic beliefs of these people? Well, the orchid is their god—they worship it and think it is inhabited by the soul of a great tohunga who lived and died many years ago. Cawr's hut is built against a hollow rock which is the temple, and it is there that the plant is hidden."

FRENCHY WAS FACING THEM, BREATHING FIRE AND SMOKE AND WAVING HIS ARMS LIKE A MADMAN.

He stopped talking and began to hum a little tune—his custom when well-pleased with himself, and I pondered what he had told me. If the girl was right and Cawr received us alone, the thing seemed possible. We might overpower the witch-doctor and carry off the orchid before dawn. On the other hand, the girl, tempted by the mirror, might have lied; but Frenchy shook his head when I suggested this.

"No, mon ami," he declared, "she did not lie. I am a good judge of these natives and I know that she believed her own words. Tho the village slept and we were alone in the shadow, she fairly trembled when she mentioned the holy flower. Only the fascination of that little mirror loosened her tongue and made her dare the danger of Cawr's wrath. People who cross him are apt to die very suddenly and mysteriously, they say."

"Humph!" I muttered. "It's no mystery. These Dyak voodoo men are a slimy lot; they keep their hold on their people by the use of poisons and venemous reptiles. I hope, tho, that you were not seen talking to the girl. It would mean certain failure."

"No fear," was the confident reply. "I was very careful."

Frenchy returned to his humming, and for the rest of the afternoon we talked very little. Everything depended on what took place after we got inside Cawr's house; until then we could only wait and hope. One thing, however, made me suspicious. It was the witch-doctor's willingness to receive us alone. Somehow I couldn't make myself believe that we had hoodwinked the tricky old scoundrel as completely as appearances would indicate; but my partner only grinned at my misgivings.

"To be overcautious is worse than to be foolish," he observed, in his queer French way.

Soon after dusk we left the hut and climbed down to the ground. It was a relief to be in the open once more and to sniff the cool evening breeze, tainted tho it was with the smells of the village. After the terrible heat of the day and the vile interior of our shelter, anything seemed pleasant by contrast, and we took our time going to the witch-doctor's house, which stood at the other end of the street.

For a Dyak dwelling this hut was unusually large and well built. Like all of its kind it was elevated on poles or stilts a dozen feet or so from the ground. Its rear wall backed against a huge cliff, and the sluggish waters of a little river ran only a few yards in front. Dyak fashion, the hut contained no windows and but one door.

We had proceeded about halfway when we heard a queer chanting and moaning, a little to one side. Looking closer, we discerned half a dozen women grouped around a dark object at the foot of a camphor tree. Frenchy, a good deal against my will, insisted on making an investigation.

As we approached, the women fled, jabbering excitedly like a troop of monkeys; and I caught the sound of Cawr's

name once before they got beyond earshot. Then Frenchy let out an oath.

"Morte du diable!" he breathed hoarsely. "It is she—the girl of the mirror, Charles!" He pointed at the limp body on the ground, his honest face a puzzle of horrified wonderment.

We both stooped and examined her as closely as we could in the gloom, and, altho she was stone dead and almost cold, we found no wound. Frenchy ground his teeth and clinched and unclinched his big hands convulsively.

"It's that devil Cawr!" he rumbled deep down in his throat. "He found out some way and vented his peevishness on this harmless child. I wish now that I had not made her talk."

His face black as a storm, he turned abruptly away and began to walk steadily toward the witch-doctor's hut. I caught him by the arm.

"Be careful, Frenchy," I warned. "We don't want to join the girl. It looks like Cawr's work all right, but remember how we stand."

The big man nodded sullenly.

"Have no fear, mon ami," he said. "I shall not forget; but I am very angry. She listened to me, that poor child, and now——" He shrugged his heavy shoulders and was silent.

We found the wachawe sitting on the entrance platform of his hut, unconcerned as a cigar-store Indian, chewing betel-nut, and playing with a pet cobego. This curious little creature, at sight of us, spread its fans and sailed away into the top of a nearby bamboo.

Cawr greeted us in the dignified manner peculiar to him; if he guessed any part of our secret, he certainly did not show it; and in response to his invitation we climbed the ladder and entered the hut. All our senses were keenly on the alert as we did so, for since the girl's death, if not before, even Frenchy began to realize the terrible risk we ran. Unseen and horrible death surrounded us; there was no telling from what direction it might spring.

Imagine a room twenty feet by thirty, made entirely of split-bamboo, thatched with grass and liana tendrils, and dark save for the dim light thrown out by the inevitable head-hunter fire which burned night and day in the middle of it. One wall was covered with skins and weapons, and the others were hidden by grass mats and the like; curious rugs woven of jungle ferns carpeted the floor, and overhead a network of bleached skulls, stuffed snakes, and small animals gave the place a grewsome look. Like all Dyak dwellings it was frightfully close and ill-smelling and silent as a tomb.

As we stepped inside, Frenchy, who led, almost trod on a great rock-snake, which slithered off into the inner gloom with an angry hiss. For a second the big Frenchman stiffened and his hand sought his revolver, but he caught himself together in time and went on. With a horrid feeling that we might be intruding upon some deadly reptile at every step, we made our way to a heap of skins and sat down, while our host busied himself with the lighting of a small bamboo lamp.

Cawr seemed perfectly at ease. He and Frenchy talked, and I let my eyes wander around the hut, striving to pierce the shadows for signs of treachery and the hidden orchid. I saw neither, altho I had little doubt that we were being watched by more than one pair of eyes. It did not seem possible to me that the witch-doctor, proud and self-confident tho he was, had taken no precaution against attack.

We had been in the hut upwards of an hour, and I had concluded that the temple entrance—if it existed at all—lay behind a huge mat that half covered the rear wall, when Cawr produced his bag of charms and began to prepare for one of his famous conjuring tricks. He was really extremely good at this, we had heard, and we were both interested, Frenchy especially so because he was a wizard at sleight-of-hand work himself. After he had stirred the fire until it blazed up, the witch-doctor took a bamboo tube about a foot long from the bag and held it in one hand, as with the other he took a wriggling little snake out of an earthenware bowl. He was just bringing the snake and the tube together, and we were watching him in the fascinated manner of men who expect to see a very unusual performance, when the hides we sat on heaved violently and we were sent sprawling across the floor. Before we could gain our feet or reach for our guns, a dozen muscular Dyaks were on top of us.

We fought, of course—fought as men fight who know that defeat means certain and horrible death; but the surprise had been complete, and we were trussed like fowls almost before we realized what had happened. Less than five minutes later we were facing the witch-doctor in the middle of the hut, hemmed in by a ring of armed headhunters.

Cawr grinned at us in devilish exultation. He had taken no part in the struggle and he looked as cool and unruffled as ever, but he was plainly tickled at the easy way he had taken us in. It was evident now that his private audience idea had been merely for the purpose of getting us where we could be surprised and captured before we could use our guns, and we had walked into the trap like a pair of lambs.

"What does this mean?" Frenchy demanded, in a thunderous growl. "Why are we, two peaceful traders, set upon in this fashion by one who has accepted our salt?"

Cawr's grin widened and his little eyes flashed cunningly.

"The arm of Cawr is long," he answered, in the bombastic tone he used to address a gathering of his own people, "and his eyes are never closed. Other white men have been curious to see the flower that blooms in the darkness, but my magic has always warned me of their coming." He turned and raised a corner of the mat I have already spoken of, revealing a dark hole from which came a puff of fetid air.

At a nod from their chief, the Dyaks hustled us into this hole and along a slimy, crooked passageway for God only knows how far. Feet sinking to the ankles in the filth and accumulations of ages that carpeted the place, sweating like stokers, and breathing something akin to a mixture of live steam and sewer gas, we were forced by the prodding spears behind us to follow the winding course of that narrow tunnel up, up, up, until I thought we'd never reach the end. Several times we heard the sounds of unseen animal life, and twice I stepped on something that slipped and rolled under foot like the coils of a serpent. It was an awful hole; but there was no turning back, and tho we felt sure that death was waiting at the other end, we had to keep on moving.

At last the passage seemed to widen, the air became less foul and heavy, and the tang of wood smoke struck our nostrils, altho we were still surrounded by the blackness of the Pit. Then there must have been an abrupt turn, for all at once, without the slightest warning, we found ourselves gazing into a lighted chamber, leaving Cawr alone in charge of us.

It was a vast, somber place, this cavern into which we gazed; it was hewn out of the living rock, still as a morgue, the ceiling lost in darkness, the rough walls wet and glistening in the light of several bamboo lamps and a smoky fire. A great sacrificial stone stood in one corner. Around and above this stone had been built a dome-shaped altar, topped with a row of polished skulls and human bones, and suspended above these, growing apparently out of clear space, was the most wonderful flower I ever beheld.

Swaying on its slender stem like a thing alive, it seemed to be looking directly at us and waiting for a chance to swoop down and sting. It was white and green and at the same time red, colors wonderfully blended, cup-shaped and birdlike in one, its petals when open, as they now were, the perfect outline of a human eye. Poised there in that dank, stinking cavern it shone out thru the gloom like a diamond in a setting of mud. For many seconds we stood stock-still, rapt in silent awe and admiration.

All at once Frenchy's breath seemed to leave his body in one huge gulp.

"Morte du diable!" he breathed. "Do you see it, mon ami? It is the orchid itself—'The Open Eye.'"

I nodded silently in answer. At that moment I couldn't speak. Never had anything held me so literally spellbound as did that living, breathing plant. No wonder poor Stone lost his life trying to bring it to civilization; it was worth it.

We were brought to a sudden realization of our position by a series of rough prods from behind, which made us step forward into the cavern. As we emerged from the shadows and approached the fire, an old man stepped out into the light and showed his toothless gums in a grin of fiendish delight. I recognized him instantly—he was the tohunga, or high priest, who had led the procession that afternoon, and outranked in authority by Cawr alone.

Cawr talked with the guardian of the temple in low tones for a minute or so; then he deposited our weapons—which had been taken from us in the hut—on the floor near the fire, and bowed thrice toward the altar, as tho making an offering of some kind. The orchid seemed to sway downward a little in return; then—I could almost swear it—the thing looked over at us and winked. His devotions ended, the witch-doctor growled an order of dismissal at his men, who drew back a little farther into the gloom of the tunnel, and motioned to us to sit down on a pile of mats in one corner of the chamber. Then he squatted on his hams and resumed his conversation with the old priest.

Frenchy and I looked at each other. We did not need to speak to know each other's thoughts. We were in about as desperate a fix as men could well be in, but we had been in some pretty tight places before and we did not mean to die without a struggle. Now that we had actually seen the orchid we were keener than ever to pluck it from its resting-place. Little by little, without making the slightest sound, Frenchy writhed his arms and shoulders back and forth in the manner he had used years before, when as a star performer on the stage he had escaped from practically every known type of knot or manacle. In five minutes his hands were free, and in twice as many more his nimble fingers had released my wrists, and we both sat still and looked at our captors.

Seemingly unaware of our presence, so entirely did they believe us in their power, Cawr and his companion were jabbering away like a pair of huge apes where they squatted near the sputtering fire. For a little we eyed them closely, then Frenchy stealthily reached inside his shirt and brought forth a little buckskin pouch which he opened with his teeth. Inside the pouch was a little vial containing liquid storax, and when I sensed what Frenchy was up to I could barely repress an exclamation of triumph. Too often I had seen the trick worked before an audience of ignorant and superstitious savages to doubt its value now, and I grinned inwardly as I waited for my partner to anoint his tongue and lips.

Despite his bulk, Frenchy was as light and quick on his feet as a jungle cat and, altho he started from a half-sitting position, he cleared the distance to the fire in one magnificent leap. Before Cawr or the old priest could rise or turn around, a kick had sent them both spinning and the Frenchman was stooping over the fire crowding handfuls of live coals into his mouth. By the time the two Dyaks were on their feet again he was facing them, breathing fire and smoke and waving his arms like a madman.

In the dim light of the cavern the sight was weird and ghostly enough for anybody, and Cawr stood frozen in his tracks for an instant, while the tohunga let out one choking yell and scuttled out of the chamber like a man possessed of devils. I did not blame him much; Frenchy looked exactly like a demon from the Pit, as he waved his long arms and spouted flames like the smokestack of an engine. Cawr, however, was made of sterner stuff than the priest. For an instant he gazed spellbound; then with a snarl of fury he plucked a knife from his girdle and sprang at Frenchy, who met him halfway.

One well-directed blow sent the knife flying and in another second the witch-doctor's throat was between the strongest pair of hands in Borneo. Cawr was a strong man, and for a little his great limbs thrashed violently as he fought to break that band on his neck; but his struggles finally ceased and his body hung limp and motionless. With a single sweep of his arms Frenchy flung what was left of the man onto the pile of skins we had just vacated, and reached for the pistols I handed him, just as a dozen head-hunters dashed into the chamber. One glance at my partner's flaming lips, however, was enough for them, and they turned and bolted, hastened a little on their way by a shot from my automatic

"A close shave, mon ami," Frenchy grunted, as he spat what was left of the fire out of his mouth, "but my little circus trick has scored for us once more. We must move quickly, for they will return. You guard the entrance and I'll pluck it down."

Like a great shadow he darted across the cave and mounted the altar stone. His hand went up over his head, and in another second the wonderful flower would have been safely stowed away inside his shirt, when a sinuous brown object shot like a whiplash out from among the skulls and fastened on his fingers. There was a startled oath, a dull thud or two, and Frenchy stood over the mangled remains of the snake, looking in horror at his bitten finger.

I ran to him instantly, for in a case like that seconds are hours. A tiny puncture near the end of his middle finger showed where the venom had entered, and without a word my partner spread out his hand on the altar stone. With one stroke of a heavy knife which hung nearby I severed the finger cleanly just above the first joint, and then, as Frenchy wound a thong around his wrist to stop the bleeding, and with a wary eye for other guardians of the treasure, I seized the orchid and hid it in my shirt. I felt one wild thrill of joy and exultation as the moist petals touched my bare skin; the next second we were both fighting for our lives.

From some hidden opening in the dark recesses of the place a score of Dyaks appeared, and in a fury as deadly as it was silent they fell upon us in a bunch. We fought desperately, fought with the knowledge that having once been beaten there could be no second time, and this time we were able to use our guns. When we drew them and began to pour a steady stream of hot lead into our assailants, they melted before us like snow before the sun. Such of them as could do so fled, leaving us in possession of their charnel cave and the flower which ruled it.

Pausing only to reload our pistols, we hurried back thru the tunnel to Cawr's hut, which, to our delight, we found entirely empty. A minute later we dropped thru a hole in the floor to the ground below and dodged into the friendly shelter of a bamboo thicket.

❧ ❧ ❧

Slightly Disfigured.

"I SEE you have your arm in a sling," commented the grocer, "and the side of your head looks as tho it had been ground by an iron heel, and there is a twist in your neck and you walk with a limp. Prithee, what has been happening?"

"I fell about seventeen miles last evening and smashed a good deal of landscape," replied the rising lawyer. "As you are aware, since you have known her ever since she was knee high to a warthog, my wife is a gem among women, but she has one temperamental weakness that I hope time will overcome.

"She is the most impatient woman I ever saw. If she thinks anything ought to be done, then she is sure it ought to be done without a moment's delay. If I try to argue the matter with her she throws a few hysterics and threatens to go home to her mother."

"Most women are that way," observed the grocer. "You mustn't think your wife has a monopoly of the impatient spirit."

"I'm glad to hear there are others like her," said the rising lawyer. "It makes me feel less lonesome. Well, I had a hard day yesterday and when I went home in the evening I was tired and hoped to lie on the couch and rest, but my wife had discovered that one of the eave troughs along the edge of the roof was leaking and if it wasn't fixed at once, she said, the whole trough would be ruined. She had an amateur soldering outfit in the house and she insisted that I get busy and fix the trough.

"As you know, my house stands away up in the air and there wasn't a ladder in the neighborhood long enough to reach the roof. So I had to walk to the other side of town to borrow one and carried it home on my shoulder. It weighed a few ounces less than a ton and was longer than this street. As I was packing it homeward, groaning at every step, old Jim Hollingsworth came around a corner and smashed his nose against the end of the ladder, and the way he cut up was scandalous. He says he's going to sue me for a million dollars damages, and I think he is entitled to the money.

"When I got home with the ladder I tried to reason with my wife. I told her that if she'd be patient until next day I'd send a man out first thing in the morning to make the repairs. I appealed to her better nature. I wept and entreated, but it was no use. If that binkety eave wasn't fixed right away it was a sign that I didn't love her.

"Well, I haven't been married long enough to listen to such bunk unmoved, so I wrenched my back standing the ladder on end, and then took the silly soldering business in hand and climbed away up. I reached the end of the ladder and was groping around for the roof and that is the last I remember.

"My wife had just put up some trellises for a few sickly grapevines in the back yard, and it seems that I landed on them and they partially broke the fall, so I wasn't killed outright.

"When I finally recovered consciousness a neighbor was squirting water on me from the garden hose, and my wife was weeping and wringing her hands. I sprung a kind, forgiving smile and told her not to worry, that I was better than a dozen dead ones.

"'Yes,' she cried, 'but look at my new trellises!' Wasn't that the limit? Do other wives make such remarks when their husbands fall a few parasangs and lie in ruins at their feet?"

❧ ❧ ❧

The Crop That is Always Short.

Knicker—"What is the most needed grain crop?"

Bocker—"Grains of sense."

Bringing the World to Your Door

NEVER before has one part of the world had so keen an interest in all the other parts. With every big nation in the throes of war and the United States taking one of the leading parts, it is almost a patriotic duty for every one to keep abreast of the times. The best way to do this, and at the same time derive a great deal of enjoyment is by becoming a regular reader of The Saturday Blade. Not only are all world events of importance covered in entertaining style, but photographs of persons and places in the limelight, pictorial snapshots of interesting happenings of the battlefields, odd and unusual things and columns of breezy reading of many kinds are other features. Are you reading the Blade's series of illuminating articles on the Indians of Yesterday and Today, illustrated in colors?

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The Brown Sea God

By William H. Manning

"YOU WILL DO WELL TO GET AWAY IN TEN YEARS!"

Love and adventure are charmingly mingled in this story of a queer island and what happened to a young man introduced to it when he is washed ashore from a passing schooner.

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CHAPTER I.

THE empty fruit-crate was made of plain wood, and its financial value could not be placed at more than ten cents, but it was the total of John Terrimore's worldly possessions, and his affection for it was strong. Whether a man's fortune is landed estate, or cash, or something else, he loves what he has. Terrimore had the crate.

He had first seen it just after he was washed overboard from the deck of the schooner Aloha in a squall. Struggling unsupported in the wind-torn sea, he had been at the point of death from drowning, when the big crate came within his reach. Laying hold upon it, he had found it an unreliable supporter, but, in a way, it had proved sufficient, and he had come safely ashore on Kayenso Island—he and the crate.

Then, when life had renewed action in his weary, battered body after half an hour of effort, he had audibly remarked that the world was a good, kind place. At that time he had forgotten to give thanks to the humble object on which he had come out of death to the land.

Three days later he again stood at that spot, but his thoughts were of a different nature.

"This is a hard and bitter world," he said sulkily, "but you, old crate, are tender-hearted as a mother!"

He stooped and patted the object, noting that its component parts of unusually wide boards had been left rough and splintery, and that it had not the slightest claim to beauty, but remembering that it was what had saved his life when the squall lashed the Pacific Ocean into fury.

"What man would do that?" he grumbled irritably.

At that moment he could not name any such warm-hearted person in Kayenso. Shipwrecked there, destitute of money and without an acquaintance, he had tried in vain to get help. The loan of money or the offer of passage in a ship that was going away would have solved his conundrums, but neitner chance had developed under his zealous search of three days.

Now—he angrily kicked the crate he had just caressed.

"Why didn't you let me drown?" he complained.

Ten minutes' walk distant some of the houses of the tropical village lifted their modest roofs, but none was near where Terrimore stood. As far as he knew nothing was there but rocks, a ribbon of sandy beach, the crate, solitude and himself, but he judged the situation from incomplete knowledge. This fact was proved as the kick echoed slightly and briefly, for a voice broke in upon his attention.

"Bad habit! To violently hit a hard substance with the shoe is to wear out the leather of it, and to wear leather out is to go barefoot. If I may advise, kick only with your tongue."

Terrimore turned quickly and confronted the unknown speaker. He saw a tall man, but late twilight was gathering way and his view was made imperfect by partial gloom. Enough of light remained, however, so that he could discern something, and it was his immediate impression that he had not met a capitalist. Instead, the tall man seemed like a disciple of the ancient order of hard luck.

His tone had been civil, and Terrimore met his advances accordingly.

"I didn't know you were near," he returned.

"Rely upon it, I am nowhere else. Kayenso would not think of parting with me. Its soil is adhesive."

"I don't think I fully understand."

"Probably not, but the great truth may become more clear as days wear on. The soil being adhesive, some men stick to it. Kayenso is made up of the rich, the poor, and some other chaps. The last class requires a fresh division, since it is made up of those who can't work and those who won't."

"Meaning beach-combers?"

"They are so termed by sacrilegious critics, but the epithet reeks with libel and evil-doing. Friend, let us sit on the crate yonder and make converse. Being almost a tight box, the crate is strong and safe."

Terrimore scanned the tall man and listened with faint curiosity. In different circumstances the fellow would have been interesting, but only one thing in life could be that to the castaway just then. He wanted to get away from Kayenso, and an eccentric tall man in threadbare clothes was but little to him. Still, he was in compliant mood, and both sat.

"My name," resumed the stranger, "is Peter Jarrick."

"Mine is Terrimore."

"May I ask if you are a regular, permanent citizen of this island?"

"I shall not be permanent one minute after I can get away from the heathen hole!" Terrimore snapped.

"You will do well to get away in ten years. Few men do that. Look around you! What do you see? The Pacific Ocean, and nothing more. Being some thousands of miles wide it cannot be swum. Work, by which I mean, labor, is scarce, or, if present, is calculated to weary the toilers. To stow one's self away in a ship is impossible, for captains and crews are alike ill-disposed toward such secretive gentlemen. To sum up, when a man in luck less than princely comes to Kayenso, he stays."

"As a beach-comber?"

"Call it so if you will. I prefer to say that he has no work, no money, no friends, and, oftentimes, nothing to eat."

"Fine situation!"

"To show you how difficult it is to cast off the shackles of Kayenso's ill spell, I will say that I, Peter Jarrick, was formerly a man of no small importance. My lot was early cast in the Pacific region, I was young and of winning ways. I made friends, secured worldly honors, and later was for going on five years consul at the port of Lilito, on Feroro Island. A change of administration left me without office, but the prestige of having been a Government consul was a halo around my brow. Now, give heed to the fact that if such a man as I—formerly an official—cannot get away from accursed Kayenso, who can?"

"Are there many beach-combers here?"

"No census has been taken, but I think we may say there are a round hundred."

"And all want to leave?"

"Nearly all."

"Failing to get away, they become like other beach-combers, idle, lazy, friendless, despised loafers?"

"Your choice of words is abominable," said Mr. Jarrick, composedly, "but there is much of truth in your general meaning."

"They are too poor in pocket and too much wronged of men to permit their escape from this island?"

"Right!"

"I am the latest of the beach-combers. I'm going to get clear!"

"How?" asked Jarrick, placidly.

"I don't know."

"No beach-comber does know. He tries all devices, for he hates life here. All fail, and—he stays!"

"I shall not stay."

"Excellent! Optimism of illogical youth."

"You will find that it's more than that."

"Ah! We are in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and the outlying lands are so wet that walking is poor. To be more definite, how will you cross the thousands of miles of encompassing water?"

The ex-consul waved his long hand suggestively and Terrimore looked. At their backs the cliffs rose for twenty feet, grim and barren. At their faces the sea rolled its immensity sluggishly. Remembering the three days during which he had tried to ship as a sailor, or book as a post-paying passenger, or even to turn into a stowaway, Terrimore was not sanguine enough to persist in his assertions. His mood had suddenly changed and he was despondent.

"Better accept the inevitable," Jarrick pursued. "Back in the United States cattle are branded with a red-hot iron. In the South Sea hard luck brands the beach-comber in its peculiar way, just as plainly as the steer is marked by the iron. You are already marked!"

"Rubbish!"

"Branded, and what Kayenso has it keeps."

"I've heard enough."

Terrimore spoke irritably and abruptly rose. His new mood made him unwilling to make friends with anybody, and certainly Jarrick was not to be unduly exalted, so why waste time on him? He started away with quick steps, while the beach-comber sat in serene indifference.

"You are excused for now," he evenly announced, "but, remember, you will often sit with me in the future at a foodless supper. Kayenso has branded you!"

The young man vouchsafed no reply, but as he receded the illogical trend of his manner struck him forcibly. Previously exasperated by his misfortunes, he had mentally shifted sail foolishly under the tall man's discouraging speech.

Without any knowledge of where he was going he walked on briskly. Night's shadows were now complete, tho not radical, for the moon shone dimly aloft, and he was able to see his way fairly well. The narrow beach continued, and back of it rose the cliffs. On the other hand the sea rolled. That, just then, was Terrimore's world.

He went half a mile and stopped, as he heard oars from the water. Looking, he could see the craft, but in the faint light it was only a blotch. Nevertheless, he envied that boat and its occupant, and as he watched the stranger recede the envy bred a new idea.

"Can I steal a boat and get away?"

There had been a time when this project would have shocked him mildly. Altho the moral law of the sea was not so strenuous as the written law of the land, it was enough to have weight with honest men. Now, Terrimore's honesty had been blunted by hunger and unfeeling words from men who would not help him to get away from Kayenso, and he had a strong impression that if he could find an unwatched catboat his last shreds of sensitive feeling would ebb away and permit him to appropriate it with composure.

The boat of the present occasion receded, and he did not delay long to wonder over it. Resuming his way, he passed a wide elbow of rocky uplift, a shoulder of the island that was thrust aggressively into the sea, and suddenly had something new before him.

A fire burned at the foot of the cliff, and around it several men were congregated. Halting again he looked hard, puzzled for the moment. The blaze raised a pillar ten feet high, and it fell upon the lean, odd-looking figures that faced it closely. Analyzing them, he finally arrived at an understanding.

"Beach-combers!" he muttered. "Hard-luck men! Friendless, homeless, nearly foodless, they are gathered in the comradeship of misfortune. I'm in a position to sympathize with them, but not to covet their society. I'll dodge them——"

He studied to find a way to do it. The

steep uplift made a sharp half-circle with points that lacked only about thirty rods of meeting, and the cliffs were almost unscalable and the outlying water even more of a barrier. It seemed impossible to pass unseen, and as he was reluctant to turn back and again encounter Jarrick, he was still hesitating when something new challenged his attention.

Music suddenly entered into the soul of night, and the young man, looking more keenly, saw that one of the ragged party was using a bow on a violin. Before, there had been silence that was almost complete, but the voice of the fiddle now held a claim for recognition that was not to be ignored.

It was no mean music. The man who wielded the bow clearly knew the art, and melody rose and filled the cliff-hemmed niche. Under his skilful hand the sounds came richly, and Terrimore was astonished that one of the poverty-stricken gathering should possess so fine an instrument. Nor was that all. The especial choice of the occasion was a piece unknown to the listener, but it was music shaped by a cunning composer.

Content to be the auditor of such allurfing sounds, Terrimore stood quiet and listened, but as he was more and more impressed by the man's excellent ability, he suddenly found an idea beating at his mind. He was about to give it even more active attention when a voice sounded at his side.

"Your future comrades!"

Terrimore wheeled. The speaker was the tall man he had but recently left, but the reappearance did not lead to a return of his former irritation.

"Birds of a feather—or featherless birds, as you may see fit to express it—they are my fellows, and they will soon be yours," Jarrick added.

"Do you know those ragamuffins?" Terrimore demanded.

"Boon friends!"

"That man who is playing the violin——"

"Fiddler Frink, we call him."

"Do you mean to say that you've never got any big cash out of his skill? Why, man, with the case properly managed, that fiddle should carry every beach-comber away from this island with his pockets full of money."

CHAPTER II.

JARRICK muttered something indistinct, and a start accompanied his exclamation. Brief silence followed, during which he seemed to meditate deeply. Terrimore had looked back to the group by the fire and, especially, to the vagabond who played and brought forth such melody.

"Luck o' life!" Jarrick finally uttered. "Nobody else has ever thought of that. We've been slow."

"Slow? Why, you've been stupid swine!" Terrimore declared. "The qualities of a dull man never win him more than bread with a thin coat of butter on it, but the gifts of genius fill the path of their possessor with opportunities. Yonder scamp handles a bow with rare skill. Give him an advertising agent to exploit him, and his talent will bring money in a shower."

"And we never have thought of it."

"A thick-headed pack, you!"

"You may be right."

"A brainless gang!"

"Mister, you are piling it up pretty thick, but we will pass that by for now. I, who was once United States consul on Feroro Island, have no need of defense as to brain powers. The Government at Washington was eager to honor itself by appointing me——"

"What has that to do with yonder fiddler?" snapped Terrimore.

"Nothing, maybe. Let us consider Fiddler Frink more fully."

The tall vagabond had partly come out of his former self. Previously, he had been nothing more than an idle, helpless nondescript adrift on the sea of life, but an idea had been driven into his long dormant brain, and he had suddenly become strangely alert for him. For many years he had thirsted for money and failed to get it, or even to see hope of getting it, but now he beheld the delightful lure hard by with prospect that it might come within his reach.

"Tell me," he added, "how money can be made out of Frink's fiddle."

"Secret!"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that you know Frink and all that ragged gang with him, and each man there knows his mates, or so I suppose, while I am a stranger to all of you. If I were fool enough to tell you how to act you would corral the cash and leave me in the lurch, without a penny."

"Oh! my dear sir, on my honor as a United States consul——"

"Take me forward, introduce me to your slipshod mates, and leave the rest to me. If I harvest a pot of money you will, of necessity, absorb a share."

"Pardon me, but why not call Frink to us on the quiet, and then we three could gather in that money——"

"And leave the other seven rogues yonder without a share?"

"Yes."

"You are a large-hearted man, Jarrick. Pass that by! Take me to yonder group, introduce me, act natural, and you may look forward to cash returns. Fail me, and you get nothing."

"I'll do just as you say, sir."

"Wait a bit! Not a word to Frink or any of your crew about my project. Don't say fiddle to them. Don't wake up Frink's atrophied brain. Don't even hint anything to anybody. Leave that to me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, and I'll obey orders."

"That's all. Possibly I shall open matters with him at once, but I want to pick my own time. Lead the way!"

Jarrick led as directed. Their coming excited no visible interest. Fiddler Frink was in the midst of a flotsam of music that was dreamily weird, and that went straight to Terrimore's love of melody, but the seven men with him sagged with lifeless unconcern as he played. There was reason to suspect that the musician was less apathetic, for the stranger caught a side glance from him that lacked little of being keen.

The newcomers stood quiet and the playing went on until the fiddler turned off his last bars, wound up with novelty of touch and then lowered the violin. This done he looked fully at the stranger, and his associates followed his example.

The tall derelict began with a flourish of words.

"Comrades of the free and easy life," he said, "I am a trifle late at the feast of music, but I have been so occupied that I felt compelled to deny my soul the passionate delight of early intermingling——"

"Rot!" snarled one of the beach-combers. "Cut out the trimmings. What have you to say that's free from idiocy?"

"You are an ill-mannered knave, Rigard," the ex-consul complained, "but we will have no quarreling. Gents of the free life, let me introduce Mr. Mozart Terrimore, late chief director of music at Rome, Italy. Being on the grand tour of the world, he has stopped off to see me, his old friend, when I was in the service of the United States——"

"Enough of that," curtly interrupted the young man. "I'm none of the things this fellow claims, being plain John Terrimore, cast away on this island, dead broke, come to make your acquaintance. Jarrick, name your friends."

The tall man sighed, grieved to have his delusions dispelled, but he accepted the situation without argument.

"Mr. Terrimore, be so good as to know Jerry Westall, Cranky Rigard, Michael Murphy, Easy Wiggin, Red Rufus, Reginald Charismond, Luke Doll——"

Motioning toward each man as he named him, the speaker introduced all without delay until he reached the last. There he paused, restlessly moved as if under the pressure of a new power, and seemed a trifle at a loss in a way not easy to comprehend. Terrimore, meanwhile, noted that the eighth man was regarding him keenly.

"Lastly," finally added the tall speaker, "Mr. Fiddler Frink."

The previous introductions had been stolidly received, and few nods and no handshakes had been exchanged, but the fiddler reached out a lean, long-fingered hand and clasped the member that the young man reluctantly gave in exchange.

"Frink," he remarked. "That's me, or, if you dote on good grammar, that's I. Welcome to our charmed circle. You shall be royally entertained, except that we cannot give you anything to eat or to drink. What we can do, and shall be proud to do, will be to give you chance to starve with us. We are hospitable, you'll observe. Recently arrived at Kayenso?"

"Yes," Terrimore curtly returned, and then he reached out and touched the musical instrument. Frink followed his motions, his eyes still keen. "Why do you talk of starving with that violin in your grasp,"

"Because," Frink answered, "I've already starved with it there."

"Didn't you realize that you had a gold mine ready to open?"

"No."

"It is here!" and another touch on the violin followed.

"Show me how," was the swift return.

"Not now. The thing is so big that it needs time for development. I see it all in a general way, but myself lack details just now. Your fiddle means plenty of cash, but an advertising agent is demanded for success."

"I hereby appoint you that agent!"

"I accept the offer, Frink. Rely upon me, give me a little time, and we will all leave this wretched island, beach-combers suddenly wading deep in good money."

"If you will give us just a small clew to the plan——"

"I won't! Be content with what I say, Frink."

"Just as you wish. By the way, call me Fiddler. It's more friendly and sociable-like. Your first name—did I understand it to be John?"

"It is John."

"So we will call you from now on. Comrades, this is John. Use him well. Let's all sit. Standing is hard labor. Sit!"

The other seven men sank back listlessly, and Jarrick, Terrimore and Frink followed their example in order. The newest of the beach-combers was no longer vacillating of mind and purpose. He had an idea and was fixed in a design. Altho he understood the sort of men he was with and despised them, it was in keeping with his plan that he must make free with them. Only by so doing could he hope ever to carry out the design, and he saw no other way of getting away from the island.

Poverty-stricken as they were, they had cigarettes of dubious virtue, and presently ten men were smoking and talking.

Almost an hour John Terrimore lingered with the party, hating them, and feeling himself disgraced by being in their company, and all the while conversation was steady if not brisk. What was said by the disreputable nine placed their demerits even more clearly in his view. Rough, unwholesome and lawless of speech, it was evident that they were better fitted for prison than for liberty. Left free to act, they were of a sort that, with opportunity at hand, would break into house or bank for robbery, hold up weak travelers, or, perhaps, even do murder to acquire gain.

Yet, with all these vices manifest, they were at liberty without molestation from officers of law. Their cunning or official indolence might account for this freedom.

Talk continued until some of the party began to fall asleep where they sat, and Terrimore finally rose abruptly.

"I'm off!" he announced. "Will see you tomorrow?"

Tall Jarrick began an empty speech, but Fiddler Frink interrupted by pushing his violin forward ostentatiously.

"Remember!" he said, his long fingers drumming on the instrument.

John waved a hand slowly, indicating the ocean.

"That fiddle will take us all across the Pacific," he promised. "For now, good night!"

"Sleep well, John!"

The newest beach-comber nodded and walked away without a backward glance. The air he breathed seemed to grow purer as he rid himself of the presence of the disreputable crew, but he knew he should see them again. Unless he erred very much his future lay wrapped up in Frink's violin.

Next to the instrument was the man himself. Jarrick and the rest could be dismissed without second thought, except as semi-cutthroats out of luck, but not so the fiddler. The man had brains, alertness, and more or less of farsightedness. Such a person could not be passed by lightly, and he must be dealt with shrewdly in the scheme that had taken vague outline in Terrimore's mind. To what extent he could be made an equal partner remained to be determined, but he could never be trusted without prudent reserve. Besides being the brains of the beach-combers, he might be the knife and the pistol of their number.

Following the curve of the narrow beach, the young man had walked steadily for ten minutes, when his deep meditations were interrupted. Other feet than his grated in the strip of gravel he was traversing, and he turned and saw another slighter person at his heels.

"Aloha!" spoke this person, softly.

"Ah!" Terrimore murmured. "Kanaka."

"It is so. Do you bid me begone?"

"Far from it. I've no quarrel with the native people of this island."

"Some hate them."

"But not I. Why should I? Certainly the Kanakas are as good as I am, and they are law-abiding."

"Sir," the slight person returned, "they respect an older, better law than white men have made for Kayenso. The Kanakas are native here, men born of the land. See, you! This land is Kanaka, these rocks, yonder trees, the waters nearest the beach, all is Kanaka. These things are so by the older law. Ah! But by the white man's law all is his because he took it. If anybody takes what is the white man's, he calls him a thief, but when he seizes what is the Kanakas'—oh, that is all right!"

Terrimore stood still, listened, looked and meditated. Before him was one he had no trouble in classifying as a big boy, or a very young man—a person approximately 20 years old, he thought—but one not so easy to understand in all other ways. The spoken words were English, but the soft voice was Kanaka, and he did not doubt that he was talking with a native who was peaceful and well-intentioned.

But what was that intention. Why had he accosted Terrimore so pointedly?

"No," the castaway replied to the last remark, "that is not right. Theft is always theft, and it is safe to say that white men, taken the world around, are the biggest stealers of all thieves."

"Then you do not condemn the Kanakas?"

"Decidedly not."

"Would you help them if you could?"

"Help them, my boy!" and Terrimore laughed shortly. "Why, I could not help a hungry sea-gull. I'm in hard luck, a beach-comber; so, my poor fellow, don't look for help from me."

"Money is not wanted. Something else is, and you can give that something to the Kanakas."

"What in the world can I give—I, who have nothing?"

"Friend, you are richer than the man who has the most money in all the wide world."

Terrimore threw out protesting hands in a wide double gesture.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. And then, after a brief silence, "Prove it!"

"Come with me and it shall be done. Help my people and they will help you. What they want is cheap, but they will pay well. Follow me!"

Making a graceful beckoning gesture, he turned and walked away. John Terrimore hesitated, struggled with conflicting ideas briefly, and then followed.

CHAPTER III.

BRIEFLY, the shipwrecked man did not give his thoughts to his feet nor to what they were carrying him. He was lost in a maze of wonder at his changing fortunes. Just before nightfall he had been a companionless castaway, with nothing more intimate than a stomach that called in vain for food. Since then he had met with strange changes of fortune.

Having taken the beach-combers on as associates, he was hoping much from Fiddler Frink's eloquent violin. Now, he was accompanying the Kanaka on a mysterious errand. For a beach-comber he was having odd experiences. To what would they lead him?

His guide went in silence for some rods, still following the beach, and then he spoke quietly.

"I am Rabayo," he said.

"My name is John Terrimore."

"A graduate of Princeton College, in the United States."

"How do you know that?"

"You told the town banker by the gray-lipped fountain, and I was near and overheard. Princeton! Education is a great, great thing, and Princeton is the greatest of all the universities of the world, is it not?"

Terrimore smiled in the first real amusement he had had in some days.

"All of her loyal sons think so, and I'm loyal," he replied. "Rabayo, my good friend, I like your views. Yes, Princeton is greatest of all."

"And all men who graduate there are very, very learned and wise, are they not?"

"Er-r-r! Well, I hardly feel like saying that since I'm a grad, myself. Only for that—well, modesty, you know."

Rabayo stopped suddenly and wheeled upon his charge.

"Having graduated, what have you done to make use of your great learning? What are you doing on Kayenso?"

"Well put, my friend!" said Terrimore, heartily. "Having gone thru the wisdom mill, I betook myself to seeing the world in all its parts and its moods, beauty and ugliness. Traveling with but little money, I lost that much when a hotel burned in Port-au-Trento. I escaped, but my money didn't. Reduced to next to nothing, I shipped on the schooner Aloha as a deck-hand. The captain soon pronounced me worthless—Princeton has no course for deck-hands, you see—so I was in ill standing when the squall happened along casually, cast me overboard, offered up an extra large fruit-crate to

BE DISCREET

When a great man is "neglected" by the Government, ignored,
And the honors he expected by another man are scored,
Don't ask an explanation, immediate, complete,
You might get it. Trust the Nation—be discreet!

When a friend to you has handed his play, or plan, or song,
And asks you to be "candid" and tell him what is wrong,
Spell it "candied;" spread the honey, make your criticism sweet,
Stay that mad yearn to be funny—be discreet!

When you're seeking to be married and your fair, prospective wife
Has cajoled and begged and harried for the story of your life,
And says no dereliction you confess will she repeat;
Confine yourself to fiction; be discreet!

help me, and so brought me to Kayenso. Exhibit one."

The explanation was made with geniality that did not approach levity. He had taken enough of a fancy to Rabayo to be willing to confide in him, and he did so to the best of his ability.

"But," continued the questioner, "your adventures have not destroyed your great book learning, have they?"

"No."

"If you had the means of cabling or writing home for money, or to your bank, you would get a generous sum at once, would you not?"

"Not a nickel."

"Why not?" inquired the persistent Kanaka.

"I haven't a cent in bank anywhere, and no home, and nobody to send a loan."

"Good, good!" cried Rabayo, joyfully. "I am so glad!"

"What's that?" demanded Terrimore sharply.

"Don't misunderstand, John. I wish you all possible good fortune, but it makes it so much simpler that you have no money—only learning. It gives you chance to swap that learning for great wealth."

"Somehow, I hadn't noticed the chance. Will you explain?"

"You shall be a professor."

"Of what?"

"I mean, master of a whole college."

"Among the Gentiles, that's usually called president."

"We will call it professor," said Rabayo, stubbornly. "The great University of Kayenso shall be built, and packed full of learning, books and money, and you shall be its professor. I formally appoint you as such at this moment. Your servant, Professor Terrimore!"

He reached out a small hand, and John hid his mirth and gave clasp in return for clasp. He was finding Rabayo a most amusing fellow. He was as well versed in the ways of the civilized world as a glowworm or a butterfly, but he was winsome. Moreover, he was slight of stature, boyish and amiable, and in his limited acquaintance with the Kanaka people John had always found them well-meaning friends. He was enjoying Rabayo thoroly, and no good reason appeared why he should destroy his odd misconception of practical things.

"I thank you," he returned, "and I accept your offer of the post of professor. Where is this University of Kayenso?" he asked.

"It is not yet built, John."

"When will it be erected?"

"As soon as details can be arranged. You will manage most things."

"I take it that the money is all ready?"

"Oh! yes, all ready," was the carefree answer.

"Excellent!"

"Now, let us go on. I may delay those who expect me, and I want you to meet them. The sooner matters are put in motion the better. We will walk briskly, and in two minutes will be there——"

He moved as indicated, and Terrimore kept by his side. Once or twice the latter secretly smiled over the comical situation—or what he so regarded—but mostly he was less frivolous of mind. He had taken a strong fancy to the little man who moved at his side, and, more important yet, he hoped that a few dollars would come his way out of this impractical affair. In his efforts to get away from the island he had never tried the Kanakas, but a loan from them would mean escape from the beachcombers, and a loan he would religiously repay when he could.

They walked a few hundred yards, and then, suddenly turning a shoulder of the cliff, Terrimore saw a scene strongly suggestive of the place where Fiddler Frink and his associates had herded.

Here was another level space between two horns of the high rocks with the sea rolling on the fourth side, and with a fire burning at the foot of the cliff. The similarity ended here. This nook was more extensive than that of the white derelicts, the fire was far larger, and the figures that hovered around it were smaller, and of brown skins.

"See!" Rabayo directed.

"Kanakas!"

"The men who will found your new university."

"How will they do it?"

"By your help."

"But the money——"

"Will be easily found when wanted. Say no more now. Come, for my people see us, and if the wild dragmen from the mountains have arrived we shall be busy. Come, John!"

Beyond the newcomers the flames from the fast-burning fire mounted vividly, casting strong light on the small brown men who were gathered there. A few steps took the fresh arrivals into the light, and the talk that had been in progress was suddenly stopped, all eyes turning upon the additions to their number. Terrimore, too, was conscious of a change in his immediate companion. Rabayo no longer walked lightly and carelessly, but, with head thrown back and features cold and set, he strode with dignity befitting a lofty personage.

Then came a stir from the larger party. Those nearest the fire bent their heads in salute, while a murmur went forth from them that John could not understand. This, too, was suddenly swept aside by a far more impressive occurrence.

The extreme right-hand side of the group abruptly moved, and twenty or more men detached themselves and stalked hurriedly forward, their gaze fixed intently upon Terrimore's companion. Their lips parted and a cry went forth that was amicably fervent and yet almost wolf-like.

"Rabayo! Rabayo! God of the Kayensan Seas!"

Brown arms were flung aloft, waved wildly, lowered, and then the twenty-men sank humbly, even cringingly at Rabayo's feet.

"God of the Seas!" they added, but now the cry was merely an intense whisper.

Terrimore stood dumfounded. In an instant of time his sociable little comrade who talked as lightly of building a university as if it were only a grass hut was transformed into a dignified personage who was hailed as a king might be hailed. Fifty brown men bowed in acknowledgment of his superiority, and twenty knelt slavishly at his feet. It was a remarkable change, and Terrimore was speechless while he looked.

Rabayo spoke a few words that the white man could not understand, and the kneelers rose and stood in a line, but they faced Rabayo and their arms were extended at full length.

"Welcome, God of the Seas!" they uttered deeply.

Again Rabayo spoke, and again the men moved. The twenty fell back a few paces, and all became passive. Then Terrimore's companion spoke a name and a single Kanaka moved closer to them.

"John," Rabayo said, "this is Gorleta, a lord among my people, a man of high rank and many honors. Gorleta, know Mr. John, Professor of the University of Kayenso."

The person thus introduced was of middle age and some dignity of manner, a good specimen of his race. He stepped quickly forward and took Terrimore's hand.

"Professor John," he said, his English less perfect than his leader's, but plain and clear, "I was not sure you would come so soon, but I should have known positively. Rabayo, King of the Kanakas, did say so. Who can doubt the God of the Seas?"

Terrimore forgot to answer. Made dumb by this multitude of titles he turned and looked only at his guide.

"Since Gorleta has spoken so definitely you may as well know, Professor John," said Rabayo, quietly "It is true that I am the chief of my people on Kayenso, and they see fit to term me a god, too."

"Next to the one great God," explained Gorleta, "stands Rabayo, who is God of the Seas, and ruler of all the waters in this part of the Pacific."

Terrimore had heard and seen and was no longer disposed to class his guide as a jest. He must of necessity rank the University of Kayenso as a phantom, but the rest was real and not to be flouted. Report said there were five hundred Kanakas on the island, of whom something like a quarter lived far back in the little-known hills that were not wilder than themselves. All of the islanders were better formed of figure and face than the average Kanaka, thereby furnishing almost absolute proof that they were largely of mixed blood, while the fraction who dwelt in the hills, called dragmen for some reason unknown to John, and of doubtful law-abiding inclinations, were reputed to be almost wholly of some race whose origin was lost.

Now, John did not doubt that the twenty who had been most demonstrative were of this blood. Taller and larger in all ways, they were more muscular and impressive than the rest of the assembled party, and their strong faces almost bordered on the fierce.

Unlike the peaceful shore folks, these men had the look of warriors, and there was reason to suspect that, if their needs demanded, they might forget law and order and be dangerous.

Rabayo met his lieutenant's last words with a faint smile.

"Professor John," he said evenly, "since Gorleta has been so plain I may as well admit everything. I am king of the natives on Kayenso and the five small islands that surround it. All told, nearly a thousand persons give obedience to me. Little of this is known in the white man's town yonder, and if any there ever heard of me as a king it is an empty term. You and I know it is something more than that."

Terrimore turned his attention from the trim figure and shapely features of the Sea God to the battle-built eyes of the dragmen.

"I know," he admitted.

"Is it not possible for these men to build a university?"

"More than muscle is needed to do that."

"You mean money?"

"Yes."

"The money will be furnished."

Terrimore gazed at the half-naked natives, noted that many of them were in rags, remembered that they were toilers by land and by sea and dwellers in grass huts or other crude homes, remained a skeptic.

"Do you realize how much money would be needed for such an enterprise?" he asked.

"For a beginning," returned Rabayo, composedly, "half a million dollars should be enough, I think."

"Wha-a-at? Half a million? Do you comprehend what that means?"

"I had hoped it would be enough, Professor. You see, we do not require the elaborate buildings of the colder latitudes, and simplicity will save many a dollar. I think half a million will do quite well, especially as you, Professor John, can aid us much with wise advice. Of course, you learned all things when at your great Princeton."

John drew a deep breath and was silent. For a beach-comber he was having experiences so strange that each fresh surprise passed him by rather lightly, but the University of Kayenso was so big a project that, since it had thus far appeared only in words, he could well accept it as a mere dream of simple-minded people.

"Tell me," Rabayo went on, "if you will regard a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year as enough for you at the beginning——"

The Sea God stopped short as his people began rising to their feet, and his gaze swept the outskirts of the crowd quickly.

"Let this matter wait!" he added hastily. "Professor, there is more for you to see. Move forward with me, for the strangest of all is now to come!"

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

"WE WILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO STARVE."

The Silencer.

"AND this is little Richard! How he has grown!" enthused the big farmer, as he took the little city chap on his great big knee. "And how are you getting along at school? How about the multiplication table?

"My, but that's an awful thing for a little fellow, that multiplication table! It always seemed to me that 'table' was the wrong name for such a device. It should have been called the multiplication rack, thumbscrew or stake. The word 'table' should carry pleasant associations."

"Richard is getting along beautifully," declared the proud mamma. "He learns so fast at school!"

"Well, I didn't," confessed the big farmer. "I didn't learn at school. I learned at home, especially the multiplication table. My father taught it to me by the swoop-down system. After my teacher had reported me to my parents as mentally deficient, lazy and altogether unsatisfactory as a multiplication tabler, my father started in to teach me my tables or bust.

"He made me learn those tables over, back and across, sideways, on the bias and upside down, around and hop, skip and jump. At the most inopportune moments he would suddenly thrust a long, accusing finger at me and demand, 'Seven times nine?'

"Should I arrive at the breakfast table a trifle late and begin growling about the temperature of the food, out would come the finger along with 'Seven times five?' Should there be a circus coming, and should I start in to enumerate the things I had missed in the last few years, and begin whining about never having any fun, and should ma be just about convinced that the poor boy had worked hard and never had many advantages, and that he should be allowed to go perhaps, out would come the long leveled finger and the demand, 'Nine times eight?'

"Should my little sister Ann start to impart information about anybody she had seen at a distance driving down the road and should I set myself the task of putting her right and showing her how ridiculous and impossible her statement was and telling her exactly whom and what she had seen, out would come the long range howitzer right in my face and I would have to furnish information as to how much 'nine times eight' was.

"My father never let up until I could answer anything right off the reel and get done with it and back to the business in hand, whether it was a complaint or an argument or a coaxing.

"Sometimes I used to think he asked me those things just so as to interrupt my boyish conversation, especially when he would ask me things so fast and keep it up so long, that I never could get back to my original spiel. But, anyway, it worked out well, and if you have not yet mastered your ump times ump is upty-ump, you and I are going to get busy with it, and I'm going to pop at you with a multiplication question every time you open your bazoo, and I don't like the tune."

The boy, being a wise boy, made up his mind to keep his bazoo shut tight.

SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

We're told the movie
Kiss is sweet
That flickers thru
About ten feet.

The German Plotters

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 46, November 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

By William MacLeod Raine

In this issue this story of German intrigue and disloyalty to the United States is brought to a startling conclusion.

CHAPTER IX.
WOLFF ANSWERS QUESTIONS.

THE arrangement at the Elms was that once a week the apartments of the tenants should be cleaned by the management. When Nora returned from the police station she found a young woman busy with broom and mop in her flat.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, surprised and annoyed at the presence of the charwoman.

"Please, lady, I'm tne new girl."

"Saturday is the time for cleaning my apartment. This is Thursday."

"I musta made a mistake. I'm sorry. Shall I finish now?"

The girl with the broom was a very pretty blonde. Her coloring was exquisite. From under the dusting cap golden curls peeped. Nora could not refuse the appeal in the innocent eyes, even tho she was annoyed.

"All right. Go on now that you have begun," she conceded.

Miss Hamilton stepped to the door of an inner room and opened it.

"Everything all right, Dad?" she asked.

He was adjusting a delicate piece of machinery, but he put it down to question her. "What about Jeff?"

"They had to release him. I'm under police surveillance. Wilfred Brandon has the children. But he daren't—hurt them now. I denounced him publicly."

Norris Hamilton looked troubled. He was a gray little man with an absent-minded manner. His face was gentle, full of a spiritual sweetness not often seen even on the countenance of a woman, very rarely on that of a man.

"I'm sorry you and Jeff are in this. If there is danger——"

"Then we'll share it with you, Dad. We want to be in it. You are doing your country a great service and we've got to stand back of you. Do you think we're quitters?"

"I know better than that," he smiled, a little gravely. "If we can get thru the next two days it will be up to the Government to protect our U-boat chaser. I've just had a wire from Washington. Secret Service men and experts from the Navy are on their way out now."

"Good. I think the Government has been awfully stupid in not protecting you and the chaser before."

"That is the way a democracy does business, my dear. It can't be helped. Did you hear anything from your new friend, Mr. Getz?"

Nora told her father of what had happened at The Brakes the night before as she had learned it from Jimmie Hunt.

"Is there any evidence, except that of Getz, to show that Brandon killed this man Doerfer?" asked Hamilton.

"Mr. Getz thinks there is. He believes that the man called Wolff was in the shrubbery spying on him when Dr. Brandon struck down the man. It was all reflected on the blind."

"But Wolff won't betray Brandon. They are fellow-conspirators."

"I'm afraid that is true."

Hamilton looked up at her suddenly. "You're quite sure of Getz, Nora? He couldn't be a spy, could he?"

"No, he couldn't. If you saw him you'd know that, Dad."

He sighed. It was his desire to believe well of all mankind, but his experience would not permit it.

Nora passed again into the outer room. The young woman mopping the woodwork looked up at her quickly. There was a question in the blue eyes, and something more than a question. It was as if the life had been stricken out of them since Miss Hamilton had been in the room, as if she were shaken by a horror her mind was trying to take in.

"Are you ill?" Nora asked quickly.

"No, I'm—I'm—my heart troubles me."

"You'd better lie down here. If you'll tell me what you do for it I'll look out for you."

"I'm better now."

The young woman caught up her mopping outfit and left hurriedly. Nora, protesting, let her go. She had a sense almost of flight in this headlong departure. If she could have followed the girl into the untenanted apartment opposite and heard the urgent conversation that took place over the telephone she might have found a clew to what perplexed her.

"Is this Emil Wolff?" the young charwoman asked, after she had got her number.

"Yes."

"I want to see you—at once."

"We're very busy at the office, Berta. Will it at noon do?"

"No. At once. I'll meet you at the Civic Center just back of the library. In half an hour, say. Good-by."

Berta Doerfer went to her room and changed quickly to another dress. Within the half-hour she had set she was crossing the Civic Center to meet the young German-American.

Her first flaming question startled him. "Who killed my father, Emil?"

Irresolutely his eyes clung to hers. "Why, I—I—— Didn't Reincke tell you?"

"I'm asking you, not Reincke."

Her big blazing eyes bored into him like hot gimlets. He could not escape the tension of her soul. Already he was haggard from a night of sleeplessness. He was an honest young man who lived up to the light of his convictions. It was one thing to hamper commercial concerns engaged in making munitions to be used against the Fatherland. It was quite another to plot against the country of his adoption. Insensibly he had been led further than he had meant to go. Last night he had connived at the escape of a villain who had just committed murder. The thing stuck in his throat, for he had always liked Doerfer. Was he to stand back and let this scoundrel Brandon play his devil tricks with Berta?

But Brandon was president of Circle 13. He had sworn to keep faith, to work against the Allies for the Fatherland, to obey the instructions that came thru Brandon to the circle. All his life training led him to obedience rather than revolt against authority.

On the other hand Brandon had killed a friend, a member of the circle, for reasons entirely private to himself. No doubt he had done it in self-defense, but to Wolff this was under the circumstances no excuse. Doerfer had attacked because of his love for Berta.

Wolff temporized. "How should I know? Brandon says——"

"I know what he says. What do you say?"

He knew that to serve the Fatherland she had left her place beside her dead father at the orders of Brandon to take a position as a menial at The Elms. Time was pressing, and he had not given her even one day for her mourning. The passion of the young German flamed up like tow, and swept discretion aside as a strong wind does smoke.

"I say that Wilfred Brandon killed your father himself, Berta," he answered in a low voice.

She went white to the lips. For a moment he thought she would faint, but she motioned him back as he started toward her. Unsteadily she walked to the nearest bench and sat down.

"Tell me—tell me everything," she ordered.

He told her how he had been trailing Getz and had followed him to The Brakes, how from the shelter of the lilac bushes he had seen the moving picture tragedy on the blind, how Getz had rushed into the house and he had followed. She listened in silence until he had finished.

"You are quite sure it was Wilfred Brandon who did it? It couldn't have been anybody else?" she asked.

"Quite sure. The silhouette on the blind was his. I could swear it."

After a long moment of silence she spoke bitterly. "He told me this man Getz killed father. He has lied to me always—always."

Wolff said nothing, tho his heart ached for her. He knew that if he attacked Brandon she would be driven to defense of him. The droop of her shoulders, the shadows in her eyes, told of the despair that flooded her soul. She had loved her father. For months she had been living under the fascination of Brandon's personality. Now her world had come toppling about her ears. What would she do?

There had been a time, before the glamour of Brandon bewitched her, when she and the young German had been moving simply toward a love crisis. Would she in her grief turn again to him? The hope that it might prove so was already flushing him in a warm current.

CHAPTER X.
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

NORA awoke with a sense of stilled pulses. Somebody was either in the room or had just left it. She lay quiet, scarce breathing, and listened with taut nerves. No sound came out of the stillness.

She whispered the name of her father. He was a victim of insomnia and it was his custom to rise at all hours of the night and work upon his beloved submarine. But she knew, even while she softly called his name, that no answer would come to her from him. He never disturbed the family, but carried his sleeplessness silently to the workshop.

Noiselessly she sat up and groped for a pair of soft slippers that lay by the bed. Into these she slid her feet, then rose and donned a bathrobe.

Her heart beat fast as she moved toward the door. She felt by some sixth sense that whoever had been in the room was gone. Whatever of danger there was to her or hers lay beyond that barrier. Very slowly she opened the door, and for the first time she noticed how the handle rattled in the lock and the hinges creaked.

The corridor was dark, but from the living-room at the other end came a slit of light. In her soft-soled bedroom slippers Nora padded a still course along the passage.

The door into the living-room was open a few inches, so that she could see a part of what was taking place within. A man sat with his back to her at a writing desk. He was running rapidly thru the papers he found there and tossing them to the floor, after a glance had shown him they were not what he wanted. A masked man was astride a chair, his hand resting on the top of the back. In the hand was a revolver pointed at some one whose foot only was to be seen. The door into the workshop was open, and from beyond came the sound of shuffling feet such as one associates with the thought of men who carry a heavy load.

The man at the desk turned. He too was masked.

"Where are the blueprints for your boat?" he demanded sharply of some one Nora could not see.

It was the voice of her father that answered, and even in that hour of fear she was proud of the quiet scorn that spoke in it.

"I have nothing to say to villains and traitors."

"We'll teach you to sing another song before we're thru with you, Hamilton," the masked man retorted insolently. "I'm not the kind that takes 'No' for an answer."

Two men came into the room from the workshop carrying the heavy steel model of the submersible. For the first time Nora noticed that a window was open. The men moved toward it.

"Dump it out," ordered the man at the desk.

The girl could hear her father struggling with the ropes that tied him to his chair. He cried out in passionate protest. The voice of Jeff rang out savagely.

"By God, Brandon, I'll pay you for this some day!" he swore.

The leader of the masked men laughed. "Chuck out the diver, boys. If it takes a header from a fifth-story window to the sidewalk, I judge the Hamilton submarine will be quite a wreck. Out with it."

The two men shuffled with it to the window. They poised it on the ledge. Nora pushed open the door to cry out against the outrage, but simultaneously somebody brushed her aside and entered the room.

For a moment nobody spoke, then the newcomer drawled derisive comment.

"Circle Thirteen seems to be in real active session tonight, gentlemen."

The man was Getz. How the New Mexican had arrived in the nick of the crisis, by what means he had obtained entrance to the apartment, Nora could not guess. Apparently he was unarmed. At least he showed no weapon in sight. None the less he spoke as if he were master of the situation. He was wholly and carelessly at his ease, not at all abashed by the revolvers that menaced him.

The man at the desk leaned forward, his eyes glittering thru the mask. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, and in his low voice a threat lurked.

"Just dropped in, Doc, to make sure you did nothing rash. Better put that model back on the floor, boys. You might drop it and bust it. Then there would be the dickens to pay."

Getz had turned his eyes upon the men with the machine, but those of Nora were riveted on the man at the desk. A sudden horror surged over her as she looked. Brandon—she had no doubt at all that it was Brandon—raised his arm to shoot. Her wits worked fast. With a movement of her hand she pressed a button and plunged the room in darkness.

Dead silence for an instant followed, then the rapid rush of feet. From the window came a grating sound, and presently a dull crash from far below. The submarine model had smashed into a thousand pieces.

"The job—it iss done!" a guttural voice cried.

A flashlight swept the room for a moment and bisected the darkness. Nora caught a confused vision of struggling men, of her father in his pajamas bound to a chair.

"Knock him on the head," ordered the man with the light. "Then get out."

Abruptly the struggle ceased. Nora was flung roughly against the wall as the men charged down the passage. Yet another moment, and they had gone.

The young woman pressed the button, and again the apartment was flooded with light. Her brother Jeff lay trussed in a corner of the room. Getz was on the floor, blood trickling from a wound in his head. But he was not unconscious. Underneath him was a man, whose arms were pinned down by his hands. The fellow was still struggling, but he was too light of build to escape from the rancher.

Nora ran into the dining-room, found a steel knife, and with it sawed thru the cords that tied her brother. Jeff released his father.

"Better get Nora to look after your head, friend," said young Hamilton, touching Getz on the shoulder. "I'll look after your prisoner till we get the police."

Norris Hamilton shook hands with the ranchman. "I expect you are Mr. Getz. My daughter was already in debt to you. Now the whole family is. You're certainly a friend in need. May I ask how you happened to drop in so opportunely?"

"I had been sort of watching the place, Mr. Hamilton. Rather expected they would try to pull something off. So I gumshoed upstairs after them, but I couldn't get in by the door as they did. Friend Brandon had a key, you see. So I tackled the fire-escape and worked around to a window ledge, beat the glass in with my gun, dropped the gat by accident, and arrived at the party—in time to be too late."

There was a curious look in the eyes of the old inventor as they rested on Getz. He started to say something, then decided not to.

The New Mexican turned to look at the prisoner Jeff had backed against the wall. The man was Wolff. Otto had met him before quite recently on an occasion not likely to slip his memory.

"You're in bad," Getz told him, bluntly. "I'll bet this runs to ten years for you."

"Better make a clean breast of it," urged Jeff. "Who was in it besides you and Brandon?"

Wolff held to a dogged, sullen silence.

"Where did Dr. Brandon get the key to our apartment?" asked the old man.

Nora, with an inspiration, guessed the truth. "He got it from the new girl that was here today. She must have been his spy."

"She iss not his spy. She hates him. He killed her father," retorted Wolff, impulsively.

"How do you know that?" Otto fired at him.

"I saw it. I wass in the shrubberies."

"What were you doing there?"

"Trailing you."

"Why?"

"That iss my business."

"Mine, too. Let us table our cards, my friend. We are both American citizens born in Germany. Both of us love the Fatherland. Both of us have taken out papers renouncing the Kaiser and swearing allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Is that right?"

Wolff assented, reluctantly.

"Good enough," continued Getz. "Me, I'm standing pat on that oath. I've only one country now, only one flag, only one people that belongs to me. When the call comes from Uncle Sam I'd fight at the drop of the hat, but no other country under God's heavens can call me to the colors. How about you?"

The answer came excitedly in a swift stream of German, with many gestures of the speaking hands. Getz listened and answered in English.

"There's no use talking to me of any 'treachery' of England toward Germany, that when our countrymen have de-

IT'S A FAR cry from a Chinese princess to a humble laundryman in Chicago, specially if the latter has been found dead with a knife stuck in his heart and a paper with strange characters has lodged in the transom. Yet the live princess and the Chinese laundryman play prominent parts in "The Twelve Coins of Confucius," Harry Stephen Keeler's latest serial, which will be begun in next week's issue of the Ledger. A hustling newspaper reporter, with his job at stake and an almost hopeless task set before him, also is a central figure involved in a mystery many centuries old.

stroyed munition plants it was to save German lives. The point is that England isn't in this. Uncle Sam is. Like it or not, you and I have got to face the fact, Wolff, that the United States will be at war with the Fatherland inside of two weeks. The German U-boats will be over here destroying American boats and drowning Yankee sailors. Now what have you done? You've smashed to pieces the model of a submarine that would have been accepted by the United States Government within two days, a diver built to protect the shipping of the country to which you have sworn allegiance. There's a name for men like you. Want to hear it?"

"N—no!" protested Wolff, wildly. "It iss not true! I haf seen letters. It wass the British government with which this man Hamilton wass dealing."

"Absolutely false," broke in Norris Hamilton. "I offered the boat to our own Government, and to nobody else as yet."

"But Brand—I say I haf seen letters," cried Wolff.

"Forgeries, of course," explained Getz. "Do you think that a traitor and a murderer would stick at forgery? He needed you. So he played on your love of Germany and your hatred of England. There can't be a doubt that Brandon has laughed up his sleeve at you as his dupe."

From one to another Wolff looked fiercely, as a trapped animal might. "You say I haf plotted against America, sent myself to prison, all because that devil has deceived me. Prove it! Prove it!"

Getz turned to the inventor and asked him a low question. The old man nodded, went out of the room, and returned five minutes later in a costume somewhat less hurried. With him he brought a sheaf of letters filed on a hook. Inside of five minutes the two German-Americans were convinced that the dealings of Hamilton had been wholly with his own Government.

Wolff shook his fist in frantic rage. "He told me—Brandon told me—showed me letters—from the British government to you—offering you a million pounds for your boat in advance royalties. They were to buy a swarm of them and destroy Kiel harbor and the whole fleet of the Fatherland." He swallowed hard to get control of himself. "I am what you call his dupe. Iss it not so? Out of the fire for him I pull his chestnuts. Gott! I will strangle him. He hass killed Doerfer, played fast and loose with Berta—a good girl, mind you—and tied a rope my neck around."

Getz put a strong soothing hand on his arm. "You've got to make the best of a bad business, Wolff. You and Berta Doerfer have plotted against the United States. That is bad. You will help us wind a net around Brandon. That will be good. Not so?"

The young German nodded. His weak mouth tightened grimly.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

AFTER Wolff had left the room with Jefferson, and Nora had fled to dress herself less sketchily, Getz turned to the old inventor.

"I suppose we had better go downstairs and gather up the pieces of your submarine. I'm sorry I was not in time to save it."

Norris Hamilton looked at the young man and smiled. "I am not so simple as I look, my friend. It was a moral certainty that Wilfred Brandon would attempt the destruction of my submersible model. There was a very strong chance that he might destroy me, too. Of that last I had to take a chance, but I have been able to protect my invention by guile."

"But——"

"Exactly. You saw his friends dash it to pieces from that window. But did you?"

"I never was good at conundrums, sir," the ranchman admitted.

Hamilton closed and locked the door, drew the window shades, and made a tour of the adjoining rooms. When he returned there was a key in his hand. He went to a Victrola cabinet and unlocked it. Inside was a model of the Hamilton submersible.

"I kept the other as a blind," he explained. "It was an old model, a defective one upon which I experimented. But nobody knows that except my own family. Now you know it, too."

"It's quite safe with me, sir," Getz answered, touched by the confidence.

The old man nodded. "I was sure of that. Now if you will let me look at your cut I'll dress it. Then you can stay here for the rest of the night."

But, after all, it was the cool fingers of Nora that washed and bound the cut in Getz's head. Nor is it at all sure that the currents that surged thru him at the touch of the soft balls of the finger-tips did not do more injury to his heart than her ministrations did benefit to his head. His breath came quicker as she bent over him. A new and strange disturbance stirred his blood. Her soft white throat, the divine tenderness of her eyes, the sweet scarlet mouth. His whole being ached to reach out and claim her for his own.

He carried the storm of his soul with him into the street when he walked downtown in the early morning hours. His thoughts were still of her when he turned into Fifteenth street. So much so that when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder it brought him out of his abstraction with a start.

"You're the man I'm wantin'," a voice informed him curtly.

A policeman and a plain-clothes man had hold of him. He stood quietly without moving.

"What do you want with me?"

"Your name Getz?"

"That's it."

"Then we want youse for the murder of Doerfer."

"Who accuses me of it?"

"Dr. Brandon."

Getz laughed. "All right. To the dungeon with me."

At the police station Otto was permitted a word with one of the reporters on duty there. That young man promised to send a messenger to notify Jimmie Hunt of the arrest.

It resulted that fifteen minutes later Jimmie tumbled out of bed, dressed, talked with Jeff Hamilton over the telephone, and turned out into the silent street. He hastened to a downtown hotel, took the elevator to the fifth floor, and knocked at the door of Room 533. A grim-faced, hard-eyed man in pajamas

SHE PLUNGED THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS.

opened after the reporter had called his name in. Jimmie had been consorting with him a good deal during the past forty-eight hours. The man belonged to the United States Secret Service Department.

For a few minutes they talked in whispers while the Government official dressed, after which they called a taxi and were driven out to the Country Club district.

They dismissed the car and walked across the golf links in the darkness to The Brakes. Gray daylight was beginning to flood into the sky before they slipped out of the grounds and took an owl car for town.

Jimmie was down at the station in time for the preliminary examination of his friend. Dr. Brandon was already there, smiling and whispering with the chief. In the background was an inconspicuous, tight-lipped man, with keen eyes, to whom Brandon paid no attention.

Otto Getz, brought in between two policemen, nodded cheerfully to Hunt. "Mornin', Jimmie. Our friend slipped one over on me, after all."

The reporter leaned forward and whispered in the ear of Getz, who grinned and nodded.

Brandon glibly marshaled his alleged facts. The servants were out and the house empty. He came home in the evening and was surprised to hear a noise on the second floor. He had tiptoed up, suspecting burglars, entered the library hurriedly, and came upon the prisoner, with a bar of iron in his hand, stooping over the body of Doerfer. His opinion was that the men had come to steal some papers to blackmail him, had quarreled, and that Getz had killed his confederate during the row.

A cool, contemptuous voice from the door cut in. "As if anybody would believe such a cock-and-bull story. Can't you do better than that, Brandon?"

The Doctor whirled. Jeff Hamilton and his sister were standing just within the room. Beside them stood Wolff. At sight of the German Brandon lost color.

Brandon did not answer Jeff. His eyes were fixed desperately on Wolff. The young German, eyes blazing, pale as a sheet, stepped forward. His finger pointed straight at Brandon.

"I accuse that man of the murder of Carl Doerfer. Getz was beside me in the shrubbery when the blow was struck. We saw that man—that murderer—strike Doerfer down. I could to it swear."

The Doctor began to see the net closing in on him, but he scoffed valiantly.

"Jealousy—sheer crazy jealousy. I'll not mention the lady's name, but——"

Wolff moved a step forward, raging at him. "Won't you, chivalrous hero? Listen, then. The girl will be on hand at the right time to testify against you. She will supply a motive for the quarrel between you and Doerfer."

Jimmie Hunt had been whispering with the chief, who now turned curtly to Brandon. "Doctor, there's a girl in the outer office—one of your servants—who was home at The Brakes all evening. It seems you supplied theater tickets for the servants, but she had a headache and stayed at home. She had left some headache powders in the kitchen and slipped down to get them. While she was coming back she heard the front door open, came to the head of the stairs, and saw you let a man in at the front door. She identifies that man as the one whose body lies in the morgue. You and he came upstairs together. Later she heard voices in the library engaged in a quarrel. One of them was yours. The other had a German accent."

The air of debonair confidence still clung like a shell to Brandon. He still strutted, tho his lips were white.

"A conspiracy, of course. The Hamiltons are putting up money to discredit me."

The grim-faced, tight-lipped man in the background stepped forward.

"As an agent of the United States Secret Service I arrest you, Dr. Brandon, for plotting with an alien enemy against your own country. For months you have been in the pay of the Central Powers, and have been trying to serve them by selling information and by destroying an invention of great value to the American Navy."

Brandon nodded jauntily to Getz, but his smile was sickly. "Some more of your work, I suppose, my sheepherding friend. I certainly made a mistake in not putting you out of the way when I had the chance."

"It wouldn't have saved you," Getz suggested.

"At least it would have been a comfort to remember," Brandon retorted, the evil smile in his quick black eyes.

"Whatever you say will be used against you as evidence," warned the chief of police.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders airily. "Oh, I admit nothing. The charge of treason is, of course, ridiculous."

"Is it?" countered the Secret Service agent. "Perhaps you don't know that this morning your rooms were burglarized at The Brakes. You are not only a traitor, but a clumsy one, sir. Papers were found that will convict you beyond the shadow of a doubt. You had accomplices, but they were Teutons. Perhaps they plotted from love of the Fatherland, but you sold out your country for $6,000 a year and the promise of a fortune when you destroyed the Hamilton submarine chaser."

The face of Brandon was green, but still he smiled with triumphant malice. "At least there I score. The submarine is smashed to atoms."

"There, too, you fail. The submarine is now in the hands of the Government. It was a defective model you smashed."

"So? By Jove! I must be clumsy, after all." Brandon's fingers, which had been tugging at his mustache, passed across his mouth just as the Secret Service man leaped forward.

Brandon flung the agent back with a savage laugh. An empty paper fluttered from his hand to the floor.

"Too late!" he jeered. "I've bilked you at the last, anyhow. To the devil with all of you."

The hard set smile was still fixed mechanically on his lips, but his eyes winced with pain. He staggered against a desk.

Getz asked a question of the chief of police with his eyes and those of the officer answered. The New Mexican strode across the room to Nora.

"Come!" he ordered.

He led her across the room and out of the building. As they passed Brandon the big body of the rancher was between the girl and the Doctor, so that she could not see him.

"What is it?" she asked in bewilderment, as they stood on the sidewalk. "Something happened. What was it?"

"Is this your car?" His hand indicated one standing by the curb.

"Yes, but——"

He helped her into it and himself took the driver's seat.

"Aren't you going to wait for Jeff?" she asked quickly.

"He can come later."

She asked no more questions till they had reached The Elms. Then, very pale, she faced him.

"What happened? Tell me what it was."

"It is only that your enemy will never trouble you any more," he answered very gently.

Her eyes stared wide at him. "You mean——"

"I mean that you and your people are now the guardians of your little nephews. Wilfred Brandon is no longer among the living."

The meaning of what she had seen flashed home to her. "He—took poison—before us all."

"Yes. He had come to the end of the passage and could find no way out."

Her lower lip quivered. Horror was in her eyes as she turned away.

His hand rested on her shoulder, and there was comfort for her in his cheerful touch. "Don't you worry, little girl. It had to be."

She found a wan smile for him. "Thank you, big brother."

Her gaze met his to face the shock of a new knowledge. It might be months before he spoke, but when he did it would be to claim an interest closer even than that of a brother.

The End.

Patience.

"PATIENCE and perseverance will accomplish all things," was the favorite saying of an old farmer. He had made this remark in a train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the next seat turned to him and said:

"Nonsense, sir! I can tell you many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish."

"Perhaps you can," said the farmer, "but I have never yet come across one thing."

"Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?"

"Certainly."

"I would like to know how."

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze."

The Legal Mind.

HE LOVED lawyers; he adored briefs and all the things that lie about in a lawyer's office.

One day he rushed into the sanctum that was graced by the presence of his pet legal luminary.

"I've been grossly insulted!" he howled, sitting down on the lawyer's hat.

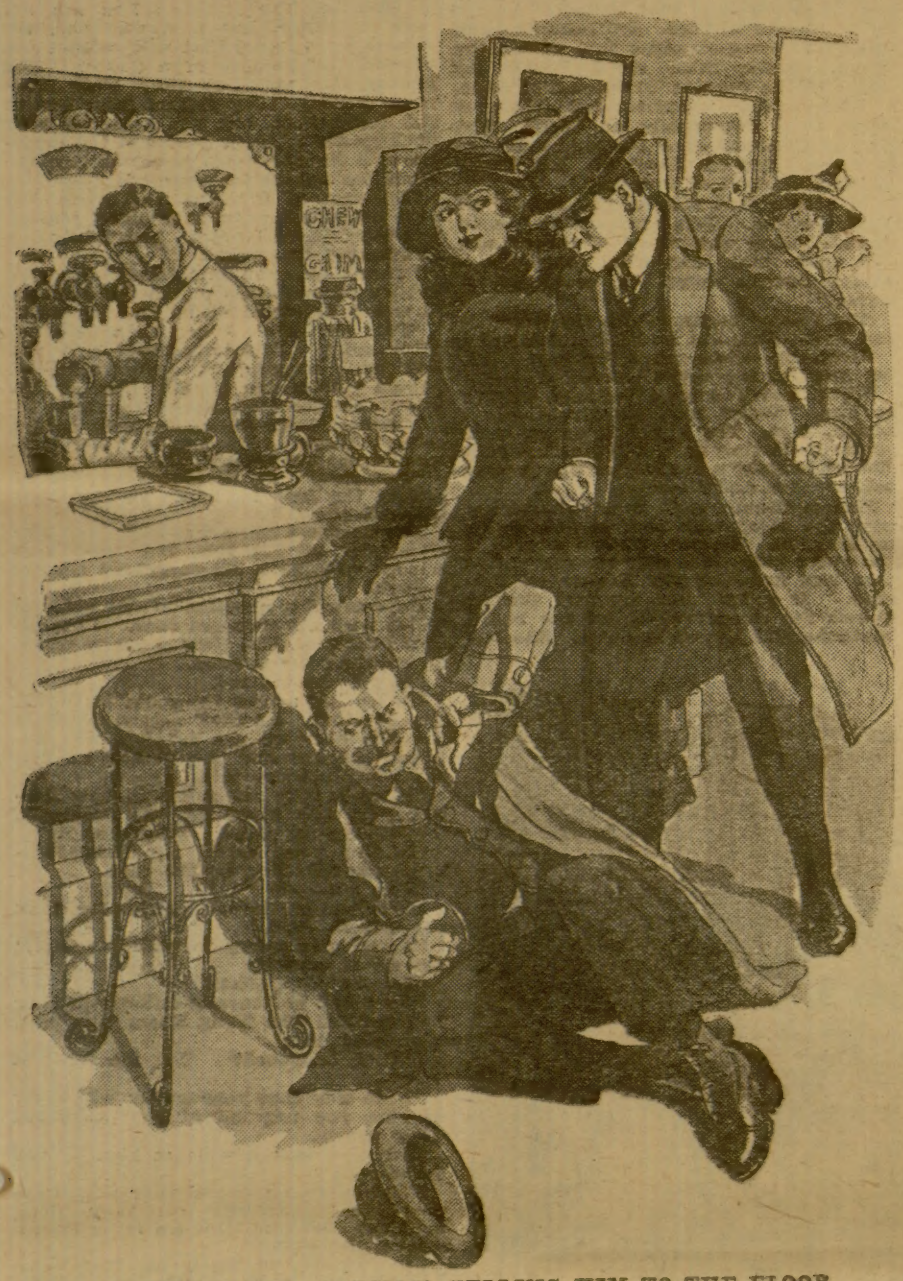
"In what way?" asked the lawyer, wearily.

"My milkman says I'm a German, and the next time he sees me he threatens that he will pull my nose. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the lawyer, who was busy and in a hurry, "if I were you I think I'd soap it. It will slip thru his fingers then. Good day! My bill will be along in the morning."

A Blow for the Flag

By Willis E. Link



HE STRUCK THE GERMAN, FELLING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

FOR several months Millie Milton had been harassed more or less by a state of affairs that sometimes entangles an attractive girl like herself. She was in a quandary as to which of two ardent suitors for her hand she should accept for a husband. In her perplexity there were moments when she would almost decide to cut the Gordian knot, as it were, by dismissing both young fellows and taking her chances in the matrimonial market at some future day. Once, while in such a mood, she glanced into a mirror, and a thought came to her that it would not be a precarious hazard, for the reflected face was undeniably a pretty one.

"What a vain, silly goose I am, anyway!" she murmured in self-condemnation, as she turned her back to the truthful glass.

For in and around the Iowa burg known as T——, there were plenty of individuals ready to declare that Millie was more than ordinarily good-looking. Of medium height, just slender enough to be graceful, a mass of brown hair, clear complexion with delicate pink cheeks, big gray eyes, nose just a little inclined toward the pug order, a dainty mouth guarded by tantalizing lips, the whole countenance constantly lit up with animation—yes, she was decidedly attractive. Then she was known far and wide as a "good girl," and when it came to accomplishments, she would compare favorably with any young lady in the community. With some, it was an added attraction to know that her father was the owner of the biggest and best equipped farm for miles around.

Millie had barely reached 16 when she began to be pestered, as she expressed it, by various young men asking for her company. Stating that she must put her whole mind to her studies, she declined the solicitations. For two years she had been free and untrammeled, then upon the same day Walter Dixon and Stephen Courtney, almost at the same hour, made a call begging a favor at her hands. One wished her company to an entertainment that evening, the other wished to be her escort to a party twenty-four hours later.

Just a few days before Millie had received a private lecture from her mother about being too self-centered and the value of some association with young men. Somewhat piqued over her mother's remarks, Millie decided to follow advice to the limit, therefore the invitations of both Walter and Stephen were accepted. And, let us say, she was agreeably surprised to find the company of a nice young man was far from pestering. In fact, as the weeks went by and both young fellows kept up a vigorous campaign to win her favor, each of the men making every effort to outdo the other in giving her a good time, she passed many a delightful hour. Strive to ignore it as she might, away down at the bottom of her heart was a streak of pride at being the object for which two of the best "catches" in the town were striving so strenuously, and because of this rivalry her movements were of intense interest to the denizens of T——. It was all so delightfully exciting.

A number of weeks passed—perhaps a dozen—then she received a jolt which considerably disturbed her blithesome state of satisfaction. Her mother again had something to say. It wasn't right for Millie to flirt with two such fine young men. They deserved better treatment. She ought to look at matters with more seriousness. It was high time for her to make a choice as to which of the two beaux she wished for a lover and ask the other to cease his attentions.

This kind of talk upset Millie's equanimity. It made her think, and this was an action of the mind tending to disturb her contentment. Why could not her mother think of her own girlhood days? Probably because those days away back in the dim past must have been barren of anything particularly interesting!

Three or four days after her mother's talk, Millie received another jolt. Walter broke loose with a declaration of love and ended by coming out with a proposal of marriage. This action by the impulsive lover completely surprised Millie and she asked for time to consider the matter. The very next evening, Stephen called and went over the same kind of "lingo," as she mentally designated the young man's passionate declaration. There was no other course but to beg for time to consider this new proposition.

The proposals made Millie think in good earnest, but without reaching any result. She was in no frame of mind to answer "yes" to either Walter or Stephen, nor did she wish to say "no." Before the advent of the suitors she had looked upon marriage as something to occur in far-off future time, but in some mysterious manner her point of view had undergone a change and this most important event in her life seemed comparatively near at hand. Why should she not settle down like other girls? Husband and home had come within her mental horizon as objects of tremendous moment to her. Of course she would marry some one. As both rivals for her hand were prizes in the matrimonial lottery, she might as well draw one of them. But which one?

Each young man was big and fine-looking, with clean-shaven face and hair so dark as to be almost black. Each was an individual of good character and good habits. Each was in a mercantile business and appeared to be "making good." Of course she had noticed some dissimilarities in the two, but not pronounced enough to enable her to make a choice. If something would happen by which a concealed weakness or unsuspected strength in the one or the other should be plainly revealed, then the flame of love might be kindled and there would be no further trouble in arriving at a decision.

Days and even weeks went by and she still was unable to give either suitor a definite answer. The rivals bore up under the ordeal remarkably well. While, of course, they had a good healthy hatred for each other, as naturally would be expected, they managed to treat each other with studied politeness, and even with an appearance of friendliness when in Millie's presence. But as time went on, she began to lose hope that something would happen—that the divine spark would flash fire, and she would know then to a certainty who possessed her heart and where to give her hand. Her mother was emphatic in denouncing her daughter's "flirting," but this only turned the girl's mind more topsy-turvy. Being a Christian, as she knelt at her bedside before retiring, she would appeal to the Most High, and her faith was sorely tried because no response, apparently, came from her pleading. Hence, every day that passed made her quandary the more trying.

In a few days it would be six months since the beginning of her affair with the two suitors—she could remember the exact dates upon which for the first time she had accepted the attentions of Walter and Stephen. Aside from her mother's advice, Millie's own good judgment impelled her to take decisive action. As it was simply impossible to promise herself to either of the suitors, she would receive attentions in future from neither. Of course it was hard to come to this decision, for, in spite of her dilemma, the winter had passed quickly in a whirl of enjoyment. For weeks—perhaps months—her life would be void of interest. But she must face the situation firmly, and at the first opportunity be very positive in announcing her decision to the persistent rivals.

With unusually disagreeable weather for the month, March was drawing to a close. A fairly pleasant evening arrived, and Walter, with his car, was on hand to take Millie to a concert to be given at the "opera house" in T——. As she stepped into the car, she gave an involuntary sigh as she thought of the ordeal ahead. A wave of regret swept over her at the thought this would be the last evening she should ever pass with Walter Dixon. Perhaps she would have had the same sinking of the heart if her escort had happened to be Stephen Courtney. Anyhow, in all probability his turn would soon come. She would try and keep her mind from a disagreeable subject until Walter was taking her back home, then her trying duty should be executed.

She enjoyed the concert, and at the close, Walter led her to a drug store, where, at the back of the room, were tables and chairs for patrons who wished various delicacies and beverages. As the two entered, they noticed Stephen sitting at one of the tables with another young man. Millie's face broke into a smile as she gave a nod of recognition, but a formal bow was the best the rivals could do to observe the proprieties of the occasion.

Walter and Millie had scarcely seated themselves when the voice of Hans Hankenhoffer, a German, quite well known in T——, was plainly heard thru the room.

"Sherminy can vip der vorld!" he excitedly exclaimed.

The whole Nation was hanging in suspense, not knowing what a day might bring forth. The President had called Congress in extra session, and nowhere was this action received with more profound seriousness than in and around T——, because of a large German element in the population. Altho their hearts beat warm for the Fatherland, with but few exceptions all were loyal to their adopted country. Among the few exceptions, Hans might be placed, altho it would seem he should feel grateful for the privileges which had been his in the land where prosperity had come to him as never would have been the case, no doubt, in the land of his birth. Blessings and opportunities to himself and family which he should appreciate were forgotten or ignored in his zeal for a nation where he and his had nothing to hope for.

"Vilson, he'd petter go shlow," he spoke in answer to a remark by some one.

"But the President must stand by the flag," expostulated the clerk at the soda fountain.

"D—n der blag!" came from the German, in a tone of deep disgust.

The room was probably half filled with people, and as Walter glanced around he saw a dazed expression come into every countenance at the audacity of the man who had solemnly sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States. With a set jaw and fire flashing from his eyes, Millie's escort arose from his seat.

The next instant the German received a blow full in the mouth felling him like a log upon the floor.

For a moment, the room was still. Then there came a rush of the men upon Hans, and he was pitched unceremoniously into the street—and men whose blood was German but whose hearts were American helped at the good work. Quietly, Walter stepped back to his place at the table.

"Take me home at once, for I have found out something," Millie exclaimed.

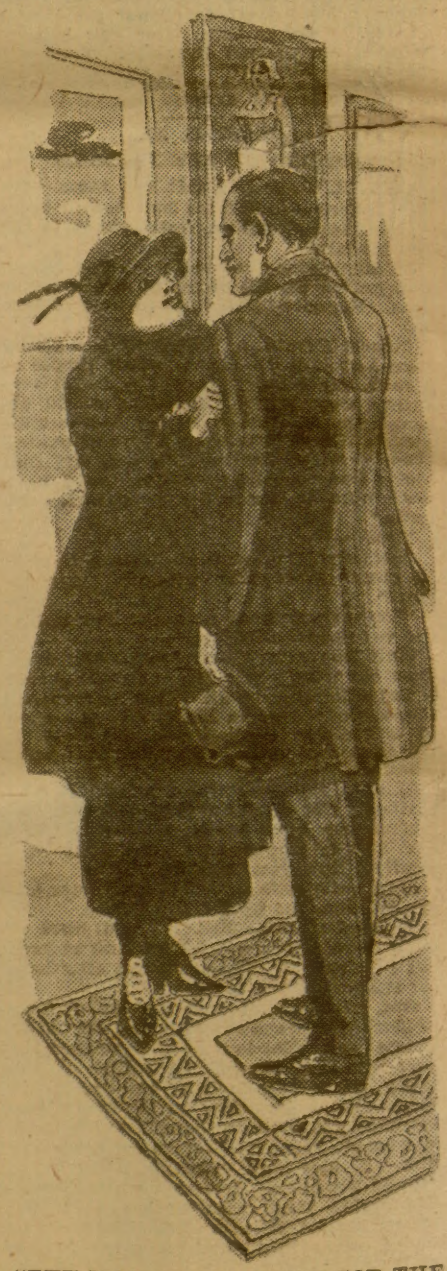
Without a word, Walter led her to his car. Seated within, he grimly grasped the steering wheel, and in a few minutes drew up before the Milton dwelling.

"Come in, please," Millie almost whispered.

Still mute, Walter followed the girl into the sitting-room, thinking he would receive a reprimand for his ruffianism and a final dismissal. As he considered this probability, he set his lips together in dogged determination to acquiesce in the expected verdict. He sensed rather than saw that the room was unoccupied—the rest of the family had retired.

"Walter, I know something now without any doubting," Millie murmured so low he barely heard the words, and while her face was burning with blushes and a look shone from her eyes that made his heart sore for longing to take her into his arms, still he did not comprehend. She hesitated a moment; then, with a blaze of indescribable glory illuminating her countenance and eyes like deep, glowing wells of light, clear as a bell her voice filled the room:

"The man who struck for the Stars and Stripes has won my heart!"



"THE MAN WHO STRUCK FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES HAS WON MY HEART."

An Irony of Fate

By Emma Howard Wight

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Begun in No. 47, November 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

An unexpected twist unravels the tangled threads of this story and brings it to a conclusion the reader is not likely to have guessed in advance. Emma Howard Wight has never written for us a more surprising ending.

CHAPTER V.

"MR. BLACKBURN went out after he had had his dinner," the housekeeper began. "He returned at about 9 or a little after."

"You saw him?" queried the detective.

She shook her head.

"No, I did not see him. I was in the dining-room looking over some accounts, and I heard him come in and go upstairs to his room. After a little while, I heard him come down and go out again.'

"You did not see him at all while he was in the house?"

"No, I did not."

"From the manner in which he entered and left the house would you imagine he was hurried?"

"No, I can't say that I would. It did not strike me so at the time."

"What appeared to be his object in returning to the house?"

"To get his linen dust coat, satchel, and the hat, a soft gray, which he usually wore when traveling."

"Is that all?"

"As far as I know, it is."

"That is all you know of his movements on the night of the 24th?"

"That is all."

"Do you believe that Mr. Blackburn had got over his disappointment in regard to Mrs. Hamilton?"

"No, I do not think that he had."

"Do you think that he still loved her?"

The housekeeper hesitated a moment.

"He never seemed to care for any other woman," she replied, at length, a little cautiously, "and I am sure he was not a happy man."

"Did any one in the house see Mr. Blackburn when he came in on the night of May 24th?"

"No; there was no one in the house at the time but myself. The maid was out and the cook had gone to bed."

"If you do not believe that Edward Blackburn killed John Hamilton, how do you account for his running away?"

"I am not sure that he has run away," was the prompt answer. "He may have had some other reason for going."

"Has he ever left home in such a manner before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Do you know the present whereabouts of Edward Blackburn?"

"No, I do not, and, if I did, I wouldn't tell you where he was."

The detective smiled a little as he arose.

"I suppose not," he said.

The housekeeper went with him to the door and stood watching him as he went down the walk and out upon the road. There were tears in her eyes as she turned away.

"I just can't believe that he killed John Hamilton, mean as he used him," she murmured. "But, oh, why, has he gone away like this?"

Detective Watson walked leisurely along the River Road toward the town, reflecting:

"It's possible that Edward Blackburn's interview with Mrs. Hamilton rekindled all the old love and he left her with a maddening sense of the wrong he had suffered at the hands of her husband. The two men met, Blackburn attacked Hamilton and threw him over the embankment into the river. When he realized what he had done, a panic seized him, and his one thought was to escape. I must ascertain if he took a train from the station here. I'll make inquiries."

Detective Watson found, rather to his surprise, that Edward Blackburn had gone from the Riverview station, taking the train that left there at 10:15. The station-master's son, who was in charge at the time, stated to Watson that a man, wearing a linen dust coat, a soft gray hat and carrying a satchel, had come into the station and bought a ticket to Marling, thirty miles up the line. The station-master's son did not live at Riverview and did not know Edward Blackburn personally.

The station-master informed Watson that the Riverview police had traced Edward Blackburn to Marling, and there all trace of him had been lost. This did not prove at all discouraging to Detective Watson, and he stood reflecting as to whether he should go at once to Marling or make some further investigations in the town. He finally decided upon the latter course, and proceeded to the office of Judge Burrows, the father-in-law of John Hamilton.

Judge Burrows, a fine-looking, portly man, with iron-gray hair and beard and dark eyes like his daughter's, looked a little grave when the detective told him who he was and upon what he was engaged.

"I feel sorry for Blackburn," he declared. "There can be no question but that he was badly used. He was devoted to my daughter and he was much attached to Hamilton. They treated him badly. I did not altogether approve of my daughter's taking the step she has; in fact, I tried to dissuade her, but," he shrugged his shoulders, "she was determined. I'll tell you all I know about this affair." He went on to relate how his daughter had called him up on the morning of the 25th, told him that her husband was missing and what the coachman had seen and overheard the night before. He had gone at once to the Hamilton residence and found his daughter half wild with anxiety. Rawlings had taken him to the spot where he had seen the two men. A warrant was sworn out against Edward Blackburn on suspicion of having killed John Hamilton, but he proved to be missing. He was traced as far as Marling and there lost sight of.

"It's strange how suddenly and completely he seemed to drop out of sight," added Judge Burrows. "The police here were utterly baffled."

Detective Watson did not think that strange, but refrained from saying so. He merely remarked:

"I'll go to Marling in a day or so."

"You'll find that the ground has been pretty well covered," said Judge Burrows. "Edward Blackburn left the train at Marling and was last seen apparently on his way to take a train at the station of a branch road. No man, however, answering to his description, was seen to go from that station. By the way, there's a man who claims that he saw John Hamilton's ghost on the night he was killed. The man's name is Markell. He's a farmer living about five miles from town. He declares that on the night of May 24th he was on his way home from town on horseback, and that he saw John Hamilton standing near the gate of the Blackburn residence. He said he spoke to him, but he made no response."

"At what time was that?"

"Markell claims that it was twenty minutes after 9. According to the testimony of Rawlings, and Edward Blackburn's statement as to the time he returned, John Hamilton was not alive at the time he was seen by Markell."

At that moment, the clerk ushered into the office a man about 50, dressed as a well-to-do farmer.

"Excuse me, Judge, for disturbing you," he said, with a glance at Watson, "but there's a matter I want to see you about before starting for home. You are Mr. Hamilton's executor, I have heard."

"That is correct, Mr. Wilson."

"I would like to have the deed for that river bottom land I bought from Mr. Hamilton. I paid the money for the land, $20,000, to Harkins, Mr. Hamilton's clerk, on the afternoon of May 24th."

"How did it happen that you paid the money and haven't got the deed?" asked Judge Burrows.

"Well, it was this way: I came in town that day, got the money and went around to Mr. Hamilton's office to pay for the land and get the deed. Harkins told me that the deed was made, but it wasn't signed, that Mr. Hamilton had been away for two weeks, but was expected home that night. The bank was closed, and as I didn't care about carrying such a large sum of money with me, I paid it to Harkins and got his receipt, telling him to have Mr. Hamilton send me the deed by mail. Harkins said he'd have the matter attended to as soon as Mr. Hamilton returned."

"What did Harkins do with the money?"

"He went into the private office and put it in the safe."

"Have you Harkins' receipt with you?"

The farmer took out his wallet, produced the receipt and handed it to Judge Burrows. The latter looked it over and handed it back, saying:

"That's all right, Wilson, but a new deed will have to be made. I will attend to it."

"Very well, Judge. Good morning." And the man left the office.

"Harkins must have deposited that $20,000 very early on the morning of the 25th," Judge Burrows remarked thoughtfully. "I went thru the safe, looking for certain papers, a little after 10 o'clock, and there was no money in it at all. I'll call up Harkins and ask him about it."

As he reached for the receiver, a good-looking, well-groomed young man entered.

"I was just about to call you up, Harkins," said Judge Burrows. "John Wilson was in here a few moments ago about that deed for that bottom land. It appears he paid the money for the land, $20,000, to you on the afternoon of May 24th."

"Yes, sir, he did," the young man replied. "But I declare, I'd forgotten all about it until this moment. You found the money in the safe?"

"That is what I wished to see you about, Harkins," Judge Burrows declared. "The fact is, the money was not in the safe."

Harkins gave a start and looked at Judge Burrows with a bewildered expression.

"Not in the safe?" he repeated incredulously. "Why, there must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Judge Burrows, quietly.

"But I put the money in the safe," reiterated Harkins.

"I thought that possibly you had deposited it in the bank on the morning of the 25th before I went thru the safe."

"No, sir, I did not. The shock of Mr. Hamilton's death put the money out of my mind entirely."

"The money must have been removed during the night of May 24th or in the early morning of May 25th," said Judge Burrows.

"But who could have removed it?" cried Harkins. "The safe was not broken open, and no one knew the combination but Mr. Hamilton and—myself." His face went suddenly white. "My God, Judge! you don't suspect me of having taken the money?"

"I haven't got to the point of suspecting any one yet, Harkins," was the reply. "You are perfectly sure no one knew the combination of the safe but Mr. Hamilton and yourself?"

"I have never shown the combination to any one but you, Judge, and I think I am safe in asserting the same of Mr. Hamilton," the young man replied very steadily.

"At what time did you leave the office on the evening of the 24th?"

"I left about 6 o'clock."

"You carried a key to the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any one else have a key besides yourself?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hamilton had a key."

"Were you absent from the office any time during the afternoon after the money was paid to you by Wilson?"

"No. I was not away from the office until I left at 6 o'clock to go home."

"You locked up carefully as usual?"

"Yes, just as I always do."

"Did any one come into the office during the afternoon?"

"Yes, two persons came in—Miss Gibbons, Mr. Hamilton's stenographer, to ask when Mr. Hamilton would be back, and Mr. Blackburn."

"Mr. Blackburn!" exclaimed Judge Burrows.

"Yes, he came in also to inquire when Mr. Hamilton would be back."

"I believe that is all for the present, Harkins," said Judge Burrows. "This gentleman," indicating Watson, "is a detective and I'll put this matter in his hands."

"I SPRANG UPON HIM AND FORCED HIM OVER THE EMBANKMENT."

"I hope, sir," said Harkins, addressing himself very earnestly to Watson, "that you will soon succeed in getting at the bottom of it." He went out looking pale and troubled.

"I cannot believe that money was taken by Harkins," declared Judge Burrows. "He is a quiet, industrious young fellow, of the most exemplary habits. I know that Hamilton trusted him implicitly. But where has the money gone? No one had access to the safe? Who could have taken it?"

"That is what we must try to find out," said the detective, as he arose to depart. "I observed that young man closely while you were questioning him, and I am convinced the money was not taken by him."

CHAPTER VI

IT WAS only a stone's throw from the office of Judge Burrows to that of Edward Blackburn. There was no one in the outer office as Detective Watson went in. He crossed to the door leading into the private office and opened it. A gray-haired man was sitting beside the desk, his head bowed dejectedly on his breast. He looked up, as the detective entered, and arose slowly to his feet. His face was pale and grief-worn.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I wish to see Mr. Blackburn," replied Detective Watson.

"Mr. Blackburn is not here, sir."

"You mean that he is out of town?"

"Yes, he is out of town."

"When do you expect him to return?"

It was a moment or so before the old clerk replied.

"I do not know just when he will return," he said at length.

"You are Mr. Blackburn's clerk?"

"Yes." He looked a little curiously at the detective. "You wish to see Mr. Blackburn on a matter of business?"

"I certainly want to see him very much," Watson replied, with truth. "Can you give me any idea when you expect him to return?"

The old clerk drew himself up and a sudden light flashed into his dull, sad eyes.

"I am looking for him any day," he said. "I don't know who you are, sir," he went on, "but you don't seem to know that Mr. Blackburn is under suspicion of having killed John Hamilton, the man who was once his best friend."

"Ah, I understand," said the detective. "Mr. Blackburn has gone away to avoid arrest?"

"That is what they say, but I do not believe it," the old clerk replied with exquisite loyalty. "I've served the Blackburns, father and son, for thirty years, and the blood that makes cowards does not run in their veins."

"How do you account for Mr. Blackburn's absence?"

"I cannot account for it. But I am sure he has not run away and that he will return and face his accusers."

"You are evidently very much attached to Mr. Blackburn and have great faith in him. So you are unable to see this matter from the standpoint that others do."

"I regard this matter from the standpoint of my knowledge of Edward Blackburn," Silas Simmons said quietly. "I knew him as a boy when I clerked in this very office for his father. I have served Edward Blackburn himself for

twelve years. I know him to be honorable, upright and courageous."

"Did you ever hear him express any ill feeling against John Hamilton?" asked Detective Watson.

"Never," was the prompt reply.

"I suppose you have no idea as to Mr. Blackburn's whereabouts?"

"I have not."

"Is Mr. Blackburn a man of violent or uncontrollable temper?"

"No, on the contrary, he is a very self-controlled man. He is a man with the keenest sense of honor and of justice. I have never known him to take a case unless he was himself convinced that the man he was to defend was innocent."

"And what sort of a man was John Hamilton?"

"He was a false friend," replied Silas Simmons. "A man who betrayed, a man who could not be trusted."

The detective went away, musing upon all that Silas Simmons had said of Edward Blackburn. "A man is usually pretty well known by those who serve him," he thought. "Those who served Edward Blackburn love and honor him and believe in him. I can understand his killing the man who betrayed his trust, but, if he is the sort of man his clerk and housekeeper represent him to be, I cannot understand his running away."

Detective Watson went from Edward Blackburn's office to the police headquarters, and was shown into the sanctum of the chief of police. That functionary was not inclined to be very communicative when he learned who his visitor was. He reiterated Judge Burrows' statement that Edward Blackburn had been traced to Marling and there all trace of him was lost.

Detective Watson started for Marling the next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

MARLING was a town of about a thousand inhabitants, at the junction of two railroads. Watson found the conductor upon whose train Edward Blackburn had traveled from Riverview to Marling. He had not taken much notice of this particular passenger, but he remembered that he wore a linen dust coat, a soft gray hat and carried a satchel. The train, which was a local stopping at all the way stations, did not arrive at Marling until 11:15. The man in the linen dust coat had left the train at Marling.

Edward Blackburn had been seen a short distance from the branch station by a shopkeeper in Marling, who was returning from a business trip and was on his way home. He was the last person to see Edward Blackburn. It was at that point all trace of him was lost by the local police.

From the station-master at the branch station, Watson learned that no man answering the description of Edward Blackburn had taken a train that night nor the day following. He claimed that he would have noticed and remembered him, as few passengers went from there.

"What trains go from here after 11:30 at night?" asked the detective.

"There's a train at 11:50," was the reply.

"Were there any passengers from here for that train on the night of May 24th?"

"Yes, two—a colored woman and a man."

"Describe the man."

"I didn't have time to take particular notice of him, as he came up just as the train was about to pull out. He was a man about medium height and clean-shaven."

"How was he dressed?"

"In a black suit of clothes; he wore a straw hat with a black band."

"Had he a satchel?"

"Yes, I think he had."

"He didn't buy a ticket?"

"No, he hadn't time. He just made the train and that's all."

Detective Watson walked slowly back to Marling, reflecting. He went into a drug store where there was a telephone booth. He called up Judge Burrows at Riverview. The Judge was in his office and answered the telephone. The detective told Judge Burrows that it was Watson at the telephone, and inquired if Edward Blackburn was a man of medium height, clean-shaven. The reply was in the affirmative.

Detective Watson replaced the receiver, passed out of the booth into the store, and ordered some refreshments. While there he reflected:

"I believe that the man in the black clothes who took the 11:50 train at the branch station was Edward Blackburn. He made the change in his apparel after the shopkeeper saw him. He planned to reach the station just as the train was pulling out. While the police of Riverview were trying to trace a man wearing a linen dust coat and soft gray hat, Edward Blackburn was making his escape with that same linen dust coat and hat in his satchel. It was rather cleverly planned and carried out, and it worked all right with the local police of Riverview, as Edward Blackburn, from his professional knowledge of them, no doubt, calculated. Now to find out from the conductor of the 11:50 to what point Edward Blackburn paid his fare."

That afternoon Judge Burrows received the following telegram from Detective Watson:

"On the track of E. B. Send some one to Marling to go with me to identify him.

"WATSON."

Judge Burrows sat thinking for a moment or so, with the telegram in his hand. Then suddenly he started to his feet, exclaiming:

"I will go with him!"

THE DEPARTED

If no one ever went ahead,
If we had seen no friend depart,
And mourned him for a while as dead,
How great would be our fear to start.

If no one for us led the way,
No loved one, garbed in angel white
Stood there, a welcome word to say,
Then we should fear the heavenly flight.

If we should never say "good-by,"
Should never shed the parting tear;
We'd face that journey to the sky
In horrible despair and fear.

It is because our friends have gone
And left us in this vale of breath,
Because of those who've journeyed on,
That we can bravely smile at death.

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE days later, Judge Burrows and Detective Watson registered at a small hotel in a remote town on the seacoast, called Beachley, to which place Edward Blackburn had been traced. Judge Burrows remained at the hotel while the detective went to locate Edward Blackburn.

Judge Burrows went out upon the hotel veranda and walked restlessly up and down, an unlighted cigar between his lips. He was conscious of no elation, not even of satisfaction, at the detective's success in tracing Edward Blackburn. He had always liked and admired him, and deep down in his heart he felt a great compassion for him. He shrank with positive dread from the thought that he must pronounce sentence upon Edward Blackburn if he were found guilty. And with the circumstantial evidence so strong against him, Judge Burrows had but little doubt that he would be found guilty.

The detective was not long absent. Judge Burrows, when he saw him approaching, went quickly forward to meet him.

"Well?" he queried.

"I've located him," replied Detective Watson. "If you will come and identify him, I'll arrest him at once."

"I am ready to accompany you," said Judge Burrows, gravely.

"He is at a house in the town," the detective explained, as they walked away from the hotel.

The sea was only about a quarter of a mile distant, and in all his after life the sound of the waves breaking upon the beach always brought back vividly to Judge Burrows the shock and horror of that day.

He was silent and grave as they walked along the quaint street of the town.

"Here is the house," said Detective Watson, stopping before a pretty white cottage with a beautiful yard, filled with roses. He opened the low white gate, and Judge Burrows followed him up to the front door.

"I suppose it's no use to ask for him by his name," said the detective, as he lifted the old-fashioned knocker on the door. "It's more than probable that he's traveling under an assumed name at this time."

The door opened and a young girl stood on the threshold. She was exquisitely lovely, a perfect blonde, with marvelous coloring, pale gold hair and a slim figure, every movement of which was grace itself. She was gowned in white, sheer fine material, with some rare laces about her throat and short sleeves.

There was silence for the space of a moment. The detective and Judge Burrows were unprepared for such a vision of loveliness. They both removed their hats. She glanced at them inquiringly. The detective spoke:

"We would like to see the gentleman who is stopping in this house," he said.

She looked puzzled for the moment; then she smiled.

"I suppose it's my husband whom you wish to see?" she said.

"I think not." Detective Watson declared. "I mean the gentleman who came here about ten days ago."

"My husband came about that time," said the girl.

A man came in at a door at the further end of the small hall, pausing abruptly at the sight of the two men. The girl turned toward him.

"John, here are two gentlemen who wish to see you," she said, and passed into a room opening upon the hall.

The detective turned to Judge Burrows.

"Is that man Edward Blackburn?" he asked.

"No," replied Judge Burrows, his face pale and startled. "That man is John Hamilton."

"What!" cried the detective, turning swiftly toward the motionless figure at the further end of the hall.

Then very slowly John Hamilton advanced to where they stood. His face was white, but he was strangely calm. He glanced at the door of the room which the girl had entered; then, opening a door on the opposite side of the hall, he motioned for the two men to enter.

"Come in," he said.

They obeyed in silence. He closed the door and then turned and faced them.

"You, I presume, are a detective," he said, addressing himself to Watson.

Watson bowed. "That is my profession."

"You have traced to this place a man whom you believed to be Edward Blackburn?"

"I certainly was laboring under that impression," answered Watson, grimly.

"Edward Blackburn is dead," said John Hamilton.

"Then it was he who was thrown over the embankment into the river?" queried the detective.

"Yes, it was he."

"And your intention was to make it appear that it was you who was killed, not Edward Blackburn?"

"Yes, that was my intention," John Hamilton replied. He glanced curiously at Watson. "I might have carried it out successfully if I had had only the police of Riverview with whom to contend. You are much cleverer."

"Mr. Watson was employed by your wife to trace Edward Blackburn and bring him to justice," said Judge Burrows.

John Hamilton turned slowly toward him, a faint smile passing over his face, which had grown haggard and white since they had been in the room.

"What an irony of Fate!" he murmured.

"It is horrible to think of!" exclaimed Judge Burrows. "John Hamilton, that young girl, who speaks of you as her husband, what is she to you?"

"She believes herself to be my wife."

"My God! John Hamilton, who would have thought that you are such an infernal scoundrel!" cried Judge Burrows. "And my unfortunate daughter is your wife! She loved you, believed in you, grieves for you."

"She would have been happier believing me dead, for she knew that I had ceased to love her," declared John Hamilton.

"I would to God that she need never know the truth!" exclaimed Judge Burrows. "Why did you kill Edward Blackburn?"

"I killed Edward Blackburn because he knew my secret," was the reply.

"What secret?" queried the detective.

John Hamilton motioned for them to be seated.

"I will tell you all," he said.

Judge Burrows and the detective sat down. John Hamilton seated himself near them.

"A mad infatuation, a wild passion for a woman's beauty, developing later into a consuming love, changed the entire world for me," John Hamilton began. "You have seen her. You can judge for yourselves how lovely she is. And she is as pure and good as she is beautiful." He paused a moment. "It was three years ago that I saw her for the first time. I was on a train. I lifted my eyes from the newspaper I was reading, and they rested upon the loveliest face I had ever seen. It charmed, enthralled me. When she left the train at this place, I left also. I had no difficulty in ascertaining who she was and all about her. Her name was Gladys Moore, she was an orphan living with a maiden aunt. I will not go into details of how I got to know them. My mad passion for Gladys mastered me. She grew to love me. There was only one way in which she could be mine—to make her believe she was my wife. I went thru the form of marriage with her. After she was mine I was as mad about her as ever. Nothing else mattered. I longed to shake myself free from the old life. It had grown wearisome, irksome to me. I had but one desire—to be always with Gladys. The way seemed suddenly open to me as I stood looking down upon the rushing river that had swallowed up Edward Blackburn—the river that never gives up its dead. It flashed upon me that I could make it appear that it was I who was killed, and thus I could efface myself. How I endeavored to carry this out you both know."

"You went to your office and took $20,000 from the safe, did you not?" asked the detective.

"Yes," John Hamilton replied. "I was agreeably surprised to find so large a sum."

"Did it cause you no regret to give up the wealth you had spent years in accumulating?" asked Detective Watson, curiously.

"No," replied John Hamilton. "I intended to make another fortune for—Gladys. In a few days we would have been far away from here."

He arose abruptly, walked to the window and stood for a moment or so looking out.

"Edward Blackburn came to this vicinity on business," he continued, returning. "He saw me riding with Gladys and made inquiries. When I met him that night on the River Road he told me he knew all. He called me a scoundrel." Again that strange smile flitted across his haggard face. "I asked him what he intended doing. He replied that I must return to my allegiance to my wife and give up Gladys, or he would tell Gladys the truth. Then I sprang upon him, and forced him over the embankment."

With a gesture of intolerance and disgust, Judge Burrows started to his feet.

"Mr. Watson," he said, pointing to John Hamilton, "that man is a bigamist and a murderer. Arrest him."

"You will never take me from this house alive," said John Hamilton, quietly. "I have taken poison."

* * * * * * * *

Judge Burrows and Detective Watson sat in the same room, as the gray dawn was breaking.

In a room above, the girl, who believed herself to be John Hamilton's wife, crouched in mute anguish beside his dead body. He had taken some subtle poison and had died suddenly—of heart disease, according to the village doctor's diagnosis.

"I never dreaded anything so much in my life as I dread telling that unfortunate girl the truth," said Judge Burrows.

"Don't do it, then," suggested the detective. Then, as Judge Burrows looked at him inquiringly, he continued, "Only you and I know the truth; no one else need know it if we keep silent."

It was a moment or so before Judge Burrows spoke.

"For the sake of the two women who loved John Hamilton," he said, at length, "we will bury in his grave the crimes of which he was guilty."

The End.

S-S-S Nuf Said!

SIR SAMUEL SIMMS saw sweet Sarah Samson swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned. Striding seaward, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel swiftly swam Sarah-ward, Sir Samuel skillfully supporting swooning Sarah. Swimming shoreward, Sir Samuel successfully succored Sarah. Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits—special Scotch.

Sarah saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit. Sir Samuel saw Sarah's sweetness. Sir Samuel soon sought Sarah. Striding slowly, Sarah sighed softly. Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sarah.

"Say 'Sam,' Sarah," said Sir Samuel.

Sarah, smiling shyly, softly said "Sam."

"Sarah—Sally," stammered Samuel. "Sweet Sarah—sweetheart."

Sarah solemnly surrendered.

A Married Man.

DURING the impanneling of a jury in Philadelphia, the following colloquy ensued between the judge and a talesman:

"You are a property holder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last March."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion?"

"Not for three years, your honor."

To the Citadel

By Hapsburg Liebe

WHEN N. B. Forrest Hale closed his law offices in Nashville and went to Fort Barrington to carry on his profession, people wondered. N. B. Forrest Hale was only 29, but he was one of the State's legal giants; Nashville gave him all the work he could possibly do, and at his own prices; in social circles he was a star of the first magnitude. Hale was one of these fellows who go after a thing when they want it, and who never give up until they get it. It was a woman that drew Hale from his home city, a woman he wanted for his wife. He had seen her but once, but—he wanted her. She would neither write to him nor let him write to her; she wouldn't let him into her life in any way. And yet she loved Hale as few men were ever loved.

There is not a more picturesque town in Tennessee than Fort Barrington; no other town in Tennessee has changed its appearance less since the Civil War. On railroad maps it is marked simply Barrington, in small letters; thus have the iron jaws of commercialism stripped it of a little of its glorious romance. It lies in the center of an oval-shaped plain; to the eastward rises Big Cherokee Mountain, majestic with its gray cliffs and beautiful with the evergreen of the hemlock and the pine. Fort Barrington has some twelve hundred inhabitants, who live, most of them, in great old houses of the before-the-war type, which set among honeysuckles and roses, and elms, maples or oaks. The courthouse has a wooden-wheeled clock in its tower, and the old brick church is almost hidden under a mass of climbing ivy.

There had been a time when every family of any consequence there was a family of proud and noble Barringtons, but it was not so any more. Gradually the older of these aristocrats had gone to sleep in the pale city on the western hill, all but one; gradually the younger Barringtons had gone to places of greater financial promise, all but one. These two, the Major and his daughter, still clung to the little old town and its memories. The Major had served in the old courthouse as defendant's attorney, as State's attorney, and as judge; six times he had been elected to the office of mayor. He felt that he was the father of Fort Barrington, and that to leave it would be to break ties that were as sacred as Heaven itself.

But now the Major was a fallen idol, and therefore he was worshiped no more. A few still loved him, a great many pitied him; but no more was he worshiped. He had fallen at the hands of his lifetime enemy, whose name was brandy—honey-colored and sparkling, aromatic and mellow peach brandy. It had not marred his poetic brilliance, nor had it dulled his wit and his humor; but it had made him somehow irresponsible. Only his law practice was left now, and from that he gleaned merely pittances. The young woman did the housework, Barrington that she was. Poverty forced her to make over old dresses, too, and to wear clothing that had been the property of dead and gone relatives. The other women of the town tried to help her, but she wouldn't have it; she was a Barrington, and she would live and die a Barrington. The other women couldn't understand, and they began to entertain feelings of contempt for the Major's daughter. They didn't know the way to the citadel of her pride.

But the menfolk of Fort Barrington had no feelings of contempt for the Major's daughter. The menfolk were not without some of the spirit of chivalry, even if they couldn't lay any claims on the blue blood of Southern aristocracy. You see, Cleopatra Barrington was as magnificent of figure, and as beautiful of feature, as the Egyptian queen whose name she bore. She had very blue eyes that you never could forget once you saw them, and a head of copper-bronze hair that many a royal woman would have given her husband to possess. And the greater her poverty, the straighter she carried herself, as she walked thru Fort Barrington's one street. She knew—none so well!—that dozens of admiring masculine eyes, and dozens of jealous feminine eyes, were upon her.

She had been to see old John Little for her father. Her head was bare—the June sun was warm, but the street was lined with great and spreading maples; her dress was a simple garment of percale, once blue-dotted, now faded white. A sharp voice hailed her from a house to her left. The Reverend Mr. Bunch lived in that house.

Cleopatra halted. Mrs. Bunch came out to the gate. Mrs. Bunch was thin, not very tall, and she had the skin, eyes, hair and features of a gypsy; she was the acknowledged leader of Fort Barrington's social set and a parvenu if ever one lived. That she was descended directly from a certain Spanish king was her daily boast; and she had told it so much that she was ready to believe it herself. Cleopatra disliked her, and she disliked Cleopatra.

"I suppose I'll have to hire somebody to scrub my floors," said Mrs. Bunch. "If you'd like to do it, I'd as soon pay you for it as anybody else."

Cleopatra's head went a little higher. "The Barringtons were never menials, my dear woman," she replied witheringly. "You know that. You wish to humiliate me, don't you? You'd invite Mrs. Dawes and Mrs. Ellis in to see me scrubbing your floors, wouldn't you? Mrs. Bunch, when are you going to learn that a Barrington cannot be humiliated—that it is impossible?"

"You're none too good to scrub floors!" the minister's wife cried hotly. "Goodness knows, you need the money! You're wearing a dress with a hole in it—there under the collar. And you're just too lazy to get down on your knees and work honestly, you—you cat!"

Yes, she called the long-suffering Cleopatra a cat. Vitriolic tongues like hers have wrecked lives, cities, empires. The Reverend Bunch, who was rather colorless and in no way a strong man, was unfortunately married—and he knew it.

"One would almost think you a scrubwoman," quietly said the Major's daughter. "Those who claim to be descended from royal houses certainly should choose good language—better language than yours."

She went on without deigning to waste another word on the wife of the minister. Mrs. Bunch watched her go with eyes that snapped and scintillated, and with her heart filled with a fear that was worse than the fear of death.

Cleopatra stopped when she had turned into the grass-grown limestone walk that led up to the vine-covered and rotting front veranda of Barrington Arbor. She eyed the great, weather-beaten old house idolatrously. A President of the United States had dined there once, in the dim long ago. Governors of Tennessee, Congressmen, Senators, wartime generals had dined there. Cleopatra sighed over the tragedy of life, summoned a smile for her father, and went on.

The Major was sitting by an open window in the dining-room. He was drinking, as usual; and, as usual when he was drinking, he was talking to make-believe people. Twice a child, you know.

"Ephraim, you rascal, my hat and cane, and here's a dollar for you!" he was saying when his daughter entered. "Where am I going? Why, you insolent, officious, inquisitive old rascal, I am going over to Colonel Barrington's, my brother's, to talk over my political prospects!"

Ephraim had been his bodyservant, in the other days. Ephraim now lived in a little house behind the tumbled-down stables. It was this old negro, faithful as the angels, who took care of their vegetable garden now—he did it without their even knowing of it, sometimes, and sometimes he did it by moonlight. And Colonel Barrington—where is the Tennesseean who has never heard of him? His eyes were injured at Gettysburg. A few years afterward, a political enemy challenged him to a duel—and this enemy knew that the Colonel couldn't see to fight when he sent the challenge. But the choice of weapons fell to the Colonel, of course. He took two glasses of wine, and in one he put poison; he took them to his enemy and put them down on a table, and explained:

"You drink one, you yellow-hearted coward," he said, "and I'll drink the other. Take your choice. I'll drink the one you leave."

It was fairly arranged. The Colonel lived, and the challenger died.

Major Barrington looked up and smiled a little tipsily. "What did John say about my handling the damage suit?"

"He hinted that you were not reliable," answered Cleopatra. "He's going to be his own attorney, he says. Father, you promised me this morning, when we were at breakfast——"

"That I wouldn't touch a drop today," gently interrupted the old Southerner. "And I broke my promise. So John Little hints that I'm not reliable, does he? The walnut-eyed scrapings of the earth, I fed him when he was starving! My dear, I've a mind to thrash him!"

"He's a fine example of the educated ignorance that prevails here," murmured Cleopatra.

It was on the next morning that N. B. Forrest Hale arrived in Fort Barrington. He sent his luggage to the little old inn; then he rented an office-room over the postoffice, and two more hours saw his desk and chair and a case of law books in place; another half-hour, and his black-and-white sign was swinging to the breezes. As in Nashville, people here wondered. These people, too, knew Forrest Hale.

About the middle of the afternoon Hale set out for Barrington Arbor, which was at the north end of the street. Cleopatra herself met him at the door. She was dressed in a lacy, lavender creation of a style twenty years gone—it had been her mother's—and it became her wonderfully. Few are the men who won't look twice at a woman in lavender or in black.

"Mr. Hale—you!" exclaimed Cleopatra, surprisedly. She stepped back from the big and smooth-faced, dark-haired, brown-eyed man in new gray.

"Yes, Miss Barrington," smiled Forrest Hale. "I have come to your delightful little city to practice law, and I wanted to look up my acquaintances here. I spent an afternoon with you, you'll remember, when I was here two years ago."

"I remember," said the Major's daughter. "Will you come in, Mr. Hale?"

He went in, sat down, and asked about her father. She told him that her father was indisposed. They talked for half an hour on various subjects, then Cleopatra asked pointedly:

"Do you expect to make any money here?"

"I do not," very frankly, and his brown eyes twinkled finely. "That is a secondary consideration—in fact, Miss Barrington, it is not really a consideration at all. I came here to try to win you, Miss Barrington. Every man sees, at some time or other in his life, his ideal in one woman. That afternoon I spent with you two years ago—you'd rather I wouldn't talk about it?" He had seen her worried look.

Cleopatra rose. "I think you'd better not," she said tremulously. "Perhaps you'd better go, Mr. Hale."

Hale, too, rose. Cleopatra had turned her face away. Hale couldn't think of anything to say, so he went without saying anything. Cleopatra watched him go with a great regret, and a great longing, in her very blue eyes. Every woman sees, at one time or another in her life, her ideal in one man, too; and she had seen hers in Hale. She let him go thus because she was a Barrington; she wouldn't marry this very rich man because she couldn't give him anything but her flesh-and-blood self. It was the way of the Barringtons; it was a characteristic, rather than a fault.

But Hale didn't leave the little town then.

The following day, as Cleopatra was returning from the postoffice, she met Mrs. Dawes and Mrs. Ellis, the bosom friends of the minister's wife.

"We wondered if you wouldn't do our spring cleaning for us," began Mrs. Dawes. "We'd as soon pay you for it as anybody else. You need the money, goodness knows. You've got holes in your dresses."

The Major's daughter stopped and

(Continued on Page 28.)

'SHE HAD THE PISTOL AIMED AT ME."

Lazarre, the Lost King

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

An extraordinary story of early perilous times and the life of a lost king, who for love and freedom's sake bravely abjured a royal inheritance.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

PURPOSELY we entered Mittau about sunset, which was nearer 10 o'clock than 9 in that Northern land; coming thru wheat lands to where a network of streams forms the River Aa. In this broad lap of the province of Courland sat Mittau. Yelgava it was called by the people among whom we last posted, and they pronounced the word as if naming something as great as Paris.

It was already July, St. John's day being two weeks gone; yet the echoes of its markets and feastings lingered. The word "Johanni" smote even an ear deaf to the language. It was like a dissolving fair.

"You are too late for Johanni," said the German who kept the house for travelers, speaking the kind of French we heard in Poland. "Perhap it is just as well for you. This Johanni has nearly ruined me!"

Yet he showed a disposition to hire my singular servant from me at a good wage, walking around and around Skenedonk, who bore the scrutiny like a pine tree.

The Oneida enjoyed his travels. It was easy for him to conform to the thoughts and habits of Europe. We had not talked about the venture into Russia. He simply followed me where I went without asking questions, proving himself faithful friend and liberal-minded gentleman.

We supped privately, and I dressed with care. Horses were put in for our last short post of a few streets. We had suffered such wretched quarters on the way that the German guest-house spread itself commodiously. Yet its walls were the flimsiest slabs. I heard some animal scratching and whining in the next chamber. On the post-road, however, we had not always a wall betwixt ourselves and the dogs.

The palace in Mittau stood conspicuous upon an island in the river. As we approached, it looked not unlike a copy of Versailles. The pile was by no means brilliant with lights, as the court of a king might glitter, finding reflection upon the stream. We drove with a clatter upon the paving, and a sentinel challenged us.

I had thought of how I should obtain access to this secluded royal family, and Skenedonk was ready with the Queen's jewel-case in his hands. Not on any account was he to let it go out of them until I took it and applied the key; but gaining audience with Madame d'Angouleme, he was to tell her that the bearer of that casket had traveled far to see her, and waited outside.

Under guard the Oneida had the great doors shut behind him. The wisdom of my plan looked less conspicuous as time went by. The palace loomed silent, without any cheer of courtiers. The horses shook their straps, and the postilion hung lazily by one leg, his figure distinct against the low horizon still lighted by afterglow. Some Mittau noises came across the Aa, the rumble of wheels, and a barking of dogs.

When apprehension began to pinch my heart of losing my servant and my whole fortune in the abode of honest royal people, and I felt myself but a poor outcast come to seek a princess for my sister, a guard stood by the carriage, touching his cap, and asked me to follow him.

We ascended the broad steps. He gave the password to a sentinel there, and held wide one leaf of the door. He took a candle; and otherwise dark corridors and antechambers, somber with heavy Russian furnishings, rugs hung against the walls, barbaric brazen vessels and curious vases, passed like a half-seen vision.

Then the guard delivered me to a gentleman in a blue coat, with a red collar, who belonged to the period of the Marquis du Plessy without being adorned by his whiteness and lace. The gentleman staring at me, strangely polite and full of suspicion, conducted me into a well-lighted room where Skenedonk waited by the farther door, holding the jewel-case as tenaciously as he would a scalp.

I entered the farther door. It closed behind me.

A girl stood in the center of this inner room, looking at me. I remember none of its hangings, except that there was abundant light, showing her clear blue eyes and fair hair, the transparency of her skin, and her high expression. She was all in black, except a floating muslin cape or fichu, making a beholder despise the finery of the Empire.

We must have examined each other even sternly, tho I felt a sudden giving way and heaving in my breast. She was so high, so sincere! If I had been unfit to meet the eyes of that princess I must have shriveled before her.

From side to side her figure swayed, and another young girl, the only attendant in the room, stretched out both arms to catch her.

We put her on a couch, and she sat gasping, supported by the lady-in-waiting. Then the tears ran down her face, and I kissed the transparent hands, my own flesh and blood, I believed that hour as I believe to this.

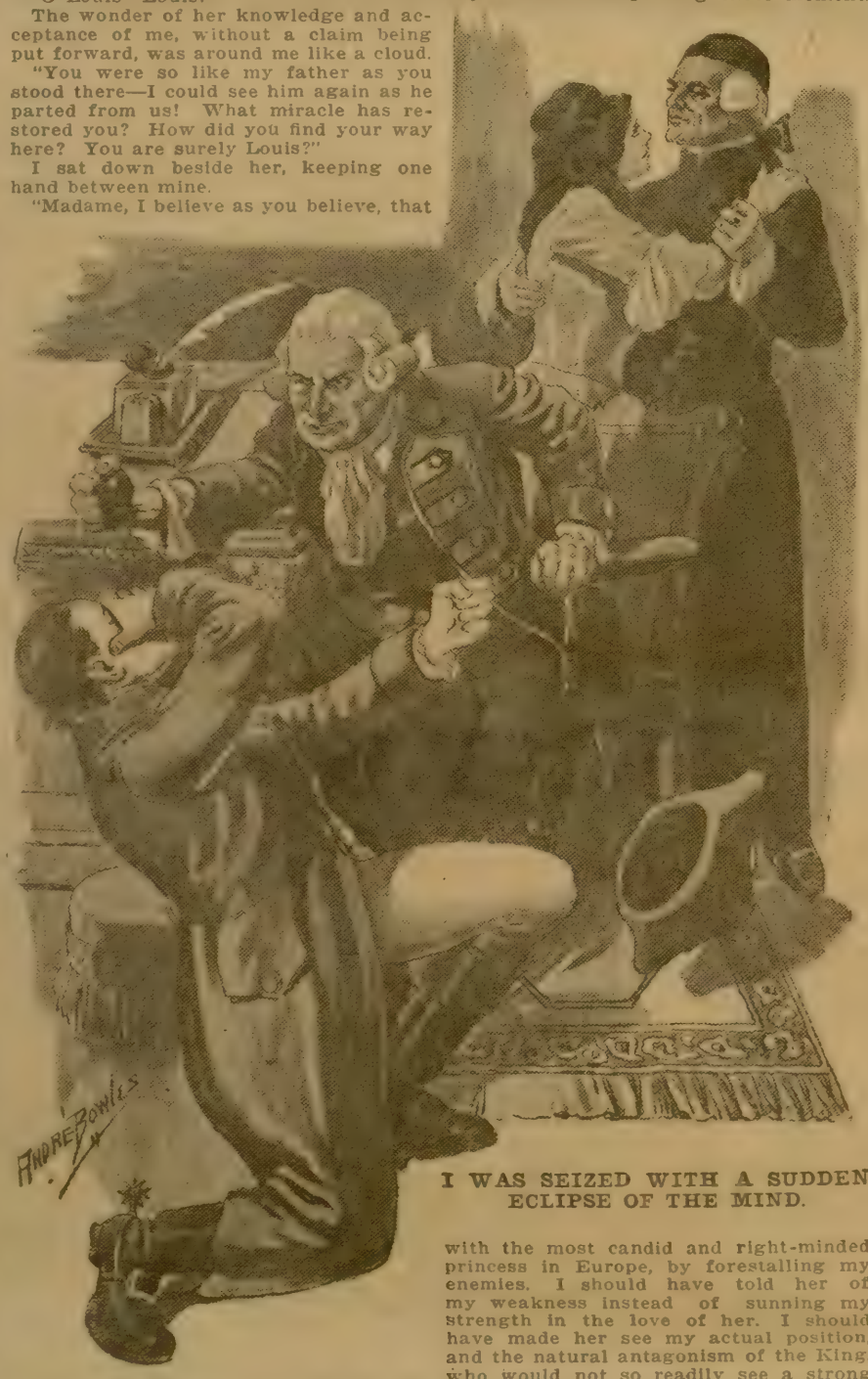
"O Louis—Louis!"

The wonder of her knowledge and acceptance of me, without a claim being put forward, was around me like a cloud.

"You were so like my father as you stood there—I could see him again as he parted from us! What miracle has restored you? How did you find your way here? You are surely Louis?"

I sat down beside her, keeping one hand between mine.

"Madame, I believe as you believe, that



I WAS SEIZED WITH A SUDDEN ECLIPSE OF THE MIND.

I am Louis Charles, the Dauphin of France. And I have come to you first, as my own flesh and blood, who must have more knowledge and recollection of things past than I myself can have. I have not long been waked out of the tranced life I formerly lived."

"I have wept more tears for the little brother—broken in intellect and exiled farther than we—than for my father and mother. They were at peace. But you, poor child, what hope was there for you? Was the person who had you in his charge kind to you? He must have been. You have grown to be such a man as I would have you!"

"Everybody has been kind to me, my sister."

"Could they look in that face and be unkind? All the thousand questions I have to ask must be deferred until the King sees you. I cannot wait for him to see you! Mademoiselle de Choisy, send a message at once to the King!"

The lady-in-waiting withdrew to the door, and the royal Duchess quivered with eager anticipation.

"We have had pretended Dauphins, to add insult to exile. You may not take the King unaware as you took me! He will have proofs as plain as his Latin verse. But you will find his majesty all that a father could be to us, Louis! I think there never was a man so unselfish—except, indeed, my husband, whom you cannot see until he returns."

Again I kissed my sister's hand. We gazed at each other, our different breeding still making strangeness between us, across which I yearned, and she examined me.

Many times since I have reproached myelf for not improving those moments with the most candid and right-minded princess in Europe, by forestalling my enemies. I should have told her of my weakness instead of sunning my strength in the love of her. I should have made her see my actual position, and the natural antagonism of the King, who would not so readily see a strong personal resemblance when that was not emphasized by some mental stress, as she and three very different men had seen it.

Instead of making cause with her, however, I said over and over—"Marie-Tnerese! Marie-Therese!"—like a homesick boy come again to some familiar presence. "You are the only one of my family I have seen since waking, except Louis Philippe."

"Don't speak of that man, Louis! I detest the house of Orleans as a Christian should detest only sin! His father doomed ours to death!"

"But he is not to blame for what his father did."

"What do you mean by waking?"

"Coming to my senses."

"All that we shall hear about when the King sees you."

"I knew your picture on the snuff-box."

"What snuffbox?"

"The one in the Queen's jewel-case."

"Where did you find that jewel-case?"

"Do you remember the Marquis du Plessy?"

"Yes. A lukewarm loyalist, if loyalist at all in these times."

"My best friend."

"I will say for him that he was not among the first emigres. If the first emigres had stayed at home and helped their King, they might have prevented the Terror."

"The Marquis du Plessy stayed after the Tuileries was sacked. He found the Queen's jewel-case, and saved it from confiscation to the state."

"Where did he find it? Did you recognize the face?"

"Oh, instantly!"

The door opened, deferring any story, for that noble usher who had brought me to the presence of Marie-Therese stood there, ready to conduct us to the King.

My sister rose and I led her by the hand, she going confidently to return the Dauphin to his family, and the Dauphin going like a fool. Seeing Skenedonk standing by the door, I must stop and fit the key to the lock of the Queen's casket, and throw the lid back to show her proofs given me by one who believed in me in spite of myself. The snuffbox and two bags of coin were gone, I saw with consternation, but the Princess recognized so many things that she missed nothing, controlling herself as her touch moved from trinket to trinket that her mother had worn.

"Bring this before the King," she said. And we took it with us, the noble in blue coat and red collar carrying it.

"His majesty," Marie-Therese told me, as we passed along a corridor, "tries to preserve the etiquette of a court in our exile. But we are paupers, Louis. And mocking our poverty, Bonaparte makes overtures to him to sell the right of the Bourbons to the throne of France!"

She had not yet adjusted her mind to the fact that Louis XVIII. was no longer the one to be treated with by Bonaparte or any other potentate, and the pretender leading her smiled like the boy of 20 that he was.

"Napoleon can have no peace while a Bourbon in the line of succession lives."

"Oh, remember the Duke d'Enghien!" she whispered.

Then the door of a lofty but narrow cabinet, lighted with many candles, was opened, and I saw at the farther end a portly gentleman seated in an armchair.

A few gentlemen and two ladies in waiting, besides Mademoiselle de Choisy, attended.

Louis XVIII. rose from his seat as my sister made a deep obeisance to him, and took her hand and kissed it. At once, moved by some singular maternal impulse, perhaps, for she was half a dozen years my senior, as a mother would whimsically decorate her child, Marie-Therese took the half-circlet of gems from the casket, reached up, and set it on my head.

For an instant I was crowned in Mittau, with my mother's tiara.

I saw the King's features turn to granite, and a dark red stain show on his jaws like coloring on tone. The most benevolent men, and by all his traits he was one of the most benevolent, have their pitiless moments. He must have been prepared to combat a pretender before I entered the room. But outraged majesty would now take its full vengeance on me for the unconsidered act of the child he loved.

"First two peasants, Hervagault and Bruneau, neither of whom had the audacity to steal into the confidence of the tenderest princess in Europe with the tokens she must recognize, or to penetrate into the presence," spoke the King; "and now an escaped convict from Ste. Pelagie, a dandy from the Empire!"

I was only 20, and he stung me.

"Your royal highness," I said, speaking as I believed within my rights, "my sister tries to put a good front on my intrusion into Mittau."

I took the coronet from my head and gave it again to the hand which had crowned me. Marie-Therese let it fall, and it rocked near the feet of the King.

"Your sister, monsieur! What right have you to call Madame d'Angouleme your sister!"

"The same right, monsieur, that you have to call her your niece."

The features of the Princess became pinched and sharpened under the softness of her fair hair.

"Sire, if this is not my brother, who is he?"

Louis XVIII. may have been tender to her every other moment of his life, but he was hard then, and looked beyond her toward the door, making a sign with his hand.

That strange sympathy which works in me for my opponent, put his outraged dignity before me rather than my own wrong. Deeper, more sickening than death, the first faintness of self-distrust came over me. What if my half-memories were unfounded hallucinations? What if my friend Louis Philippe had made a tool of me, to annoy this older Bourbon branch that detested him? What if Bellenger's recognition, and the Marquis du Plessy's, and Marie-Therese's, went for nothing? What if one other, and not this angry man, had sent the money to America——

The door opened again. We turned

"HE WAS KILLED IN A DUEL."

our heads, and I grew hot at the cruelty which put that idiot before my sister's eyes. He ran on all fours, his gaunt wrists exposed, until Bellenger, advancing behind, took him by the arm and made him stand erect. It was this poor creature I had heard scratching on the other side of the inn wall.

How long Bellenger had been beforehand with me in Mittau I could not guess. But when I saw the scoundrel who had laid me in Ste. Pelagie, and doubtless dropped me in the Seine, ready to do me more mischief, smug and smooth-shaven, and fine in the red-collared blue coat which seemed to be the prescribed uniform of that court, all my confidence returned. I was Louis of France. I could laugh at anything he had to say.

Behind him entered a priest, who advanced up the room, and made obeisance to the King, as Bellenger did.

Madame d'Angouleme looked once at the idiot, and hid her eyes, the King protecting her. I said to myself:

"It will soon be against my breast, not yours, that she hides her face, my excellent uncle of Provence!"

Yet he was as sincere a man as ever said to witnesses:

"We shall now hear the truth."

The few courtiers, enduring with hardiness a sight which they perhaps had seen before tho Madame d'Angouleme had not, made a rustle among themselves as if echoing:

"Yes, now we shall hear the truth!"

The King again kissed my sister's hand, and placed her in a seat beside his armchair, which he resumed.

"Monsieur the Abbe Edgeworth," he said, "having stood on the scaffold with our martyred sovereign, as priest and comforter, is eminently the one to conduct an examination like this, which touches matters of conscience. We leave it in his hands."

Abbe Edgeworth, fine and sweet of presence, stood by the King, facing Bellenger and the idiot. That poor creature, astonished by his environment, gazed at the high room corners, or smiled experimentally at the courtiers, stretching his cracked lips over darkened fangs.

"You are admitted here, Bellenger," said the priest, "to answer his majesty's questions in the presence of witnesses."

"I thank his majesty," said Bellenger.

The abbe began as if the idiot attracted his notice for the first time.

"Who is the unfortunate child you hold with your right hand?"

"The Dauphin of France, Monsieur the Abbe," spoke out Bellenger, his left hand on his hip.

"What! Take care what you say! How do you know that the Daupnin of France is yet among the living?"

Bellenger's countenance changed, and he took his hand off his hip and let it hang down.

"I received the Prince, monsieur, from those who took him out of the Temple prison."

"And you never exchanged him for another person, or allowed him to be separated from you?"

Bellenger swore with ghastly lips—"Never, on my hopes of salvation, Monsieur the Abbe!"

"Admitting that somebody gave you this child to keep—by the way, how old is he?"

"About 20 years, monsieur."

"What right had you to assume he was the Dauphin?"

"I had received a yearly pension, monsieur, from his majesty himself, for the maintenance of the Prince."

"You received the yearly pension thru my hand, acting as his majesty's almoner. His majesty was ever too bountiful to the unfortunate. He has many dependents. Where have you lived with your charge?"

"We lived in America, sometimes in the woods, and sometimes in towns."

"Has he ever shown hopeful signs of recovering his reason?"

"Never, Monsieur the Abbe."

Having touched thus lightly on the case of the idiot, Abbe Edgeworth turned to me.

The King's face retained its granite hardness. But Bellenger's passed from shade to shade of baffled confidence; recovering only when the priest said:

"Now look at this young man. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have; both in the American woods, and in Paris."

"What was he doing in the American woods?"

"Living on the bounty of one Count de Chaumont, a friend of Bonaparte's."

"Who is he?"

"A French half-breed, brought up among the Indians."

"What name does he bear?"

"He is called Lazarre."

"But why is a French half-breed named Lazarre attempting to force himself on the exiled court here in Mittau?"

"People have told him that he resembles the Bourbons, monsieur."

"Was he encouraged in this idea by the friend of Bonaparte whom you mentioned?"

"I think not, Monsieur the Abbe. But I heard a Frenchman tell him he was like the martyred King, and since that hour he has presumed to consider himself the Dauphin."

"Who was this Frenchman?"

"The Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe de Bourbon, Monsieur the Abbe."

There was an expressive movement among the courtiers.

"Was Louis Philippe instrumental in sending him to France?"

"He was. He procured shipping for the pretender."

"When the pretender reached Paris, what did he do?"

"He attempted robbery, and was taken in the act and thrown into Ste. Pelagie. I saw him arrested."

"What were you doing in Paris?"

"I was following and watching this dangerous pretender, Monsieur the Abbe."

"Did you leave America when he did?"

"The evening before, monsieur. And we outsailed him."

"Did you leave Paris when he did?"

"Three days later, monsieur. But we passed him while he rested."

"Why do you call such an insignificant person a dangerous pretender?"

"He is not insignificant, monsieur; as you will say, when you hear what he did in Paris."

"He was thrown into the prison of Ste. Pelagie, you told me."

"But he escaped, by choking a sacristan so that the poor man will long bear the marks on his throat. And the first thing I knew he was high in favor with the Marquis du Plessy, and Bonaparte spoke to him; and the police laughed at complaints lodged against him."

"Who lodged complaints against him?"

"I did, monsieur."

"But he was too powerful for you to touch?"

"He was well protected, Monsieur the Abbe. He flaunted. While the poor Prince and myself suffered inconvenience and fared hard——"

"The poor Prince, you say?"

"We never had a fitting allowance, monsieur," Bellenger declared aggressively. "Yet with little or no means I tried to bring this pretender to justice and defend his majesty's throne."

"Pensioners are not often so outspoken in their dissatisfaction," remarked the priest.

I laughed as I thought of the shifts to which Bellenger must have been put. Abbe Edgeworth with merciless dryness inquired:

"How were you able to post to Mittau?"

"I borrowed money of a friend in Paris, monsieur, trusting that his majesty will requite me for my services."

"But why was it necessary for you to post to Mittau, where this pretender would certainly meet exposure?"

"Because I discovered that he carried with him a casket of the martyred Queen's jewels, stolen from the Marquis du Plessy."

"How did the Marquis du Plessy obtain possession of the Queen's jewels?"

"That I do not know."

"But the jewels are the lawful property of Madame d'Angouleme. He must have known they would be seized."

"I thought it necessary to bring my evidence against him, monsieur."

"There was little danger of his imposing himself upon the court. Yet you are rather to be commended than censured, Bellenger. Did this pretender know you were in Paris?"

"He saw me there."

"Many times?"

"At least twice, Monsieur the Abbe."

"Did he avoid you?"

"I avoided him. I took pains to keep him from knowing how I watched him."

"You say he flaunted. When he left Paris for Mittau was the fact generally reported?"

"No, monsieur."

"You learned it yourself?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But he must have known you would pursue him?"

"He left with great secrecy, Monsieur the Abbe. It was given out that he was merely going to the country."

"What made you suspect he was coming to Mittau?"

"He hired a strong post-chaise and made many preparations."

"But didn't his friend the Marquis du Plessy discover the robbery? Why didn't he follow and take the thief?"

"Dead men don't follow, Monsieur the Abbe. The Marquis du Plessy had a duel on his hands, and was killed the day after this Lazarre left Paris."

Of all Bellenger's absurd fabrications this story was the most ridiculous. I laughed again. Madame d'Angouleme took her hands from her face and our eyes met one instant, but the idiot whined like a dog. She shuddered, and covered her sight.

The priest turned from Bellenger to me with a fair-minded expression, and inquired:

"What have you to say?"

I had a great deal to say, tho the only hearer I expected to convince was my sister. If she believed in me I did not care whether the others believed or not. I was going to begin with Lake George, the mountain, and the fog, and Bellenger's fear of me, and his rage when Louis Philippe told him the larger portion of the money sent from Europe was given to me.

Facing Marie-Therese, therefore, instead of the Abbe Edgeworth, I spoke her name. She looked up once more. And instead of being in Mittau, I was suddenly on a balcony at Versailles!

The night landscape, chill and dim, stretched beyond a multitude of roaring mouths, coarse lips, flaming eyes, illuminated by torches, the heads ornamented with a three-colored thing stuck into the caps. My hand stretched out for support, and met the tight clip of my mother's fingers. I knew that she was towering between Marie-Therese and me—a fearless, palpitating statue. The devilish roaring mob shot above itself a forced, admiring, piercing cry—"Long live the Queen!" Then all became the humming of bees—the vibration of a string—nothing!

CHAPTER XIX.

BLACKNESS surrounded the post-carriage in which I woke, and it seemed to stand in a tunnel that was afire a

(Continued on Page 20.)

Be "U. S. Protected"
For Winter Barnyard Tasks

When the ground is shrouded in deep snow and the thaws bring ankle-deep, oozy mixtures of mud and slush, keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable in

U. S. Rubber Footwear

Built for heavy service, double duty, this rubber footwear is impregnable to assaults of wet and cold—made to defy storm, sloughs and snags. Not only does greater comfort make this footwear most desirable, but sturdiness and long wear mean money saved.

Every pair bears the U. S. Seal—the trade mark of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world. Look for this seal, it is your protection. "U. S." is for sale everywhere. Your dealer has just the style you want or can quickly get it for you.

United States Rubber Company
New York

U. S. Rubber Footwear

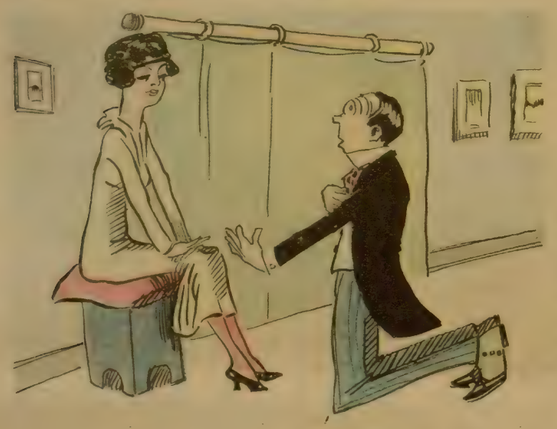
Jim—"Doctor, I suspect my wife of putting arsenic in my soup."

Doc—"Quite likely, Jim. I've seen you eat soup."

How She Tells.

Mrs. Comehome—"You say you are a good washer and ironer. How do you tell when the irons are too hot?"

Servant (looking for a place)—"How? By smelling the burning linen, mum, of course!"



Mr. Fargone—"Listen, Miss Gladys! I lay my heart, my hand and my fortune at your feet."

Miss Hardfax—"Please don't litter up the room so."

A New Way of Getting Them.

A clergyman was very anxious to introduce some hymn books into the church and arranged with his clerk that the latter was to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give out with reference to the baptizing of infants. Accordingly at the end of the sermon he arose and announced:

"All those who have children whom they want baptized, please send in their names at once to the clerk."

The clergyman, who was stone deaf, assumed that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice and immediately rose and said:

"And I should say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained at the vestry any day from 9 to 1 o'clock. The ordinary little ones at 25 cents each, and the special ones with red backs at 35 cents."

Like the Germans.

Apropos of the murderous German air raids on open towns, a well-known public speaker said:

"Why, the Germans have no more regard for women's and children's lives than the old California justice had for the Chinaman.

"This Chinaman had been killed by a drunken rancher, and the proof against the murderer seemed irrefutable. The justice, however, wound up the case in short order.

"'There hain't no use of this here cassoom' to the jury,' he said, looking up darkly over his spectacles from a law book. 'I've studied all thru my law cyclopedy, and there ain't no law nowhere a-goin' a man's killin' a chink. Turn the prisoner loose, sheriff. But, say, young feller, don't you go doin' it ag'in'. Some justices is more ignorant than me.'"

All Repeated.

A man recently ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor. On trying them on they proved to be a couple of inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor's shop was closed, and the man took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut them and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed on application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bed time the wife, repenting, took her husband's trousers, and cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them nicely and restored them to the wardrobe. Half an hour later the daughter, full of compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the trousers and cut off four inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the man appeared at breakfast on Sunday, the family thought a Highland chief had arrived.

THE POOR RICH.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many rich I see,
And think how all their joys are flawed,
How sad their lives must be!

I've read about 'em, and I know
Their boredom they endure;
And how all luxury they'd forego
If they could but be poor.

They scorn their motor cars and yachts,
They spurn their heaps of gold;
They envy poor men's humble lots—
At least, so I've been told.

For wealth and grandeur, they've no use,
I've often heard. But, still,
It's mighty hard to pry them loose
From a five-dollar bill!

A Real Luxury.

"Waiter," said the diner, "it says here on the menu 'green bluefish.'"

"Yes, sir. That means fresh—right from the water, sir."

"Nonsense!" said the diner. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir," he said with an air of enlightenment, "that am hot-house bluefish, sir."

Magistrate—"You say you have fished with your friend week after week for three years now, and yet you fought over a little fish."

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, but this is the first one we ever caught."

Good Even If It Isn't True.

It was at one of the new Army cantonments. A new recruit passed a second lieutenant, but failed to salute. The second lieutenant wheeled and said:

"You, there, halt! Don't you know enough to salute an officer?"

The rookie gazed at him dumbly at a loss for a satisfactory explanation.

"Now, you stand there and salute me fifty times," ordered the lieutenant.

The rookie obeyed. A major, coming up, stopped to watch the performance to its completion. At its end he said:

"What's this?"

The lieutenant explained.

"Don't you know that an officer must return the salute of a private?" inquired the major. "Return the fifty."

The second lieutenant did.

A Clever Boy.

Urchin—"Did you see a little boy about my own size around the corner?"

Old Gentleman—"Yes, I believe I did."

"Did he look angry?"

"I didn't notice."

"Did he look frightened?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"'Cause I heard he was round there, and I don't know whether he wants to lick me or whether he's hiding from me, that's all."

He Got It.

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter)—"Sir, my shorthand typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot say it, but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."

"BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember our dances, Ben Bolt,
And the feeling so hard to express,
When dear little Sue was so smitten with you,
That she hardly knew how to say "Yes!"

ABUSED.

They always, always, pick on me,
They never, never let me be;
I'm so very lonesome, awfully sad,
It's a long time since I've been glad.
But I know what I'll do by and by.
I'll eat some worms and then I'll die;
And when I'm gone, you wait and see,
They'll all be sorry that they picked on me.

The Difference.

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse.

"Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"I'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."

Didn't Mind.

? "Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of the sweetest girls with a look of alarm when she saw a dancing bear on the street the other day.

"No," said the escort, "he cannot bite; he is muzzled. But he can hug."

"Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

Fer Do.

He—Are you fond of indoor sports?

She—Yes, if when they know when to go home.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"Dearly beloved, dearly beloved;
Isn't it a sin,
When you peel potatoes
To throw away the skin?
For the skin feeds the pig,
And the pig feeds you—
Dearly beloved, dearly beloved,
Isn't that true?"

What She Lost.

"The coal barons and the steel barons promise to give the people a square deal during war time, but I guess there's no real danger of their going too far and robbing themselves in the people's behalf."

The speaker was Samuel Gompers.

"Yes," he went on, "there's no danger of their acting like the young lady at the shore, who said to her father:

"'Papa, I lost my heart on the moonlit beach last night, and accepted old Rake Harduppe. Poor Rake is no longer young, I know, but as I said, I've lost my heart.'

"'Hump,' snorted her father, 'I think it's your head that you've lost.'"

The Novice Scores.

An old farmer was driving along a lane near a golf course, and stopped for a moment to watch the game.

"What's that?" he demanded curiously.

"Golf," replied his town-bred nephew. "Want to try your hand, uncle?"

"Don't mind if I do," declared the farmer.

The nephew pointed to a flag on a hill 250 yards away. "At the foot of that pole," he said, "is a little hole. The object is to put the ball in the hole with the smallest number of strokes."

The farmer took the club, sighted for some time, and then let go a whale of a stroke. The ball soared with a mighty swish into the air, and fled unerringly toward the flag. It fell short, bounced, rolled and wound up a hand's breath from the objective—a phenomenal shot that made the experienced players gasp.

"Hang it all! I missed it!" the farmer exclaimed.

Young Wife—"Here are some biscuits."

Tramp—"And wot will you do in return if I eat them?"

The Chinese Situation.

One of Washington's citizens recently saw Admiral Gleaves, the man who drove the submarines away from the Pershing flotilla, walking in civilian clothes. There is an order requiring officers to wear uniforms at all times.

The citizen went to Secretary Daniels. "Mr. Secretary," he whispered breathlessly, "I just saw Admiral Gleaves in citizen's clothes. Why is he in disguise?"

"Sh!" said the Secretary. "It's the Chinese situation."

"Chinese situation?"

"Yes," replied the Secretary, in all seriousness, "Admiral Gleaves' last clean uniform did not come back from the laundry."

He Ran Fast.

A negro was on the stand in an Alabama courthouse testifying to the details of a shooting scrape. The witness told how the prisoner at the bar drew a revolver and began firing at one Jim Henry, and how Jim Henry ran to save himself.

"You say Henry ran?" interjected the lawyer for the defense.

"Dat's whut I said."

"You are sure he ran?"

"Sho' is!"

"Well, did he run fast?"

"Did he run fa—— Say, boss, ef dat nigger had 'a' had one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

Caution.

Mrs. Dix—"I was ashamed of you, Ephraim, to see you dust the chair you sat on at Mrs. Henshaw's. I saw her little boy watching you."

Dix—"I saw him, too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin."

RECONCILIATION.

Let capital and labor
Forego their senseless war,
And act like friend and neighbor,
For strife they both abhor.
Let neither take all credit,
'Tis meaner, we recall;
But however thick you scatter it,
There's blame enough for all

Why call your friend and brother,
Those names that mean a fight
Accusing one another,
Perhaps you both are right.
Come, now let's get together,
And cease to rail and curse;
We're all birds of a feather—
And nothing could be worse!

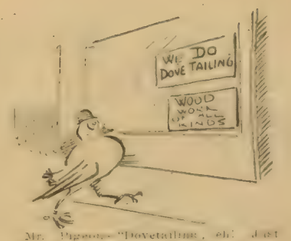
Just to Make Him Happier.

There was company for dinner, and father was carving his prettiest on a fine roast. Suddenly the knife struck a skewer, made a sliding upward motion and came out on the top. Father attempted to cover his real feelings with insipid jests. There was an embarrassing silence. Willie took advantage of it.

"Cook has burned her nose awful," he announced.

"Too bad," muttered father, still wrestling with the roast. "How did she do it?"

"Trying to pull the skewers out with her teeth."



Mr. Pigeon—"Dovetailing, eh! Just the place I've been looking for."

A Willing Sacrifice.

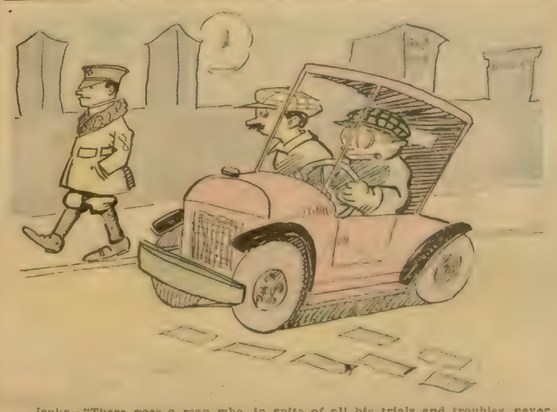
Sweet Girl—"Pa, the house next door was robbed last night."

Pa—"Mercy! Next door!"

Sweet Girl—"Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this terrace within a week."

Pa—"I know it. I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?"

Sweet Girl—"I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicefello and me to sit up a few nights to watch for them."



Jenks—"There goes a man who, in spite of all his trials and troubles, never falls out with anybody."

Benks—"Who is he? I would like to meet him."

Jenks—"He is an aviator."

A Great Advantage.

Brown had been saying that the pickpocket scare was nothing more than a lot of panicky exaggeration, and that a man if only he were sensible and moderately careful had very little to fear from the light-fingered fraternity while walking thru the streets.

"I'm not so sure," said Jones. "Why, only yesterday one of those beggars tried to pick my pocket, but, happily, my wife prevented him stealing a penny piece."

"Oh," said Brown, becoming interested, "that was jolly smart of her! What did she do—grab him or merely scream?"

"Neither," replied Jones; "as a matter of fact, she wasn't with me at the time."

"Wasn't with you! What do you mean?"

"Me dear chap," sighed Jones, "you wait till you get married, then you may learn what an advantage it is to have a petite less. He'll eat me out of house an' home afore his month's holiday is up if his appetite ain't cut down."

Wanted It Cut Down.

Mrs. Stickitt, a lady notorious for her saving habits, one morning entered the doctor's office, leading by the hand a sparrish built boy of 9 years of age and of exceedingly healthy appearance.

"Well, Mrs. Stickitt," said the doctor, "who's my patient? I don't seem to recognize his face. Not a village boy, is he?"

"No, doctor, my nevvy from town."

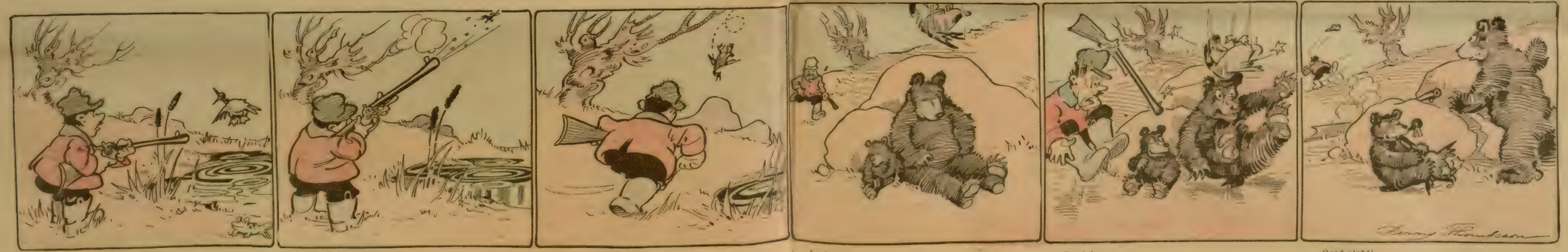
"Not much wrong with him, I should say," laughed the doctor, pinching his red cheeks.

"It's about his appetite, doctor," said the boy's aunt, in a low voice.

"What?" exclaimed the doctor, staring at the well-fed young patient. "Surely he doesn't need an appetizer?"

"Good gracious, no doctor!" replied the lady, in horrified accents. "I want you to give me something to make his appetite less. He'll eat me out of house an' home afore his month's holiday is up if his appetite ain't cut down."

TIM TOUFFLUCK'S TROUBLES



Ah. At last a duck.

Bang!

Right over behind that rock, eh?

Lucky he didn't fall in deep water.

Zowie!

Good night!

The Monogrammed Shirt

By Mari Inglehart

CHAPTER I.
GRACE WILKINS' STORY.

FATHER and I had played a game of chess that evening, and after he had checkmated me, we leaned back in our chairs and he told me the details of the sale of the Manning block. The papers had been signed that day and he had been paid his share, partly in notes and partly in cash. The latter amounted to twenty-eight hundred dollars. My ignorance of business terms is a disgrace to my father, and I thought he meant that it was paid by a check when he said "cash," and I said I'd never seen a check that large and would he show it to me.

"Why, bless you, girl, it isn't in a check. Here it is in the real article," he said, and took a whole sheaf of bills from his inside coat pocket. My eyes just popped out at the sight of so much money—it seemed to bring every single thing I wanted right into my hand.

Father had just drawn out the top hundred-dollar bill and laid it on the chessboard before me when I heard a voice say: "Give that money to me! Yes, all of it, or I will shoot you both."

We turned toward the window, from which the voice seemed to come, and for the first time noticed that it was open. A man's arm, the hand holding a revolver aimed at us, was thrust thru the opening, and the other arm—the left one, that is—rested on the sill. His face was in the shadow of the curtain. Both father and I stared at that gun without making a move, until the demand and the threat were repeated. Then I took the bundle of bills from father's hand, laid on top of it the hundred-dollar one he had just given me, and placed them in the outstretched hand. It seemed like offering our all to an idol—the hand that took it and the one that held the gun did not seem to make a man.

The instant the money was in the grasp of the hand, a voice said: "Stay where you are—do not leave the room until I tell you—I shall be watching, with this gun right where it can shoot either or both of you dead." But the arms were withdrawn instantly from the open window, and I heard the sound of some one running across the path outside, so I said to myself that that was all a bluff, calculated to keep us from telephoning for help. You know, we don't have a real police force in this town—just constables. Father's tension was relaxed, too, I could see, and we just bounded out of the room. I telephoned to our next neighbors, warning them, and asking them if they had seen a man running. No one had. I also told the exchange operator and she notified the mayor and the constable—and all the town, I guess.

Father had seemed dazed since the arm pointing the revolver came thru the window until he heard me say over the telephone, "He stole all of father's money." That roused him and he pulled my sleeve and whispered hoarsely, "There was only seven hundred dollars of it in that bundle—the rest is here," tapping the breast of his coat.

"Husn! He may hear you and come back," I returned.

The constable asked me if I could describe the hands. There was nothing about them out of the ordinary, that I noticed, tho to tell the truth, I looked at the gun principally; but I do remember the shirt sleeves. The material was white, with a violet-colored stripe, and above the cuff on the sleeve which rested on the window-sill was a monogram worked in violet. It was a straight-line design framed by a diamond-shaped figure. Of course, I didn't have time or mental alertness enough to decipher the letters, even if it had been possible to do so, which it isn't always, you know, but it would be an easy matter to identify that shirt—if I am ever to see it again. Come to think of it, wasn't it foolish of a thief to wear so individual a garment? Could he have been an impromptu thief, I wonder, who happened to be passing and overheard father and peeped in, and to whom the sight of the money was too strong a temptation? No, for what would any one without a desperate plan have been doing with a gun?

CHAPTER II.
THE CONSTABLE'S STORY.

ABOUT 10 o'clock in the evening I was told by telephone of the theft at Mr. Wilkins' home, and in ten minutes I was there. With a pocket flashlight I went about the house, keeping on the grass so as not to disturb the tracks in the soft earth of the flower beds next to the building. I could see there were tracks there—that was about all. I examined them closely by daylight the next morning. The dust on the outer window-sill was disturbed, but there were no finger-prints. The library window, at which the thief had stood, is low enough for a man of average height to rest his forearm on the sill while he looks within.

From the old gentleman I could learn no details—his was a general corroboration of his daughter's story. When I heard from her about the shirt sleeve being monogrammed, I thought at once of one of the college boys—business men in our town don't go in much for that sort of thing. There are some two hundred students in town this year, attending Kimbark College, and nearly half the number are boys. They play no end of pranks and are more or less noisy, but we've never had any serious trouble with any of them, at least in my time. Of course, among that number there might be an occasional dishonest one, but this affair looked like the work of a real thief. I thought it likely that some renegade student had learned of the sale of property that day by Mr. Wilkins, and had come prowling about, armed, on the chance that the money would be in the house. He was saved from having to break in by being able to do the job thru the open window, with pretty little Miss Wilkins obliging enough to wait on him!

The first thing I did next morning was to send a man to the laundry where most of the college boys send their work, to learn for whom they did up monogrammed shirts—particularly violet-striped ones. It proved not to be a difficult question for the laundry people to answer, for our college boys are mostly farmers' sons and not rich or fastidious dressers. From the three fraternity houses, they told my deputy, came all the monogrammed shirts they did.

This narrowed down our search for possible thieves to less than fifty. I detailed two of my deputies to visit the smaller houses, and saved for myself the business of questioning the members of our most fashionable fraternity. I made my call while most of the young fellows were at breakfast, and I asked the steward to account for such as were missing. As I faced them, I said: "Gentlemen, I do not believe that I address one dishonest individual, but a bold robbery has been committed in our town and facts point to a fraternity man, or one masquerading as such, as the guilty party. I do not mean to insult any of you, but I do ask your assistance in running down the thief and clearing the names of our fraternities.

"You may be more or less familiar with one another's garments—who among you wears a white shirt striped with violet and monogrammed on the left forearm in violet? A pretty classy shirt that would be, and not easily forgotten."

My attempted pleasantry was scarcely uttered when I saw one of the young fellows start from his chair and stare wildly at me. His companions turned toward him, too. I recognized him and my surprise was complete.

"Mr. Fentriss, have you such a shirt?"

"Yes, I have—two of them."

"Two! That makes the situation doubly bad for you—or not bad at all. Were you wearing one of those shirts last evening about 10 o'clock?"

"I was—I have it on now!" and he stripped off his coat for all his fellows to see. "The other one is in my bureau."

"Are there any more violet monogrammed and striped shirts owned in the house?"

No answer. Then I said:

"Will you accompany me, Mr. Fentriss, to the home of Mr. Wilkins? His daughter is certain she can identify the shirt sleeves of the man who robbed her father." I put it as a polite request, for I could not think of Bob Fentriss as guilty, and his expression was surely that of an innocent man and one taken wholly by surprise, if I ever saw one.

He was embarrassed, but ready enough to accompany me, tho some of his companions offered to throw me thru the window for him. On the steps we met my two deputies, with the information that they had viewed all the monogrammed shirts the other fraternities would own up to, and none of them was violet. Circumstantial evidence never convinces a constable in good and regular standing—experience has taught him too much by the time he has qualified for his office.

We four men walked down the street to the Wilkins house, with a crowd of the college fellows trailing behind, "to see fair play," they called to us. As Fentriss walked ahead with me, he said: "It is no use for me to tell you that I had nothing to do with robbing Mr. Wilkins. They know me—would recognize me in a moment. Besides, tho I always need money, I don't get it that way—have scruples against doing so, in fact. You see, I can't take it seriously that I am suspected of such a thing—shirt or no shirt."

I believed the boy, and from that moment I had two objects in my search—to recover Mr. Wilkins' money and to clear Bob Fentriss. Yet, as an officer of the law, I kept my thoughts to myself and hazarded no opinions nor vouchsafed any assurances.

A few yards from the Wilkins' gate a clump of trees stood near the sidewalk, and in their shadows I stopped. While I outlined to my companions a plan which had been forming in my mind, the deputies waved back the students with a "Hold on, there, fellows!"

I said: "I will go in first and lead Mr. Wilkins and his daughter to the library and seat them as they were last evening. Then you, Fentriss, as soon as I raise the window there, are to walk up to it, lean your left arm along the sill, and point this gun into the room—so. It is not loaded." And I broke it for him to see.

"GIVE ME THAT MONEY!"

"I'll be darned if I will!" shouted he. "Play the criminal—well, I guess not! Tho I didn't do it last evening, I should do it this morning—is that your idea? Well, it don't go!"

By this time the students in our train had crowded around us, with no idea of the respectful distance the fussy deputies sought in vain to establish. Fentriss turned to them. "Why didn't some of you fellows hang around last night and watch me put out my light and go to bed at 9:30? What I need is an alibi." At which, as one man, they all shouted that they had had him under observation in his room the whole night thru—so much for loyalty.

But I silenced them, explaining that the object of my demonstration was to show it was not the shirt-sleeved arms of Mr. Bob Fentriss which Miss Wilkins had gazed upon with terror the night before.

"Then," I continued, "it's up to you fellows to turn in and help us run down the thief who got away with the money—for some one really stole seven hundred dollars from a girl and an old man. No one shall do that in our town and get away with it. Are you with me?"

I could neither doubt their support nor Fentriss' distaste for the rehearsal I had outlined to him. The arm which came thru the open window was not thrust, as I understand that motion, and Fentriss showed himself an unwilling actor. Yet, that he would consent to do it at all was a further proof, to me, of his innocence.

Grace Wilkins had a surprise for us all, however, when she, ignorant of the identity of the actor, whose face I had seen to it was shielded by the window shade, cried out: "That's the very shirt! That is the monogram—I could not be mistaken!"

As I sank into a chair I could only murmur, "What do you make of that, Watson?" in the words of my famous confrere, Sherlock Holmes, and at that moment I wished heartily that I could shift my duties to his shoulders. Whichever way I turned, I should give offense to honest persons—the robbed and the accused.

"Even so," I replied to Miss Wilkins, "the man who stole your father's money—and yours—has got away. Of that I am convinced. We shall have to look farther for him. You will agree with me when you know whose arms are in those sleeves," and I shot up the shade, revealing the face of Robert Fentriss. From the blush which overspread the girl's face, I fancied the situation was as embarrassing to her as to any of us.

The students and deputies were by this time gathered about Fentriss, who had withdrawn from the window, and whose footsteps, by the way, bore no resemblance to those I had examined and measured by the early morning's light. The Wilkinses, father and daughter, accompanied me as I emerged from the house, and the matter of greetings was a highly uncomfortable one for both sides, I observed. The college boys were for organizing posses to hunt the surrounding country, and all talked at once as they proposed plans, while the deputies withdrew to telephone to the officials of other towns to be on the lookout for and to arrest any suspicious characters.

Fentriss held out the property gun to me, showing his distaste for handling it as well as an awkwardness unbecoming to a robber. The Wilkinses were as loath as I to suspect him, I was sure, but some one had stolen their money and threatened their lives—and they looked to me to learn who it was.

It seemed out of the question to place Fentriss under arrest, and I was grateful for his understanding of the difficult position in which I was placed. We are amateurs in crime, here in M——, having no underworld, unless the group of shanties "across the tracks" may be said to house such. As their tenants number washerwomen and truck gardeners—poor but honest folk—they presented little material for a police raid. On Fentriss' promise to remain at my call, I decided not to hold him. No arrest, no trial, no bail—you see our system was very simple.

CHAPTER III.
BOB FENTRISS' STORY.

THIS robbery business was all we could talk about around the house, you can jolly well believe, and every discussion came back eventually to my monogrammed shirt. Any thief was a nut to so mark himself, we all agreed. I enjoy no monopoly of such garments, but Grace Wilkins was so positive in her identification that it took some nerve to believe she was mistaken. There was a link in the chain which we skipped every time, and all our talk didn't get us anywhere.

Lucky for me, it was, that our constable was a decent sort of chap, else I should have retired for the night on a jail cot instead of on my own bed in the frat house. I retired, all right, but that was all I did do, except toss, for I was

far too puzzled and upset to sleep. Some fellow named Young wrote good dope on "night thoughts," and mine were sure better than my daytime ones.

Some time during that restless night I sat bolt upright in the dark, and imagined I was yelling, "I've got two monogrammed shirts! Some yeggman must have stolen the other one and worn it!"

Out of bed I jumped, and switching on the light, dived into the bottom drawer of the bureau, where I last saw that other shirt, convinced that it was no longer there. But it was there! I had been perfectly positive it wouldn't be, and was only looking as a clinching proof of my theory that I had been robbed before the Wilkinses were. But my theory fell limp, for down at the bottom, under the articles in regular use, all pinned up as it had come from the laundry, was the duplicate monogrammed shirt. And yet no duplicate. I had never worn it, because it was size 14½ while I wear 16½, but in material and marking exactly like the unlucky garment in question. I had ordered such a shirt from a maker in the city, who sent me samples of materials, but he had made a 14½ by mistake. When I wrote him about the matter he had looked up my order, found it called for a 16½, and had sent me another, of the right size.

On account of the monogram, the smaller shirt was useless to him, so he had written that I need not return it. I had intended to have the monogram picked out, and to give the shirt to some of the fellows who could wear that size, but the intention had never come to anything. Instead, the shirt had remained at the bottom of the drawer, until one day when it had been pressed into service by a visiting 14½-size friend. After that it had made a visit to the laundry with my things, where it had been initialed "R. F. F.," which letters still stood out, black and distinct, on its neck band.

When the constable had first asked me if I owned a shirt such as he described, I had answered, "Yes, two of them." Then he had apparently forgotten the "two" just as completely as I had done.

Now, why hadn't that second shirt the sense to be missing? Then I could have explained that it had been stolen by some one having access to my room—the houseman, for instance—and that that theft had been only the first step toward the larger theft committed at the Wilkins house. But there before me lay the damning evidence of the second shirt. No such easy solution!

Well, I didn't sleep even restlessly after that, but almost as soon as it was light I telephoned to the constable. I was sure he must have put in the night thinking, too. He was dashed by the non-theft, as you might say, of the second shirt, just as I had been. He is a human, fortunately, and acted as if he believed me, and that I was doing my best to unravel the mystery and had no need to cover up the truth to protect myself. Then I got hold of an idea.

"Say," I called to him over the 'phone, "I'm going to take these two shirts over to the laundry and see if they can offer any clew—learn if they ever saw a third one. I don't know that they can help, but we'll try, anyway."

CHAPTER IV.
THE LAUNDRYMAN'S STORY.

WHEN the constable came here the morning after the robbery I told him all I knew about monogrammed shirts, and I thought my connection with the case was at an end. But the next morning young Bob Fentriss from the frat house was here five minutes after the door was unlocked, with two shirts—one clean and one soiled—under his arm. He slammed 'em down on the counter and exploded: "Now what do you know about those shirts?" I looked in the bands and saw they were marked alike, but two inches apart in size. I was just asking him how he came to be two sizes, when Annie, one of the ironers, came in. She stood around and listened while Fentriss told how it was he came to have 'em both, and then she put in her oar.

"It was this 14½ that I ironed yesterday—I remember of thinking you looked bigger'n that."

"Yesterday!" and Fentriss jumped right up'n down. "Why, it's two months since I sent that 14½ here, and more'n a week since you've had the one I wear."

"I don't know nothing about that," says Annie, "but I know I ironed that there shirt only yesterday," and she put her hand on the 14½. "Wait!" and out she runs to the back room after Gus, the wagon boy.

In a minute she comes back with him and says, while Fentriss he just walked up'n down the office: "Gus, did you deliver a package at the frat house on Walnut street for Fentriss last night?"

"Yes," says the kid; "on the last trip I did. I give it to the houseman, Joe."

"When was it left here?" says I.

"It was put in thru the chute yesterday morning," says Gus, "marked, 'Deliver this evening sure.'"

Fentriss yells out, "That slip! You've got to find that slip and let me see who wrote that!"

But we couldn't find no slip—all them things are burned up and no rubbish accumulates around our place. And it wasn't needed either, for before we could have put it in his hand, Fentriss was off for the frat house and I bet Joe got his with no great delay.

CHAPTER V.
THE CONSTABLE COMPLETES THE CHAIN.

WHEN Bob Fentriss and I nabbed Joe, the fraternity houseman, and sprang on him that we knew the whole story of his wearing another man's shirt while he committed theft, he flopped so suddenly that we hadn't a doubt that we had our man. But even before he spoke we collapsed ourselves, for it was even harder to fit a 14½ on Joe than on Bob Fentriss—he was fat, with a big, thick neck besides! We pulled ourselves together with the recollection that we were "warm," anyhow—even if Joe wasn't the actual violet-shirted thief, he was an accomplice, anyhow.

Well, it seems that Joe had known of Fentriss' 14½ monogrammed shirt, secretly coveting it for his brother-in-law, a ne'er-do-well whom Joe helped to support. This individual had been engaged in his customary occupation of loafing about town, sort of managing to appear engaged without actually doing anything, when he happened on the information that Mr. Wilkins had been paid a considerable sum of money. On the chance that he might get it by robbing the house that night, he provided himself with a gun and consulted Joe as to a disguise.

Joe had disapproved of the whole proceeding, he claimed, but not so strongly as to prevent him from outfitting the prospective thief in Bob Fentriss' shirt. Thus arrayed, he was prowling about the house, intending to break in after the family had retired, when a—for him—fortunately open window presented itself. The rest had been easy. The money in his possession, he had not run far, but had doubled back to the frat house, which he entered at the rear, and in Joe's room he had resumed his own clothing. If he had had the good judgment to part with some of his "haul" along with the borrowed garments, Joe might not have been so free the next day with the story. He had departed, however, with the roll of bills intact, promising to send back a liberal share to Joe when he had made his getaway. The monogrammed shirt he had dropped into the laundry chute on his way.

Upon promise of immunity in exchange for his evidence, Joe supplied information as to the thief's probable whereabouts, and within a couple of days I had returned from a trip down the State, bringing that hangdog individual with me. We even recovered the larger part of the roll of bills. What Mr. Wilkins really lost to Bob Fentriss was not his money, but his pretty little daughter Grace. I was at their wedding and can testify that the groom so far departed from the conventionalities as to wear a violet-striped shirt!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

HOW IT WORKED.

"GOSH, another dinner party, and at Ruth's!" The oldest son was bored and didn't mind showing it.

"I wonldn't accept," suggested his mother, with sympathy.

"I've got to," he replied, flipping the invitation aside and going on with his dessert.

"If only it weren't at Ruth's," commiserated his mother. "Now, Ruth's a nice enough girl, but she's sort of lacking in vim, don't you think?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that—she's bright enough," defended the son, judiciously "Of course——"

"But I've heard her parties are sort of dead, and I do think that if a hostess is alive and vivacious her parties are apt to reflect her spirit," interrupted his mother, gently.

"Goodness, it's not Ruth's fault!" exclaimed the son. "If you could see some of the dubs there are in this set! Honestly, some of the girls can't say six consecutive words and make sense. Now Ruth, she's different!"

"Well," interrupted his mother, "I'm glad to hear it. Certainly when a girl hasn't any particular style in dressing she needs to have a special amount of gray matter. I was sort of sorry for Ruth. I felt that she lacked taste and didn't make up for it in brains, and that is such a handicap to a girl."

"I don't know where you got your idea," said the son, a very little cool. "To my mind Ruth's got about as good taste as any one around, which, of course, isn't saying much, and so I'll go a little further and say that I think she's got some nifty style to her!" There was a note of war in his voice.

"Well," smiled his mother, "don't grow excited about it. I'm sure Ruth has more taste than people think."

"Great Scot! These talky neighbors make me sick! Always harping on some one way off, so far away that she can't defend herself!"

"Dear, I didn't say anybody had talked!" meekly suggested his mother. "But when people see a brightly dressed girl like Marguerite, it's natural to compare her with the other girls they see with the same man. When they see you with Ruth they naturally think of Marguerite, and, of course, no one would think of the two in the same breath, as far as dress is concerned. I understand that Marguerite has a certain amount of wit, too?"

"Well," receded her son, "it's not that Marguerite doesn't know how to don the togs. But Ruth isn't all for show, at that, either."

"Oh, but I didn't think Marguerite was superficial!" exclaimed his mother. "She seemed to me a really sweet girl."

"Women never appreciate values," said her son, patiently. "Now Ruth's got real stuff in her. She likes things around a home, and she knows how to get out a quick lunch when you take her home better than any girl I've been out with."

"But these butterflies—like Marguerite—are often very domestic!" defended his mother. "Just because a girl is pretty and dresses tastily and all that is no reason why she couldn't build a home. In fact, it's a pretty desirable thing to have a wife who can look nice herself, as well as keep house!"

"Gee, I've got to go!" The son smiled down at his mother and went upstairs to dress.

"Now where's he going?" wearily sighed the young man's father, who had listened silently.

"To Ruth's," smiled his mother comfortably, clearing away the dishes. "No, not the party tonight—just a call, I guess. I was afraid it would be Marguerite, and I do so want him to fall in love with Ruth!"

"Huh?" Her husband looked up at her amazed.

"Ruth's a veritable gem and Marguerite is so common!" went on the young man's mother, easily.

"You've a funny way of making him get the idea!"

"But it worked, didn't it?" And her husband admitted it had

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Give a man a good dinner and he will remain in a good humor for at least an hour.

The Forest Was Afire

AND the situation called for a hero. Lives depended upon getting a train safely thru the flames. The hero came forward, but he was the last person in the world you would pick for the role. Gripping indeed is this story of a railroad man and told in clever style. "One Year Late." it is called and it will be published in next week's Ledger.

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Dairy.

THE dairy is a branch of the agricultural profession which usually is situated out behind the house, under a large maple tree and near the pump. It is generally constructed of limestone, and is used as a sitting-room by the hired girl during hot summer afternoons.

The equipment of the dairy consists of a cream separator, a churn, and as many milk cans as the farmer can afford to buy. It also is fitted with a direct connection with the pump. Here the milk is brought, after the hired man has purloined it from the cow, and ten minutes after he has gone into the dairy with two quarts of cow extract, he comes out with five pints of cream and a gallon of milk, which is quite an accomplishment.

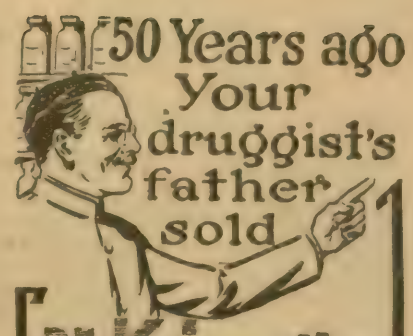
Years ago the method was to let the milk set all night and then peel the cream off in the morning, but now this is all done by the cream separator, and the farmer is making a great deal more money. While with the old method it was possible to get a pint of cream from a gallon of milk, with the cream separator the figures are just reversed, but the so-called milk which escapes from the separator is strangely minus its enthusiasm, and has no more kick in it.

After the cream has been divorced from the milk, it is ready to be sold at a fancy price, or made up into butter or cheese and sold at a more fancy price.

In the olden days the cream was tied up in a goatskin bag, fastened to a rope and hooked to the back of the buggy, and when the farmer arrived in town it had been made into butter; but progress and change of fashion have almost eliminated this handy and efficient method, and now, when butter is desired, the milkmaid has to stand all day working the piston of the churn up and down to get the same results.

As a place of interest or amusement, the dairy is not much; but as a business proposition, if worked right, it is a joy forever. The only bad feature about the dairy is that it wears out so many pumps, but this trouble may be overcome by building it near a river.

In next week's Ledger will be found Mr. Emmons' comments on "The Windmill." Be sure to read them.



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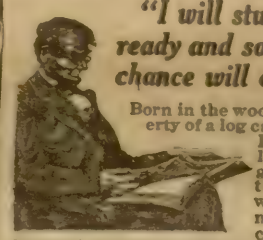

"I will study and get ready and sometime my chance will come."

Born in the woods, in the poverty of a log cabin, Abraham Lincoln had little chance to get an education. But he was so determined to succeed that he brushed obstacles aside; he made the most of what slender advantages he had (once he walked forty miles to borrow a book); he used every spare moment for study; his chance *did* come and he was *ready!*

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Lazarre, the Lost King.

(Continued From Page 15.)

one end. Two huge trees, branches and all, were burning on a big hearth, stones glowing under them; and figures with long beards, in black robes, passed twixt me and the fire, stirring a cauldron. If ever witches' brewing was seen, it looked like that.

The last eclipse of mind had come upon me without any rending and tearing in the head, and facts returned clearly and directly. I saw the black-robed figures were Jews cooking supper at a large fireplace, and we had driven upon the brick floor of a post-house which had a door nearly the size of a gable. At that end spread a ghostly film of open land, forest and sky. I lay stretched upon cushions as well as the vehicle would permit, and was aware by a shadow which came between me and the Jews that Skenedonk stood at the step.

"What are you about?" I spoke with a rush of chagrin, sitting up. "Are we on the road to Paris?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You have made a mistake, Skenedonk!"

"No mistake," he maintained. "Wait until I bring you some supper. After supper we can talk."

"Bring the supper at once then, for I am going to talk now."

"Are you quite awake?"

"Quite awake. How long did it last this time?"

"Two days."

"We are not two days' journey out of Mittau?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you have horses put in tomorrow morning, turn them back to Mittau."

Skenedonk went to the gigantic hearth, and one of the Jews ladled him out a bowlful of the cauldron stew, which he brought to me.

The stuff was not offensive and I was hungry. He brought another bowlful for himself, and we ate as we had often done in the woods. The fire shone on his bald pate and gave out the liquid lights of his fawn eyes.

"I have made a fool of myself in Mittau, Skenedonk."

"Why do you want to go back?"

"Because I am not going to be thrown out of the palace without a hearing."

"What is the use?" said Skenedonk. "The old fat chief will not let you stay. He doesn't want to hear you talk. He wants to be King himself."

"Did you see me sprawling on the floor like the idiot?"

"Not like the idiot. Your face was down."

"Did you see the Duchess?"

"Yes."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing. She leaned on the women and they took her away."

"Tell me all you saw."

"When you went in to hold council, I watched, and saw a priest and Bellenger and the boy that God had touched, all go in after you. So I knew the council would be bad for you, Lazarre, and I stood by the door with my knife in my hand. When the talk had gone on a while I heard something like the dropping of a buck on the ground, and sprang in, and the men drew their swords and the women screamed. The priest pointed at you and said, 'God has smitten the pretender!' Then they all went out of the room except the priest, and we opened your collar. I told him you had fallen like that before, and the stroke passed off in sleep. He said your carriage waited, and if I valued your safety I would put you in it and take you out of Russia. He called servants to help me carry you. I thought about your jewels; but some drums began to heat, and I thought about your life!"

"But, Skenedonk, didn't my sister—the lady I led by the hand, you remember—speak to me again, or look at me, or try to revive me?"

"No. She went away with the women carrying her."

"She believed in me—at first! Before I said a word she knew me! She wouldn't leave me merely because her uncle and a priest thought me an impostor! She is the tenderest creature on earth, Skenedonk—she is more like a saint than a woman!"

"Some saints on the altar are blind and deaf," observed the Oneida. "I think she was sick."

"I have nearly killed her. And I have been tumbled out of Mittau as a pretender!"

"You are here. Get some men to fight, and we will go back."

"What a stroke—to lose my senses at the moment I needed them most!"

"You kept your scalp."

"And not much else. No! If you refuse to follow me, and wait here at this post-house, I am going back to Mittau!"

"I go where you go," said Skenedonk. "But best go to sleep now."

This I was not able to do until long tossing on the thorns of chagrin wore me out. I was ashamed like a prodigal, baffled, and hurt to the bruising of my soul. A young man's chastened confidence in himself is hard to bear, but the loss of what was given as a heritage at birth is an injustice not to be endured.

The throne of France was never my goal, to be reached thru blood and revolution. Perhaps the democratic notions in my father's breast have found wider scope in mine. I wanted to influence men, and felt even at that time that I could do it; but being King was less to my mind than being acknowledged Dauphin and brother, and named with my real name.

I took my fists in my hands and swore to force recognition, if I battered a lifetime on Mittau.

At daylight our post-horses were put to the chaise and I gave the postilion orders myself. The little fellow bowed himself nearly double, and said that troops were moving behind us to join the allied forces against Napoleon.

At once the prospect of being snared among armies and cut off from all return to Paris, appalled me as a greater present calamity than being cast out of Mittau. Mittau could wait for another expedition.

"Very well," I said. "Take the road to France."

We met August rains. We were bogged. A bridge broke under us. We dodged Austrian troops. It seemed even then a fated thing that a Frenchman should retreat ignominiously from Russia.

There is a devilish antagonism of inanimate and senseless things, begun by discord in ourselves, which works unreasonable torture. Our return was an abominable journal which I will not recount, and going with it was a mortifying facility for drawing opposing forces.

However, I knew my friend the Marquis expected me to return defeated. He gave me my opportunity as a child is indulged with a dangerous plaything, to teach it caution.

He would be in his chateau of Plessy, cutting off two days' posting to Paris. And after the first sharp pangs of chagrin and shame at losing the fortune he had placed in my hands, I looked forward with impatience to our meeting.

"We have nothing, Skenedonk!" I exclaimed, the first time there was occasion for money on the road. "How have you been able to post? The money and the jewel-case are gone."

"We have two bags of money and the snuffbox," said the Oneida. "I hid them in the post-carriage."

"But I had the key of the jewel-case."

"You are a good sleeper," responded Skenedonk.

I blessed him heartily for his forethought, and he said if he had known I was a fool he would not have told me we carried the jewel-case into Russia.

I dared not let myself think of Madame de Ferrier. The plan of buying back her estates, which I had nurtured in the bottom of my heart, was now more remote than America.

One bag of coin was spent in Paris, but three remained there with Dr. Chantry. We had money, tho the more valuable treasure stayed in Mittau.

In the sloping hills and green vines of Champagne we were no longer harassed dodging troops, and slept the last night of our posting at Epernay. Taking the road early next morning, I began to watch for Plessy too soon, without forecasting that I was not to set foot within its walls.

We came within the Marquis' boundaries upon a little goose girl, knitting beside her flock. Her bright hair was bound with a woolen cap. Delicious grass, and the shadow of an oak, under which she stood, were not to be resisted, so I sent the carriage on. She looked open-mouthed after Skenedonk, and bobbed her dutiful, frightened courtesy at me.

The Marquis' peasants were by no means under the influence of the Empire, as I knew from observing the lad whom he had sought among the drowned in the mortuary chapel of the Hotel Dieu, and who was afterward found in a remote wine shop seeing sights. The goose girl dared not speak to me unless I required it of her, and the unusual notice was an honor she would have avoided.

"What do you do here?" I inquired.

Her little heart palpitated in the answer, "On, guard the geese."

"Do they give you trouble?"

"Not much, except that wicked gander." She pointed out with her knitting-needle a sleek white fellow, who flirted his tail and turned an eye, quavering as if he said, "La, la, la!"

"What does he do?"

"He would be at the vines and the corn, monsieur."

"Bad gander."

"I switch him," she informed me, like a magistrate.

"But that would only make him run."

"Also, I have a string in my pocket, and I tie him by the leg to a tree."

"Serves him right. Is the Marquis du Plessy at the chateau?"

Her face grew shaded, as a cloud chases sunlight before it across a meadow. "Do you mean the new Marquis, the old Marquis' cousin, monsieur? He went away directly after the burial."

"What burial?"

"The old Marquis' burial. That was before St. John's day."

"Be careful what you say, my child!"

"Didn't you know he was dead, monsieur?"

"I have been on a journey. Was his death sudden?"

"He was killed in a duel in Paris."

I sat down on the grass with my head in my hands. Bellenger had told the truth.

One scant month the Marquis du Plessy fostered me like a son. To this hour my slow heart aches for the companionship of the lightest, most delicate spirit I ever encountered in man.

Once I lifted my head and insisted,

"It can't be true!"

"Monsieur," the goose girl asserted solemnly, "it is true. The blessed St. Alpin, my patron, forget me if I tell you a lie."

Around the shadowed spot where I sat I heard trees whispering on the hills, and a cart rumbling along the hardened dust of the road.

"Monsieur," spoke the goose girl out of her good heart, "if you want to go to his chapel I will show you the path."

She tied a string around the leg of the wicked gander and attached him to the tree, shaking a wand at him in warning. He nipped her sleeve, and hissed, and hopped, his wives remonstrating softly; but his guardian left him bound and carried her knitting down a valley to a stream, across the bridge, and near an opening in the bushes at the foot of a hill.

"Go all to the right, monsieur," she said, "and you will come to the chapel where the Du Plessys are buried."

I gave her the largest coin in my pocket, and she flew back as well as the spirit of childhood could fly in wooden shoes. All the geese, formed in a line, waddled to meet her, perhaps bearing a memorial of wrongs from their husband.

The climb was steep, rounding a darkened ferny shoulder of lush forest, yet promising more and more a top of sunlight. At the summit was a carriage road which ascended by some easier plane. Keeping all to the right as the goose girl directed, I found a chapel like a shrine.

It was locked. Thru the latticed door I could see an altar, whereunder the last Du Plessy who had come to rest there, doubtless lay with his kin.

I sat down on one of the benches under the trees. The ache within me went deep. But all that sunny hillcrest seemed brightened by the Marquis. It was as cheerful as his smile. "Let us have a glass of wine and enjoy the sun," he said in the breeze flowing around his chapel. "And do you hear that little citizen of the tree trunks, Lazarre?"

The perfume of the woods rose invisibly to a cloudless sky. My last tryst with my friend was an hour in Paradise's antechamber.

The light quick stepping of horses and their rattling harness brought Madame de Ferrier's carriage quickly around the curve fronting the chapel. Her presence was the one touch which the place lacked, and I forgot grief, shame, impatience at being found out in my trouble, and stood at her step with my hat in my hand.

She said, "O Lazarre!" and Paul beat on Ernestine's knee, echoing, "O Zar!" and my comfort was absolute as release from pain, because she had come to visit her old friend the Marquis.

I helped her down and stood with her at the latticed door.

"How bright it is here!" said Eagle.

"It is very bright. I came up the hill from a dark place."

"Did the news of his death meet you on the post-road?"

"It met me at the foot of this hill. The goose girl told me."

"Oh, you have been hurt!" she said, looking at me. "Your face is all seamed. Don't tell me about Mittau today. Paul and I are taking possession of the estates!"

"Napoleon has given them back to you!"

"Yes, he has! I begged the De Chau-

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monts to let me come alone! By hard posting we reached Mont-Louis last night. You are the only person in France to whom I would give that vacant seat in the carriage today."

I cared no longer for my own loss, as I am afraid has been too much my way all thru life; or whether I was a prince or not. Like Paradise after death, as so many of our best days come, this perfect day was given me by the Marquis himself. Eagle's summer dress touched me. Paul and Ernestine sat facing us, and Paul ate cherries from a little basket, and had his fingers wiped, beating the cushion with his heels in excess of impatience to begin again.

We paused at a turn of the height before descending, where fields could be seen stretching to the horizon, woods fair and clean as parks, without the wildness of the American forest, and vineyards of bushy vines that bore the small black grapes. Eagle showed me the far boundaries of Paul's estates. Then we drove where holly spread its prickly foliage near the ground, where springs from cliffs trickled across delicious lanes.

Hoary stone farmhouses, built foursquare like a fortress, each having a stately archway, saluted us as we passed by. The patron and his wife came out, and laborers, pulling their caps, dropped down from high-yoked horses.

But when the long single street of stone cottages which formed the village opened its arms, I could see her breast swelling and her gray eyes sweeping all with comprehensive rusn.

An elderly man, shaking some salad in a wire basket, dropped it at his feet, and bowed and bowed, sweeping his cap to the ground. Some women who were washing around a roofed pool left their paddles, and ran, wiping suds from their arms; and houses discharged their inmates, babies in children's arms, wives, old men, the simplicity of their lives and the openness of their labor manifest. They surrounded the carriage. Eagle stood Paul upon his feet that they might worship him, and his mouth corners curled upward, his blue-eyed fearless look traveled from face to face, while her gloved hand was kissed, and God was praised that she had come back.

"O Jean!" she cried, "is your mother alive?" and "Marguerite! have you a son so tall?"

An old creature bent double, walked out on four feet, two of them being sticks, lifted her voice, and blessed Eagle and the child a quarter of an hour. Paul's mother listened reverently, and sent him in Ernestine's arms for the warped human being to look upon at close range with her failing sight. He stared at her unafraid, and experimentally put his finger on her knotted cheeks; at which all the women broke into chorus as I have heard blackbirds rejoice.

"I have not seen them for so long!" Madame de Ferrier said, wiping her eyes. "We have all forgotten our behavior!"

An inverted pine tree hung over the inn door, and dinner was laid for us in its best room, where host and hostess served the Marquise and the young Marquis almost on their knees.

When we passed out at the other end of the village, Eagle showed me a square-towered church.

"The De Ferriers are buried there—excepting my father. I shall put a tablet in the wall for Cousin Philippe. Few Protestants in France had their rights and privileges protected as ours were by the throne. I mention this fact, sire, that you may lay it up in your mind! We have been good subjects, well worth our salt in time of war."

Best of all was coming to the chateau when the sun was about an hour high. The stone pillars of the gateway let us upon a terraced lawn, where a fountain played, keeping bent plumes of water in the air. The lofty chateau of white stone had a broad front, with wings. Eagle bade me note the two dovecotes or pigeon towers, distinctly separate structures, one flanking each wing, and demonstrating the antiquity of the house. For only nobles in medieval days were accorded the privilege of keeping doves.

Should there be such another evening for me when I come to Paradise, if God in His mercy brings me there, I shall be grateful, but hardly with such fresh-hearted joy. Night descends with special benediction on remote ancient homes like Mont-Louis. We walked until sunset in the park, by lake, and bridged stream, and hollied path; Ernestine carrying Paul or letting him pat behind, driving her by her long cap ribbons while he explored his mother's playground. But when the birds began to nest, and dew-fall could be felt, he was taken to his supper and his bed, giving his mother a generous kiss, and me a smile of his upcurled mouth corners. His forehead was white and broad, and his blue eyes were set well apart.

I can yet see the child looking over Ernestine's shoulder. She carried him up stairs of oak worn hollow like stone; a mighty hand-wrought balustrade rising with them from hall to roof.

We had our supper in a paneled room where the lights were reflected as on mirrors of polished oak, and the man who served us had served Madame de Ferrier's father and grandfather. The gentle old provincial went about his duty as a religious rite.

There was a pleached walk like that in the Marquis' Paris garden, of branches flattened and plaited to form an arbor supported by tree columns; which led to a summerhouse of stone smothered in ivy. We walked back and forth under this thick roof of verdure. Eagle's cap of brown hair was roughened over her radiant face, and the open throat of her gown showed pulses beating in her neck. Her lifted chin almost touched my arm as I told her all the Mittau story, at her request.

"Poor Madame d'Angouleme! The cautious priest and the King should not have taken you from me like that! She knew you as I knew you; and a woman's knowing is better than a man's proofs. She will have times of doubting their policy. She will remember the expression of your mouth, your shrugs, and gestures—the little traits of the child Louis, that reappear in the man."

"I wish I had never gone to Mittau to give her a moment's distress."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"She is like a lily made flesh. She has her strong dislikes, and one of them is Louis Philippe——"

"Naturally," said Eagle.

"But she seemed sacred to me. Perhaps a woman brings that hallowedness out of martyrdom."

"God be with the royal lady! And you, sire!"

"And you! May you be always with me, Eagle!"

"This journey to Mittau changes nothing. You were wilful. You would go to the island in Lake George; you would go to Mittau."

"Both times you sent me."

"Both times I brought you home! Let us not be sorrowful tonight."

"Sorrowful! I am so happy it seems impossible that I come from Mittau, and this day the Marquis du Plessy died to me! I wish the sun had been tied to the trees, as the goose girl tied her gander."

"But I want another day," said Eagle. "I want all the days that are my due at home."

We ascended the steps of the stone pavilion, and sat down in an arch like a balcony over the sunken garden. Pears and apricots, their branches flattened against the wall, showed ruddy garnered sunlight thru the dusk. The tangled inclosure sloped down to the stream, from which a fairy wisp of mist wavered over flower bed and tree. Dew and herbs and the fragrance of late roses sent up a divine breath, invisibly submerging us, like a tide rising out of the night.

Madame de Ferrier's individual traits were surprised in this nearness, as they never had been when I saw her at a distance in alien surroundings. A swift ripple, involuntary and glad, coursed down her body; she shuddered for joy half a minute or so.

Two feet away, I worshiped her smiling eyes and their curved ivory lids, her rounded head with its abundant cap of hair, her chin, her shoulders, her bust, the hands in her lap, the very sweep of her scant gown about her feet.

The flash of extreme happiness passing, she said gravely:

"But that was a strange thing—that you should fall unconscious!"

"Not so strange," I said; and told her how many times before the eclipse—under the edge of which my boyhood was passed—had completely shadowed me. At the account of Ste. Pelagie she leaned toward me, her hands clinched on her breast. When we came to the Hotel Dieu she leaned back pallid against the stone.

"Dear Marquis du Plessy!" she whispered, as his name entered the story.

When it was ended she drew some deep breaths in the silence.

"Sire, you must be very careful. That Bellenger is an evil man."

"But a weak one."

"There may be a strength of court policy behind him."

"The policy of the court at Mittau is evidently a policy of denial."

"Your sister believed in you."

"Yes, she believed in me."

"I don't understand," said Madame de Ferrier, leaning forward on her arms, "why Bellenger had you in London, and another boy on the mountain."

"Perhaps we shall never understand it."

"I don't understand why he makes it his business to follow you."

"Let us not trouble ourselves about Bellenger."

"But are you safe in France since the Marquis du Plessy's death?"

"I am safe tonight, at least."

"Yes, far safer than you would be in Paris."

"And Skenedonk is my guard."

"I have sent a messenger to Plessy for him." Madame de Ferrier said. "He will be here in the morning."

I thanked her for remembering him in the excitement of her home coming. We heard a far sweet call thru a cleft of the hills, and Eagle turned her head.

"That must be the shepherd of Les Rochers. He has missed a lamb. Les Rochers is the most distant of our farms, but its night noises can be heard thru an opening in the forest. Paul will soon be listening for all these sounds! We must drive to Les Rochers tomorrow. It was there that Cousin Philippe died."

I could not say how opportunely Cousin Philippe had died. The violation of her childhood by such a marriage rose up that instant a wordless tragedy.

"Sire, we are not observing etiquette in Mont-Louis as they observe it at Mittau. I have been talking very familiarly to my King. I will keep silent. You speak."

"Madame, you have forbidden me to speak!"

She gave me a startled look, and said:

"Did you know Jerome Bonaparte has come back? He left his wife in America. She cannot be received in France, because she has committed the crime of marrying a prince. She is to be divorced for political reasons."

"Jerome Bonaparte is a hound!" I spoke hotly.

"And his wife a venturesome woman—to marry even a temporary prince."

"I like her sort, madame!"

"Do you, sire?"

"Yes, I like a woman who can love!"

"And ruin?"

"How could you ruin me?"

"The Saint-Michels brought me up," said Eagle. "They taught me what is lawful and unlawful. I will never do an unlawful thing, to the disgrace and shame of my house. A woman should build her house, not tear it down."

"What is unlawful?"

"It is unlawful for me to encourage the suit of my sovereign."

"Am I ever likely to be anything but what they call in Mittau a pretender, Eagle?"

"That we do not know. You shall keep yourself free from entanglements."

"I am free from them—God knows I am free enough—the lonesomest, most unfriended savage that ever set out to conquer his own."

"You were born to greatness. Great things will come to you."

"If you loved me I could make them come!"

"Sire, it isn't healthy to sit in the night air. We must go out of the dew."

"Oh, who would be healthy! Come to

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that, who would be such a royal beggar as I am?"

"Remember," she said gravely, "that your claim was in a manner recognized by one of the most cautious, one of the least ardent royalists, in France."

The recognition she knew nothing about came to my lips, and I told her the whole story of the jewels. The snuff-box was in my pocket. Sophie Saint-Michel had often described it to her.

She sat and looked at me, contemplating the stupendous loss.

"The Marquis advised me not to take them into Russia," I acknowledged.

"There is no robbery so terrible as the robbery committed by those who think they are doing right."

"I am one of the losing Bourbons."

"Can anything be hidden in that closet in the Queen's dressing-room wall?" mused Eagle. "I believe I could find it in the dark, Sophie told me so often where the secret spring may be touched. When the De Chaumonts took me to the Tuileries I wanted to search for it. But all the state apartments are now on the second floor, and Madame Bonaparte has her own rooms below. Evidently she knows nothing of the secrets of the place. The Queen kept her most beautiful robes in that closet. It has no visible door. The wall opens. And we have heard that a door was made thru the back of it to let upon a spiral staircase of stone, and thru this the royal family made their escape to Varennes, when they were arrested and brought back."

We fell into silence at mention of the unsuccessful flight which could have changed history; and she rose and said, "Good night, sire."

Next morning there was such a delicious world to live in that breathing was a pleasure. Dew gauze spread far and wide over the radiant domain. Sounds from cattle, and stables, and the voices of servants drifted on the air. Doves wheeled around their towers, and around the chateau standing like a white cliff.

I walked under the green canopy watching the sun mount and waiting for Madame de Ferrier. When she did appear the old man who had served her father followed with a tray. I could only say, "Good morning, madame," not daring to add, "I have scarcely slept for thinking of you."

"We will have our coffee out here," she told me.

It was placed on the broad stone seat under the arch of the pavilion where we sat the night before; bread, unsalted butter from the farms, the coffee, the cream, the loaf sugar. Madame de Ferrier herself opened a door in the end of the wall and plunged into the dew of the garden. Her old servant exclaimed. She caught her hair in briers and laughed, tucking it up from falling, and brought off two great roses, each the head and the strength of a stem, to lay beside our plates. The breath of roses to this hour sends thru my veins the joy of that.

Then the old servant gathered wall fruit for us, and she sent some in his hand to Paul. Thru a festooned arch of the pavilion giving upon the terraces, we saw a bird dart down to the fountain, tilt and drink, tilt and drink again, and flash away. Immediately the multitudinous rejoicing of a skylark dropped from upper air. When men would send thanks to the very gate of heaven their envoy should be a skylark.

Eagle was like a little girl as she listened.

"This is the first day of September, sire."

"Is it? I thought it was the first day of creation."

"I mention the date that you may not forget it. Because I am going to give you something today."

My heart leaped like a conqueror's.

Her skin was as fresh as the roses, looking marvelous to touch. The shock of imminent discovery went thru me. For how can a man consider a woman forever as a picture? A picture she was, in the short-waisted gown of the Empire, of that white stuff Napoleon praised because it was manufactured in France. It showed the line of her throat, being parted halfway down the bosom by a ruff which encircled her neck and stood high behind it. The transparent sleeves clung to her arms, and the slight outline of her figure looked long in its close casing.

The gown tail curled around her slippered foot damp from the plunge in the garden. She gave it a little kick, and rippled again suddenly thruout her length.

Then her face went grave, like a child's when it is surprised in wickedness.

"But our fathers and mothers would have us forget their suffering in the festival of coming home, wouldn't they, Lazarre?"

"Surely, Eagle."

"Then why are you looking at me with reproach?"

"I'm not."

"Perhaps you don't like my dress?"

I told her it was the first time I had ever noticed anything she wore, and I liked it.

"I used to wear my mother's clothes, Ernestine and I made them over. But this is new; for the new day, and the new life here."

"And the day," I reminded her, "is the first of September."

She laughed, and opened her left hand, showing me two squat keys so small that both had lain concealed under two of her finger tips.

"I am going to give you a key, sire."

"Will it unlock a woman's mind?"

"It will open a padlocked book. Last night I found a little blank-leaved book, with wooden covers. It was fastened by a padlock, and these keys were tied to it. You may have one key; I will keep the other."

"The key to a padlocked book with nothing in it."

Her eyes tantalized me.

"I am going to put something in it. Sophie Saint-Michel said I had a gift for putting down my thoughts. If the gift appeared to Sophie when I was a child, it must grow in me by use. Every day I shall put some of my life into the book. And when I die I will bequeath it to you!"

"Take back the key, madame. I have no desire to look into your coffin."

She extended her hand.

"Then our good and kind friend Count de Chaumont shall have it."

"He shall not!"

I held to her hand and kept my key.

She slipped away from me. The laughter of the child yet rose thru the dignity of the woman.

"When may I read this book, Eagle?"

"Never, of my free will, sire. How could I set down all I thought about you, for instance, if the certainty was hanging over me that you would read my candid opinions and punish me for them!"

"Then of what use is the key?"

"You would rather have it than give it to another, wouldn't you?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, you will have the key to my thoughts!"

"And if the book ever falls into my hands——"

"I will see that it doesn't!"

"I will say, years from now——"

"Twenty?"

"Twenty? O Eagle!"

"Ten."

"Months? That's too long!"

"No, ten years, sire."

"Not ten years, Eagle. Say eight."

"No, nine."

"Seven. If the book falls into my hands at the end of seven years, may I open it?"

"I may safely promise you that," she laughed. "The book will never fall into your hands."

I took from my pocket the gold snuff-box with the portraits on the lid, and placed my key carefully therein. Eagle leaned forward to look at them. She took the box in her hand, and gazed with long reverence, drooping her head.

Young as I was, and unskilled in the ways of women, that key worked magic comfort. She had given me a link to hold us together. The inconsistent, contradictory being, but one instant with the wisdom of the Saint-Michels, rippling full of unrestrained life the next, denying me all hope, yet indefinitely tantalizing, was adorable beyond words. I closed my eyes; the blinding sunshine struck them thru the ivied arch.

Turning my head as I opened them, I saw an old man come out on the terrace.

He tried to search in every direction, his gray head and faded eyes moving anxiously. Madame de Ferrier was still. I heard her lay the snuffbox on the stone seat. I knew, tho, I could not let myself watch her, that she stood up against the wall, a woman of stone, her lips chiseled apart.

"Eagle—Eagle!" the old man cried from the terrace.

She whispered, "Yes, Cousin Philippe!"

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. Let us hear from you at once.

REMOTENESS OF THE DIVINE

When the silver of your teeth becomes the lining of the cloud
That is edged up by the radiance of your smile;
When their gleaming, pearly luster, or your forehead, fair and proud,
Are but the Milky Way, in fairer style:
When twinkling stars are glowing underneath your lovely brows,
Constellation in an atmosphere of blue;
When cerulean are the colors which to their brimming ray endows
Upon a world that has to worship you—
When you're altogether heavenly, however can I hope
To look at you at all unless I use a telescope?

KILLED IN ACTION!

About eleven soldiers in each one thousand on the firing line in France are killed in action or die of wounds according to figures compiled by the French high commissioner. On the other hand, it is interesting to know that of those in the ordinary walks of peaceful life, nearly ten per cent. are the victims of disease of the kidneys. In 1916 one of the greatest life insurance companies in the world paid 913 death claims where death was caused by Bright's disease.

Prof. H. Strauss, M. D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, Berlin, says, "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes, the most frequent of which is renal. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there or confined to a single locality." Dr. Levison and Dr. Strauss both hold that a long continued disturbance of the kidney function, resulting in an accumulation of uric acid in the blood serum, causes these painful afflictions.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when the back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; when you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach; or you have the rheumatic pains or lumbago, gout, sciatica when the weather is bad, do not neglect the warning, but try simple means. As Dr. Strauss says, the amount of fluid should be regular and distributed through the day. Take six or eight glasses of water during the day, then obtain at your nearest drug store Anuric (double strength). In tablets, 60c. This to flush the kidneys and to act as a tonic so that the kidneys will filter out the uric acid poison. Anuric is more potent than lithia, and in most cases it will dissolve the uric acid as hot water does sugar.

Anuric was the recent discovery of Dr. Pierce, Chief of Staff, Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Of his home remedies the most widely known are his "Favorite Prescription" for womanly troubles and run-down conditions peculiar to the womanly sex, and his "Pleasant Pellets," the tiny, tonic laxatives. Anybody wanting to test the efficacy of Anuric can send 10c to Dr. Pierce and receive trial package.

THE PLAY IMPS.

Sometimes, when I am working hard
On my arithmetic,
The play imps suddenly appear,
And say, "Oh, Jack, come quick!

"We're having such a lot of fun,
Do leave your study, please."
And I say, "No, I cannot come."
But they just tease, and tease.

Then to my eyes I put my hand,
From sight to shut them out,
For it's no easy thing to work
With play imps all about.

And well I know that lessons first
Is much the better rule,
For it does hurt a fellow's pride
To fail right out in school.

THE MAGIC RUG.

ONE evening two brothers, Jack and Bob Brenton, were seated on a rug in the middle of the room, taking a last look at their story book before climbing into bed. They had an old lamp beside them on the rug, close to the book, so that they might see.

As Jack, the eldest, a boy of 10, finished reading to 4-year-old Bob the story of Prince Ahmed, he leaned back on his heels and sighed deeply, much entranced.

"My, Bob!" he exclaimed, "wouldn't you love to have a magic rug, telescope and apple? Then we could be doctors and when any one was sick we could ride to him on the rug and give him a smell of the apple and he'd get well."

"Oh, yes!" agreed Bob, "and we could find the Peri's cave with the telescope!"

"Y-e-e-e-s," admitted Jack, "but if we had the rug we could tell it to take us there and—there we'd be."

Just then the boys heard the tinkle of a bell behind them and when they turned they saw—what do you think they saw? A little man, about one foot high, with brown tights, a tiny bell on the tip of his jaunty cap, a long white beard and merry, twinkling eyes!

"Howde!" he exclaimed in a happy, jovial voice.

Before the boys could answer he went on, "My name is Nip, and I understand that you would like a magic rug. Well, that is one that you are sitting on. When you wish to take a trip repeat this verse:

'Oh, magic rug, a gift from Nip,
Take us on a pleasure trip.'

—and you will sail as swiftly as a bird. When you wish to return repeat this verse:

'Oh, magic rug, please take us home,
These are the words of Nip, the gnome.'

—and you will return as you went."

Here he made a deep bow and, after taking a few flying leaps, he disappeared out of the window.

The boys looked at each other for a few minutes, unable to control their surprise. Jack was the first to do so. He remarked, with a short laugh, "Well, did you ever!"

This brought Bob "to" and he exclaimed, bouncing up and down, "Let's try now!"

"All right, here goes!" and as Jack repeated the magic words their conveyance bore them higher and higher out of the window into the cool air. On reaching the outside they discovered, to their surprise, that it was not night but day!

After going many feet from the ground, they stopped going up and made a fast headway toward the northeast, across the blue Lake Michigan.

In their excitement they had quite forgotten that the lamp was still on the rug where they had left it during their interview with the gnome. They had also forgotten that they were only in their nightclothes and a cool wind was blowing.

Soon they came to a place known by its natives as Lake Bluff. The boys, not knowing where they were going, looked around at the waves surging on the bluffs and the sea gulls darting to and fro in the air.

They were startled out of their dreams by the settling of the rug on a ledge, which opened out from a cave. They were more puzzled than ever now. The stillness was broken by Jack, exclaiming: "I have it! We've found the Peri's cave! I know it is!" He jumped up and with the lamp made his way toward it. Bob followed less enthusiastically, but he was careful to roll the rug and take it with him. To his surprise, it grew smaller and smaller until it could be put in his pocket! Having put it away safely, he took hold of Jack's blouse and shivered from both cold and fear.

After going some way in the darkness of the cave, Jack let out a blood-curdling yell which caused Bob to jump and his hair to stand on end. "Oh! I've stepped on something cold and slimy! Boo-oo-oo!"

They walked along in tense silence for a while, hardly daring to breathe.

"Perhaps we might find Prince Ahmed or the Peri," suggested Jack in a whisper, but as Bob did not answer he thought it best not to urge him into conversation. Suddenly out of the darkness came a moan, long and drawn! Jack and Bob gave a panic stricken yell and fled. Bob produced the rug, and with trembling fingers unrolled it to its natural size. Jack repeated the magic words and they fairly flew toward—home! They realized the cold, now, and cuddled closer together, while the lamp puffed and smoked under the power of the cool breeze.

The rug suddenly took a turn, and the boys, as they fell, made frantic efforts to catch the falling lamp, but missed it. They were falling down—down—down——

Jack was the first one to awaken the next morning. He awoke at the first peep of dawn, and lay musing over his dream. The rain was beating down on the roof of the little cottage, and the wind and the waves combined, made a dismal moan. After many hours of wakeful rest, Jack grew wide awake. Bob tossed restlessly and awoke. Their eyes met, and they understood. They looked around and found that the lamp was on the stand in the corner, the book was on the dresser, and the rug was in its accustomed place on the floor.

Faintly in the passage downstairs, they heard a clock strike; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven o'clock.

They hurried down after dressing and found that Mr. and Mrs. Brenton had already seated themselves at the table. They looked up with a pleasant good morning as the boys entered.

When all were seated and grace was said, Mrs. Brenton looked first at the boys and then Mr. Brenton, and her lips moved as if in silent loughter.

"Boys shouldn't go to sleep over their books," remarked Mr. Brenton, as he sipped his coffee. "Mamma and I went upstairs expecting to find you sound asleep in bed, but instead we found you in the middle of the floor, deep in slumber, so we had to pack you into your trundle beds. After this I want you to go right to bed. Understand?"

They did.

Stranger—"What's the matter with your dog?"

Boy—"It's because you look so much like the sausage maker in our town."

Pa—"Freddie, what did you learn in school today?"

Son—"How to get out by snuffin' red ink up my nose."

MAN IN THE MOON.

ONCE upon a time a man was walking down a road bordering a river, when he came to the place where the river entered the lake. It was a beautiful moonlight night and a path of light streamed across the water to the point where he stood. "Surely," thought he, "I could walk on that white path to the moon where Heaven is."

That idea came to him again and again and one Saturday night he tried to walk up the moonlight path, but he sank into the water and had to go back to land. On Sunday he had the same experience, but on Monday he took his canoe and paddled out to the middle of the lake. Then the moon was hidden by a cloud and the path disappeared. On Tuesday it was still cloudy. On Wednesday and Thursday it rained, but Friday evening was clear and beautiful. Friday, the evil day for starting journeys, was destined to be a lucky day for him.

Just after moonrise he started out, filled with faith that he could not only walk on the water, but thru the air, and indeed he did do both. He walked right along on a moonbeam—that man did—as tho he were walking on the ground, the moonbeams were so solid. It seemed to be a trip of about five miles to the moon, but he didn't get tired at all.

When he reached the vicinity of the moon he looked about in great amazement. The moonbeam on which he was walking led right up to the top of a star, and from the star to the moon there stretched a bridge known as "The Milky Way," as he had learned when upon the earth. He journeyed along this way with a light heart, for he knew he was nearing the end of the journey. When he reached the last star of the Milky Way he found he would have to jump fifteen feet to reach the moon.

Then he was puzzled. "Can I do it?" he said to himself. "I shall fall a great way if I make the least slip, and I haven't a record for the broad jump." But he didn't hesitate long; he jumped, and, fate helped him to arrive safely.

"Well," thought he, "I'm here! I wonder what I'd better do now." He looked about. There was a rock with an opening on one side. He went forward and looked into what he supposed to be a den, but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw before him a long passageway with an opening at the end. He entered and passed thru the rock to the other side, where he found a large meadow where cows were browsing and hens were running about very much as they did at home. But in the very center of the field stood a large chair. That was very strange—and since our hero was a man of courage he went over and seated himself.

There were no signs of habitation; aside from the cows and hens, he was the only living creature around. "This is paradise, indeed," he exclaimed, "but I must make sure that I am the only human being here." So saying he proceeded to investigate a small dwelling that he had noticed in one corner of the field. In this little house he found a three-legged stool on which stood a basket of eggs and a queer-looking vessel filled with delicious milk.

He sat down and pondered. "It is very peculiar," he thought, "that I can see no one here. There must be some one living on the moon, for how could this milk be here unless some one had milked the cows. I see that it is my duty to solve this mystery."

It is not known whether he has solved it or not because he has never come down to earth to tell any one. He is still on the moon, however. If you don't believe it look some time and you will see him.

VERY LIKELY.

The class was wide awake that afternoon and Miss Catchem was happy. But as she relaxed her iron rule the children began to get a little out of hand.

"Now, Willie," said Miss Catchem, "if you had four pennies and Jamie had five, and you took his and put them with yours, what would that make?"

Willie glanced at Jamie, a big-boned, aggressive individual, and answered with conviction, "Trouble."

CHOICE CHARITY.

Little Denis, out for a walk with mother, noticed a poor, ragged little urchin.

"Yes, dear," said mother, "that poor little boy has no father to give him toys and things, like you have. Wouldn't you like to do something for him? Wouldn't you like to give him your rabbit?"

Denis thought a moment, and then suggested:

"I'd rather give him father!"

NO PLEASURE.

Vexation and grief struggled for mastery in Gertrude's soul.

"Mother, do come out and speak to Freddy," she said. "He's treading on all the ants in the garden."

"How very unkind!" said mother.

"Yes, that's what I've told him," said Gertrude, "but he won't let me tread on a single one."

REASONABLE.

"Ma, won't yer let me have some cake now?"

"Didn't Oi tell ye Oi wouldn't give it to ye at all if ye didn't kape still?"

"Yes, but——"

"Well, the longer ye kape still, the sooner ye'll get it, moind that."

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Wartime Boy Rangers

By Captain Jack Judson

A thrilling story of youthful perils and wild adventures in early border warfare and dangerous Indian fighting.

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CHAPTER IV.
STRANGELY RESCUED.

PRISONERS of Red Sticks! It was with feelings akin to despair that Jack and Eben found themselves in the hands of the red monster whom they had lately had in their power. They knew they could expect no mercy from the great sachem of the Miamis, for he was merciless, and when they saw him dancing before them with his tomahawk high in air, their blood ran cold.

Not long after their capture they were hustled away from the scene, and did not doubt that they were being taken back to the Indian camp. Fortunately they were permitted to walk together and could thus converse as they tramped along.

"Don't let the villains know our fears," whispered Jack.

"Not for a minute," replied Eben. "The redskins will never get to say that I am a coward."

The dark paths of the forest were so well known to the savages that they found them without difficulty, and it was not long before the young captives were in the Indian camp itself. Sight of the boys gave the savages the greatest pleasure, for they danced around them in the greatest glee, and the boys maintained their composure to the best of their ability.

When the first rejoicings were over, the young captives were bound to two trees which stood close together and for the nonce left to themselves. Around them burned the fires of the allied camp. Every now and then they caught a glimpse of Red Sticks, who glared at them with the ferocity of a tiger and frequently executed angry gestures. It promised to be a night of peril.

By and by the campfires grew low and the Indians stretched themselves upon the ground for repose. All at once a wild yell started every sleeper, and the painted hordes sprang to their feet. The camp was alive in an instant.

"What has happened?" thought the boy captives.

Their mental query was soon answered by the appearance of ten savages who burst into sight. The whole camp gathered about them.

"Something's up," said Jack. "The scouts have returned with news for the tribes."

Conspicuous among the Indians was the renegade Tom Girty, who in his war paint looked like a real Shawnee.

All at once he approached the boys and leered into their faces.

"Wayne is on the move," said he in English. "You're not afraid to die, my young hearties?"

"We are not afraid," responded Eben, beating back his fears. "We expect no mercy at the hands of these red devils."

"Then you'll not be disappointed," Girty grinned. "I'd like to save you young chaps, but I have no power over these reds."

"Let them do their worst!" exclaimed Jack. "We tried to carry out General Wayne's wishes, and if we have failed it is not our fault."

"What will you give for freedom?"

"We have nothing to give," Eben answered, and then as he thought of Girty's bloody deeds, he continued: "I don't think we can expect help for Tom Girty."

Girty pursed his lips and went away.

"Bring the dogs!" he cried. "They haven't had a bite for three days."

Just what this command meant the boys could not imagine, but they were soon to be enlightened.

In less than ten minutes all the hungry dogs in the camp had been aroused and were howling round the helpless boys. Then the awful fate designed for them burst upon their terrorized hearts. They were to be torn to pieces by the savage canines. Savage cruelty had surely reached its limit. The gaunt, wolflike animals were already leaping at the boys' limbs, and they could not draw back an inch.

In order to prolong this inhuman torture, the Indians would kick the dogs back, only to see them rush forward again with more ferocity than ever.

One big brute had fastened his teeth on Eben's leg, and was holding on for dear life, for it was impossible to shake him off. Jack and Eben gritted their teeth and manfully refrained from uttering a cry.

In the midst of this sport there came the sudden crack of a rifle in the forest, and one of the foremost Indians reeled away with a bullet in his breast. Startled, almost terrified, by the unexpected shot, the others recoiled and looked in the direction from which the deadly bolt had come. No foe was visible; the forest was keeping its secret well.

TOM GIRTY TOTTERED.

"Was it Moonlight?" wondered Eben. "Would the Indian girl perform such a feat as that?"

"Look, Eben!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, as his gaze became riveted upon an object which had come into the line of light.

Not more than thirty feet away stood one of the most grotesque objects that ever appeared in the primeval forest. It had the semblance of a human being, yet it did not look human. The head was covered with the skin of some animal and above each ear was a horn like that of a buffalo. The body wore the skin of a panther, and the leggings were as hairy as the legs of a bear. One of the hands held a long-barreled rifle, while two mad eyes glared at the astonished redskins from beneath the mass of hair.

"It is Oonomoo the Mad!" went up the cry, as the terrified Indians gazed upon the Terror.

"Fudge!" rang out the voice of Girty. "It is human, I tell you. I'll rid the forest of the thing."

Up to his shoulder went the renegade's rifle, but before his eager finger could touch the trigger the weapon of the Terror spat a little flame, and Girty's right arm dropped helpless at his side.

The renegade set up a yell which echoed far in the wood and began to dance in pain. The apparition did not move.

Presently, however, he took a step forward, and the Indians drew back, still gazing at him in abject terror.

Tom Girty had by this time brought his agony under control and again faced the apparition. But he could no longer grip his rifle, for his arm had been rendered useless by the shot.

"Get back while it is safe!" he shouted to the forest pest. "I tell you you will be flayed alive if you remain here another minute. Go while you have life left."

The reply came in another step forward. The uncanny object placed itself between the Indians and their captives. Its fearlessness was colossal.

All at once from beneath the furry garb came a shining knife, and before the boys could guess its owner's intent, their bonds were cut and they were free.

"Quick!" said Oonomoo, in a strange voice. "These hounds will soon recover their senses."

Eben and Jack sprang away while the apparition covered their retreat, never for a moment taking its gleaming eyes from the silent redskins.

This singular scene had not lasted five minutes. It seemed a dream to the young scouts.

Once in the forest and away from the light of the Indian camp, the liberator paused and broke out into a laugh.

"That's the way to fool the rascally reds," the boys heard him exclaim. "I tell you they can be frightened like a lot of mice."

The voice had changed; it was now natural and this caused the boys to wonder more than ever.

"Who are you?" cried Eben, as he laid his hand upon their deliverer's arm. "You are not the fiend the Indians take you to be. You are human like ourselves."

"Think you so, my laddy bucks?" was the reply, accompanied by a laugh. "Didn't you hear 'em call me Oonomoo?"

"Yes, and we have heard of you in the forts and settlements."

"So you have, I've no doubt. Well, Oonomoo isn't so mad as they call him. Now stand over there in the moonshine and I'll reveal myself."

Jack and Eben did as they were bidden, and the stranger's hands lifted the mask which covered his face.

The young scouts recoiled with exclamations of astonishment.

"Obed Simpson!" they cried in unison.

"Wal, I'm no one else but old Simpson, and I've played this game for years in these woods. I thought my end had come when the redskins burned my cabin and got me in their clutches, but Moonlight, the Shawnee girl, got me out of the pickle, and so I went back to Oonomoo the Mad."

"Well, we're thankful for what you've done tonight," Eben said gratefully. "You make a good actor, but it is a pity you didn't plant your bullet in Tom Girty's brain."

"He'll get it there later on," smiled the old man. "But what are you boys up to in these dangerous parts?"

"We are trying to catch Red Sticks for Mad Anthony," replied Jack.

"What! You boys trying to catch that wolf?" cried Simpson. "Come with me to the American camp."

Eben shook his head.

"Not without Red Sticks!" he said, determinedly.

CHAPTER V.
TRUSTING A REDSKIN.

THE reply which Eben got from the old hunter was an incredible stare.

"You must hold your scalps at little value," said Obed. "Maybe I should have left you where I found you."

The boys exchanged glances.

"Of course we are thankful to you for your deed," Jack put in at this juncture. "We left the American camp with our instructions from Mad Anthony, and it is our intention to carry them out and deliver into his hands the body of the man he wants."

"That is if you escape the stake," grinned the old man. "So you won't go with me?"

"We cannot and keep our word with General Wayne."

"Very well," and Simpson without more ado shouldered his rifle and started off into the deeper forests

"I may not be around the next time you need me," he said over his shoulder, and then the boys saw the last of him.

"A strange man," remarked Jack. "I never thought the terror of the Indians was old Simpson."

"He always was queer," Eben answered. "No doubt he has taken many a redskin scalp for the wrong they did him years ago."

Finding themselves alone, Jack and Eben began to lay new plans for the capture of the redoubtable Red Sticks. They did not doubt that they would be hunted by the savages, and it behooved them to be on the alert at all times.

They resolved first to go back to Eben's cabin home and see if Misa had been in danger, and with this end in view they set off.

The forest of the Maumee was to them an open book, for they had traversed its trails by night and day, and their woodcraft was as notable as that of the Indians.

"What has happened?" suddenly cried Eben, as he gained the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the little spot in which the cabin stood.

Jack was at his side in a moment. The full moon which rode majestically in the heavens was showering her light upon the scene, and Eben with outstretched arm was pointing downward.

"The fiends have been here," he said, as his lips grew white. "They have burned our home and Misa is gone!"

It required but a minute for the boys to stand amid the scene of desolation. The little home had been destroyed, root and branch. Not one timber had been left upon another, and as Eben gazed upon the sight his breath came hard.

"It may be possible that Misa escaped," said Jack to his companion. "She may have fled before the wolves struck."

Eben did not hear, for he was hunting among the ruins for traces of his sister, and Jack watched him in silence.

"Red Sticks has been here," Eben said, as he came back. "That red demon is everywhere."

"What proof have you found?"

"What but the sign—the two red sticks fastened to a tree."

"That's enough," Jack said, with a nod. "We are now not far from the Americans, and perhaps it would be best——"

"I know what you would say, Jack," Eben broke in. "Not the camp for me till I have discovered what has become of Misa. If her trail leads to Red Sticks' lodge that is our goal!"

"I am with you to the end, Eben; you know that."

A careful search of the ruins of the cabin failed to give the slightest clew of the girl's fate, and at last the boys desisted.

"Come, Jack; it's the back trail."

An hour later the young scouts might have been seen some miles from the scene of destruction. The dawn was now near at hand. Already there were signs of it in the east, and presently the mist rose from the river, disclosing it to their eyes.

All at once Jack, with a little exclamation, pointed away, while at the same time he clutched Eben's arm. He had seen a lithe figure swing itself by

means of a wild grapevine from the branches of a tree. It had dropped to the ground with the agility of a monkey.

Eben saw and cocked his weapon as he dropped to the ground.

"It is coming this way," he breathed, leveling his piece on the object. "It's an Indian boy and we must capture him."

The red youth had as yet not caught sight of the young rangers, and when Eben sprang to his feet and covered him with his rifle he stopped and uttered a cry of surprise.

"Come forward!" commanded Eben, and the redskin obeyed, at the same time holding up his hands.

"Who are you?" was the demand.

"Me Little Wolf," was the reply, as the dark eyes of the Indian boy flashed.

"What are you doing in these parts? Did you belong to the fiends who made me homeless?"

Eben's blood was hot, and as he finished his hand fell upon Little Wolf's shoulder.

"Why don't you speak?" he cried. "What did they do with Misa?"

"The white girl?"

"My sister, yes."

"She was taken off by the red men."

Eben breather freer.

"That's a little better than being scalped," he said, with a glance at Jack. "Who took her away?"

"Red Sticks, the Miami."

"Do you hear that, Jack? Misa has fallen into the hands of that devil in red."

"I pity her, then."

Eben still held on to the Indian boy.

"Which way did they go?" he asked.

Little Wolf pointed toward the south.

"She's in the Indian camp," said Eben. "And that is our destination."

Little Wolf fain would have got out of his captors' clutches, but Eben was not ready to release him.

"You're going with us for a spell, at least," he said. "If you act decently you'll keep your scalp; if not it won't be worth a shilling."

The Shawnee boy seemed to understand.

"Now show us the shortest trail to Red Sticks," Eben went on. "I know where we saw that rascal last, but you must know where to find him now."

"Me know, white boy."

Keeping the captured youth slightly in the advance, the boys turned southward and soon all three were hurrying forward with every sense on the alert.

The sun at length began to peep into the heart of the vast woods, and the trail was now clear. On, on they went, Eben always watching Little Wolf, and at the same time kept his finger at the trigger of his trusty weapon.

"Do you like Red Sticks?" he suddenly asked the Indian boy.

Little Wolf shook his head, and at the same time grated his teeth.

"Red Sticks once strike Little Wolf," he growled.

"Then you have cause to hate that villain," Eben remarked. "Show us where he is and we'll avenge the blow."

For more than three hours the trio kept on in silence, when all at once the young redskin halted and turned to his captors.

They had reached some rising ground from which they overlooked a bit of open country.

"There," said Little Wolf, pointing forward.

The two boys gazed over the outstretched arm and uttered exclamations of surprise. The camp of the allied Indians lay directly before them.

These were the savages who were trying to annihilate the Americans under the gallant Wayne; they seemed a mighty host, as indeed they were, for there were three thousand of them, the best fighting men of all the Indian nations.

It was a thrilling sight, and when Eben thought that Misa was a captive in the midst of that scarlet horde his heart seemed to stand still.

"We have spared your life, Little Wolf," he said to the young savage. "Now we are going to put you on your good behavior. Serve us well and it will be well with you. Betray us and we will hunt you down and pin your scalp to a tree!"

Little Wolf heard, but made no sign.

"Go down into the camp and find out what has become of the white girl. Play your part well and mind your p's and q's. We will be here."

Little Wolf nodded. In another moment he was bounding away, and the boys saw his slim figure enter the Indian camp.

"Do you think you can trust the young red?" anxiously queried Jack.

"I put him on his bond. It was all I could do. If Misa is in yonder we will have another adventure tonight. We'll get her out of the redskin's clutches or lose our scalps; that is all," and Eben turned his eyes once more to the animated scene before him.

CHAPTER VI.

CRAFT AND PERIL.

IT PROMISED to be a long day to the young watchers above the Indian camp. They fully realized their peril, for should Little Wolf prove treacherous their doom was sealed, since they could be "rushed" by the red minions and captured without great difficulty.

"He will fail us," thought Jack many times. "I fear Eben did wrong to trust that forest eel."

At length, as the shadows of the day were deepening, a figure was seen approaching, and it soon developed into Little Wolf.

"He is keeping his promise!" exclaimed Eben, as his heart beat joyfully. "There is honor in the redskin."

The young Shawnee soon appeared before the boys, and announced that Misa was really a prisoner in the allied camp. She had not been harmed, but was zealously watched by several braves, who had been selected for that express purpose by Red Sticks.

"Now comes the tug of war," said Eben when he had looked to the condition of his weapons. "We shall rescue Misa, or perish in the attempt."

"I am with you to the end," Jack responded. "If we are opposed by the Miami we must make sure work of him——"

"Not if we can help it," interrupted Eben. "Our mission is to take him prisoner if possible."

Night had come at last. Fortunately the sky had become clouded, and this circumstance was in their favor.

"The hour has come," Eben reminded his companion, and, with Little Wolf following a short distance behind, they slipped from their retreat and pushed forward toward the dubious adventure.

Secure in their position, the chiefs of the redskins had thrown out no guards, and in a little while our heroes found themselves once more in the net of savage peril.

Meantime the frontier girl whom they sought lay on a pallet in a hastily built wigwam. She knew nothing of the attempt being made to snatch her from captivity, tho she wondered what had become of Eben and Jack. She knew that she was well guarded, for she had seen the half-clad forms of her guards, and felt that they were obeying the wishes of their implacable master.

She had fought well for her forest home, but the Indians were without mercy and the torch had been applied, and she had seen the flames lick it up.

The movements of Red Sticks were as swift as lightning; he seemed to possess the facility of being in two places at once, and this had rendered his name a terror wherever it was known.

Jack and Eben saw Little Wolf disappear ere they crossed the dead line, and therefore they were obliged to do the dangerous work alone. How to rescue one so well guarded as Misa was a proposition that troubled the would-be rescuers. Like two predatory panthers the boys crept forward till they were within striking distance of Misa's prison.

Not far away the Indians were holding a council of war, and they could hear the strident voices of the great chiefs as they harangued their followers and spat their venom at General Wayne and his gallant Americans.

Most to be feared by the boys were the prowling Indian dogs which had once before got them into trouble, and Eben told Jack to be on the lookout for such enemies.

There was light enough from the council fire to enable them to find the sought-for wigwam, and at the same time they discerned the stalwart form of an Indian guard. Was it possible that Misa was watched by only one redskin? Perhaps others had gone to the war palaver, believing that one of their number was security enough for the captive's safe-keeping.

"He is a perfect giant," whispered Jack, as they took in the guard's proportions. "How are we going to handle him?"

Eben did not speak for a moment.

"Wait till he turns his head, and then I'll rush him," Jack continued.

"And get the worst of the argument? Let me lure the red from his duty."

The boys now crawled into the shadows, and Eben made a little noise which caused the Indian to look in his direction. In another moment, his curiosity excited, the sentry came cautiously forward, his hand at the trigger of his weapon.

The boys did not seem to breathe, tho they were trying to control their nerves, for everything now depended upon absolute coolness.

Suddenly, when the Indian was within three feet of the crouching boy rangers, Eben's body shot upward like a bolt and fell upon the figure before him. Down they went together in a sprawling heap, with the boy's hand at the scarlet throat, and, seeing the peril of the moment, Jack launched forward and joined in the melee.

Altho the red guard battled with all his might, and he had the strength of a lion, he was no match for his determined assailants, and four hands choked him into insensibility.

"So far we're in luck," breathed Eben, as he tore at a strap about the Indian's body, and this he bound about his mouth, effectually suppressing all outcry.

"Quick now!" exclaimed Jack.

Eben sprang up and threw open the flaps of the wigwam.

"Misa! Sister!" he called softly, and there was a responsive cry from within.

"Not a sound," the joyous brother said in low tones. "It is Jack and I."

Misa obeyed and held her tongue.

The guard lay like one dead before the wigwam, and the boys prepared for instant flight with their prize.

Their rejoicing, however, was of short duration, for the clamor at the war council suddenly ceased, and several dark figures were seen bounding forward. Who had betrayed them? Little Wolf?

Leaping over the prostrate guard, the trio bounded away. It was a moment fraught with the direst peril.

"The Yengees! The man who never sleeps!" arose the cry which struck terror into the very hearts of the three whites.

Escape seemed impossible.

"They're after the white girl!" cried a loud voice, which the boys recognized as the voice of Tom Girty.

Halting for a second, the boys looked back and saw a dozen Indians rush into the wigwam, and at their head was the demon Red Sticks. They quickly realized what had taken place.

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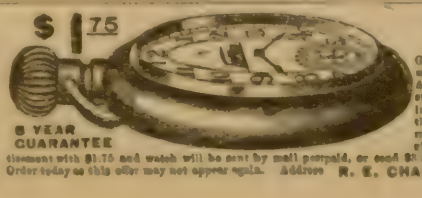

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seemed to blaze everywhere; the whole camp was a swarm of human bees.

"This way!" shouted Girty, as he loosened a huge dog. "Take the trail, Nero, and prove as merciless as your namesake."

Eben saw that capture was imminent. The mad horde would soon be upon them in all its fury.

Jack saw his friend throw his rifle to his shoulder as his jaws came together with a snap. The trusty weapon spat fire right in the faces of the infernal mob. Tom Girty threw up his arms and tottered back. The rest of the band leaped over him.

Jack threw himself before Misa and shot straight into the heart of the yelling legion; then, seizing the girl's arm, he darted off with Eben at his heels. The boys had loosened a tornado, and it was about to destroy them in its ungovernable fury.

This strange and unusual story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

WHY HE WONDERED.

IT WAS a skilfully placed lamp, and in its rays she showed not the tiniest trace of age. One would have given the bloom upon her cheek the benefit of the doubt and her hair was a marvel. Even the man who was calling observed it admiringly—and that is a triumph in a case where the man concerned has been calling off and on for some twelve or fifteen years.

"How do you do it, Lutie?" he inquired. "I've noticed it a lot—you don't look five minutes older than when we were in the same high school classes! I—why, sometimes I feel older than the hills!"

"You!" she laughed protestingly. "Why, to hear you talk, one would think it had been forever! It isn't such a frightfully long time——"

"Huh!" broke in the man, reaching for a match, "longer than you want to think about, I'll bet! Why, the grammar school students of those days are wrestling with rent bills and infant-feeding problems right now! No, we're no longer as young as we used to be!"

"Well," she said with a touch of sharpness, "I shouldn't make such a heap of trouble about it, Arthur, if I were you! Why, I never think about it! And you're silly to act so, because you are awfully young-looking—nobody'd ever guess within ten years your real age!"

"Honest?" he begged, with some interest. "Or are you just trying to be sociable as the etiquette columns teach you to be? I've thought a lot about it lately. I went to a football game the other day and I tell you it made me blue to see all those strapping young huskies tearing around like wild Indians and the girls cheering—and me sitting scrouged up under a blanket wondering whether I was going to get rheumatism for my foolishness!"

"I never heard anything like you!" she said. "There's no more reason for you to feel that way—why, I think a man of your age, with good looks and brains and experience, can put it all over a lot of silly boys! You don't give yourself credit, Arthur!"

"You really think so?" he asked. "You and I—we've been awfully good friends, haven't we, Lutie? Jove! I don't know anybody I can talk to and be my real self with as I can with you! I've thought about it a lot!"

"Have you, Arthur?" she asked softly. Her lashes looked very long against the fairness of her cheeks.

"You certainly are a looker!" he burst out feelingly. "I don't wonder you've been so popular! What gets me, with all the beaux you've had, is how you've escaped matrimony!"

"All of them didn't want to marry me, you know!" she reminded him modestly. Then she sighed. "I guess I'm particular," she admitted. "There always was something lacking in each one. I couldn't quite see myself——"

"That's exactly the way with me!" the man told her triumphantly. "I'd be simply batty about some girl for a while and then I'd come out of my trance and do a quickstep to get away in time! My, the escapes I've had! Kind of funny that both of us have lingered along this way, isn't it, Lutie? All the rest of the old crowd are married and yet here we are. Really, haven't you ever seen a man you thought you'd care enough about to marry?"

"That's telling!" she cried gayly. "How about yourself?"

He flicked his cigar end into the ash tray. "Well," he said when he had leaned back in his chair, "as a matter of fact, I guess I have! It's just lately that it's dawned on me what ails me. I think I'm in love! And that's why I'm blue! I've realized that I'm 36 and have a bald spot, and like to stay home and read evenings—and you know, no girl or woman would stand for that these gay days. Now, would she?"

"Are you asking my opinion?" she inquired, still softly.

"Yes Lutie, I am!" the man declared seriously. "I—I came up here tonight on purpose to ask what you thought about it! Do—do you consider I'd have the ghost of a show—if I asked any one to marry me?"

Still she did not raise her eyes. "Why, yes, Arthur," she breathed, "I—I certainly do!"

"Gee!" said the man, in relieved tones, "that puts new heart into me! You know her—it's Alice—and she's twelve years younger than I am and I was afraid."

The lady under the lampshade was looking at him now and her eyes held sparks. "Afraid!" she echoed. "I don't see why you should be afraid, Arthur Howard—you have nerve enough to sink a battleship! You'd better go right on over to Alice's and get it over with. It's still early—and remember that you're growing older every minute!"

"Gee!" wondered the man as he found himself outside of the front door, and headed for Alice's, "now, what on earth ailed Lutie? She seemed so pleasant and sympathetic when I started talking! Women are so darned queer!"

REGRETTIN'.

The days are gettin' shorter,
And altho I thought that I
Would be glad the long and glary
Days of summer had gone by,
Yet I catch myself a-wishin'
For the summer days once more,
For the bare feet of the babies
Of a mornin' on the floor.

Used to be when days was longer,
When the daylight came at four,
I would hear a sudden patter
And the creakin' of a door.
I would hear a little giggle,
And a footfall on the stair,
And I'd fix myself all ready
For a most outlandish scare.

But I'd keep right on a-eatin'
Like I didn't hear at all.
Didn't hear the little giggle,
Didn't hear the witchin' fall
Of the bare feet of the baby
Comin' down to s'prise her pop,
Just a-eatin' and a-eatin'
Like I never meant to stop.

Then there'd be a rush and scramble,
And a giggling, shrieking: "Boo!"
And a daddy so excited
That he scarce knew what to do;
Then a babe in a white nightie,
With a tousled yellow head,
Sitting snuggled to her daddy,
Munching on a piece of bread.

Now the days are so much shorter
That I finish up, and take
Up my hat and dinner bucket
'Fore the babies are awake;
And I seldom get to see them
Till the nighttime, and that's why
I'm regrettin' that the long days
Of the summer time are by.

—J. M. Lewis.

Taking No Chances.

"HENRY," she began, in a sweet, timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

Henry, who reads the papers, and was about as thoroly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stopped him.

"I don't want to know that," she faltered, "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"

"Awful scarce!" echoed Henry, dismally.

"And is it all being taken away to pay for the war?"

"It is," said Henry.

"And if they continue to take it away, there won't be any left in this country by and by and we'll have to use silver?"

"Yes," sighed Henry.

"Henry," she whispered, "I told you I would give you my decision in the summer—but I repent. It—it is 'Y—yes.' Henry, don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"

After Mary.

THEY were having a quiz in English history at a publis school. The instructor was examining the pupils on their knowledge of the sovereigns of England.

"Who came after Henry the Eighth?" asked the teacher.

"Edward the Sixth," answered a pupil.

"Right. And who succeeded Edward the Sixth?"

"Mary," replied the second little bright-eyes.

"Correct, and who came after Mary?"

There was a puzzled pause. Then a scholar who had heretofore not contributed much to the progress of learning had an inspiration. He waved his hand on high and, being called on, answered triumphantly:

"The Little Lamb!"

More Than a Parsonage.

There is a clergyman in an Ohio city who is very proud of his record as a marrying parson.

"Why, sir," said he to a Cincinnati man who was visiting him, "I marry about fifty couples a week, right here in this parsonage."

"Parsonage?" returned the Cincinnati man, "I should call it the union depot."

Red Blood and Courage!

(BY DR. W. C. LUCAS.)

What drives the men right up to the trenches in this war is courage, and it's red blood that "puts the heart" in the men. Did any one ever see a puny, thin-blooded man ever rush into the fight with any chance of winning out? With rich, pure blood you can face any hardship, reach any goal. But you are handicapped in the race of life without it. Every tissue, bone, muscle, should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. When the poisons accumulate in the blood, perhaps the face breaks out in pimples, or boils appear on the neck, and we feel languid, tired, our vitality is at a low ebb, and we easily catch cold.

It's time to take an alterative extract and blood-purifier, taken from Nature's forests. Such a one is made up of Golden Seal, Blood and Stone root, Oregon Grape and Queen's root—extracted with glycerine and made into sugar-coated tablets or liquid, and this has been sold by druggists for the past fifty years as Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

NEOGA, ILL.—"Some six years ago I was all run-down from work and worry. Am a blacksmith by trade. I had to give up work as I was so nervous at times I did not know what to do. I could eat scarcely anything; got so weak I could hardly walk from the house to the barn. Was in this condition for about a month when I commenced to use Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. After using the above remedies I felt like a new person, and since that I have been using Dr. Pierce's remedies whenever I need a medicine. I find they do me more good than any medicine I ever used, and I am ever ready to tell others of the good they have done me and my faith in them." —F. M. GOURLEY.

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GENTLE JABS.

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.

It takes a woman with sound judgment to generate silence.

Holidays are more pleasant in contemplation than in fact.

Even the prude isn't averse to sitting in the lap of luxury.

The average man has more than one kick coming—to him.

Flattery is harmless to the woman who doesn't flatter herself.

One of the worst things under the sun is a shady reputation.

Don't attempt to swindle a mule; he is apt to get back at you.

The fickleness of some women is what makes them interesting.

The only way to crush an egotist is to pay no attention to him.

When one good turn begets another we shall have perpetual motion.

The more sunshine there is in some men's lives the less hay they make.

Speaking of marble hearts, it's more satisfactory to give than to receive.

Some people never know when to stop and others never know when to begin.

Occasionally the world loves a lover, but more often it sympathizes with him.

A man may convince a woman that she is in the wrong by agreeing with her.

An inventor is a genius who discovers a lot of things that are already patented.

Our idea of a nuisance is a man who butts in when we are talking about ourselves.

It's a striking coincidence that the things a boy likes to throw at break easiest.

Some men decline to look upon the wine when it is red because they prefer another color.

You not only have a right to your opinion, but you also have a right to keep it to yourself.

Sometimes a woman asks her husband's advice so that she'll be in a position to take the opposite course.

Our idea of a hypocrite is a man who really admires his mother-in-law, but is too contrary to admit the fact.

To listen to people who tell you things for your own good is harmless—and it affords them a lot of pleasure.

The average man is not a singer. Neither is the average woman, but sometimes you can't make her believe it.

Probably Delilah's hair was getting thin and she became enraged at Samson because he refused to name the brand of hair tonic he used.

WOMEN LETTER CARRIERS FOR UNCLE SAM

UNCLE SAM has set the example of employing women in men's jobs wherever possible, by naming two women as letter carriers in Washington, D. C. Both are veterans of other branches of the postal service and are trying to prove that they are just as capable as the men who preceded them. Mrs. Nellie M. McGrath, wife of a letter carrier now in the military service, is shown on the left and Mrs. Parmelia Campbell on the right.

HOW WOMEN CAN HELP FEED THE WORLD

IN THE long history of the world there has never been a time when humanity was so near to starvation. The grain fields and gardens of Europe have been devastated by the invader or have been deprived of their workers by the army that must check him. The women would gladly plant and cultivate and harvest the land to its full extent, but they must keep going the munition plants and all other industries. In England alone there are 5,000,000 women taking men's places in industry. This lack of labor in the fields, together with the necessity for enormous quantities of food to supply the millions of soldiers in the trenches, brings home to us in America the problem of feeding the greater part of the world—at least, we must be able to send over enormous quantities to France and Belgium, our Allies in greatest need. In 1917 the garden produce of the Middle Western States was increased 234 per cent over that of previous years. This is in large part due to the efforts of women. Now is the time to plan for the crops of 1918.

Many schemes inaugurated this year in certain parts of the United States will be of great value to the worker next summer. When Miss Virginia Chandler, of the Illinois Division, Council of National Defense, visited the Eastern cities, she found some inspiring bits of work being done.

In New York City the women of the Mayor's Committee have done a remarkable piece of work, in establishing a Canning Kitchen. The idea was originally conceived by Mrs. William H. Lough. She had read of the tremendous waste of fruit and vegetables on the wharves, where all the food that is not of a high enough grade to pass the inspector is discarded, since the cost of picking it over is very great. She was convinced that this good food should and could be used and obtained the cooperation of the Mayor's Committee, the Junior League, and the Woman's University Club, with the result that permission was obtained from the Board of Education to use the building occupied in the winter by the school soup kitchen. An average of sixty women have worked every day during the season and 8,500 quarts of vegetables and fruits have been put up in addition to apple butter and jellies. The material that has been made use of in this manner represents $3,000 market value and only about one-fiftieth of the available discarded fruits and vegetables has been quired.

The enterprise is conducted in this fashion: Each woman is given a ticket and a duplicate is kept by the director. A punch is made on each of these for every hour the women work. A punch represents twenty cents credit, which at the end of the season entitles the woman to canned goods in proportion to the number of hours she has worked. The price of the goods is based on the container used, the sugar and spices required.

The work in other communities would, of course, be on a different basis than that of the women of a great city; but the principle is the same. Reports from many cities and towns thru the Middle West tell of the schoolhouses being turned into canning kitchens during the vacation months; of the revival of the old method of drying fruits and vegetables; and, above all, they tell us of the increased production of vegetables. What the women of the United States have done this year toward increasing and saving the food production must be doubled, if possible tripled, in 1918 if we would fulfil the mission that has been given us to feed the human race that seems in danger of starvation.

THE SHORTAGE OF FOOD.

The total supply of food in the world is a definitely known fact and the present rate of consumption is also known. Within a short time at the present rate of consumption the food supply will be depleted in various parts of the world and it may be millions of men, women and children will die of starvation. It is impossible to exaggerate the seriousness of the situation. The world shortage of food is now a statistical fact; this winter it will be an actual fact. Women must look ahead and see what conditions will confront their households this coming year. The hungry eyes of the world are turning to the wheat fields of this country. The Allies have been obliged largely to neglect food cultivation in order to spend their energy fighting in the trenches. Honor and humanity compel the people of this country to ship all the food they can spare to the other side of the water. Of course this generosity will react on the country, which will feel a shortage of food never before known unless precautions are taken. Women must teach themselves and all the members of their families self-discipline, which is not at all arduous when for a high purpose. The science of buying, cooking and serving in American homes will reach a standard that cannot help but counterbalance any shortage if followed with intelligence. Pamphlets will be distributed constantly from Washington with all sorts of useful hints to the housewife. It must be remembered that going hungry is a fearful waste of energy and is quite as harmful as overeating. Good fuel should be put into the human machine, which must not be overloaded and smothered or underfed until it merely flickers feebly. Thru the pamphlets issued by the Government and the many lectures which will be given on food all winter housewives can supplement their own knowledge in a way that is likely to show a household alert mentally and physically.

IN SETTLEMENT OF DEBT.

Adieu, Good Friend, I may not wait;
The Hun is storming at the gate!
I go before it be too late—
I judge not him who bears no lance.
For me, my life shall be more real,
And I more consecrated feel,
When I have drawn my humble steel.
Or weal or woe, to win in France
To France to pay my debt I go,
For Lafayette and Rochambeau.

Let him remain at peace who must,
His sword surrender up to rust,
And win his way to glorious—dust;
He hears no trumpet call, perchance,
For me, the bugle bloweth clear.
The reveille is in my ear.
I wake, O War! I hear! I hear!
To right a wrong I ride for France
I go to France to pay my debt,
For Rochambeau and Lafayette!
—Khaki in Chicago Tribune

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

The following extracts are from a letter received from the Paris depot of the American Fund for French Wounded, Alcazar d'Ete, Avenue Gabriel:

"The American Y. M. C. A. is very active at its headquarters, 31 Avenue Montaigne. Nearly every evening some entertainment is arranged for the benefit of the American boys who are in Paris. One night this week a musical smoker was given at which members of the Opera-Comique contributed the music. Another evening Dr. E. St. John Ward, who was head of the American Red Cross mission with the Turkish army in the campaign of 1915, delivered a lecture. These entertainments are varied by moving-picture shows. Several evenings ago the windows in the neighborhood were hastily raised at the sound of vociferous cheering. Investigation showed that the 'Sammies' had discovered on the menu, 'old fashioned American raspberry pie.' Some time ago we received a parcel of very dainty baby clothes. These pretty things were given to a French lady, who keeps them for use at village baptisms for refugee babies. She was enchanted with the idea of having them come from America, and the village is within sound of the Verdun guns.

"Enthusiastic reports have come to us from the American Fund for French Wounded unit doing canteen work in the American lines. Two of the workers came down a couple of days ago with 4,000 francs to buy supplies. One man said to one of our workers the night the canteen was opened: 'Don't matter what you say, ma'am, just go on talking; it's so good to hear a voice from home.' We are, therefore, hoping to receive instructions from our headquarters in America that the custom of sending out such units may become a permanent feature.

"An ambulance boy returning from the front told one of the workers at the Alcazar that he had passed a squad of 500 German prisoners — not one of whom would believe that America is in the war against them. In another group a few days later one German remarked: 'Oh, yes, I know you're in the war, pretending to be on the side of the Allies, but really going to fight for us.' It seems a good illustration of the warped German point of view. The infirmiere major made a most unusual request for chewing gum; because, she explained, it helps the sick men to refrain from smoking, which is forbidden by the doctor."

FUTURE PATRIOTIC AMERICANS.

Are you taking every opportunity to teach your boys and girls patriotism?

Even your youngest will be interested in stories of the bravery of your ancestor, and youth is the time to be inspired with genuine love for country and flag.

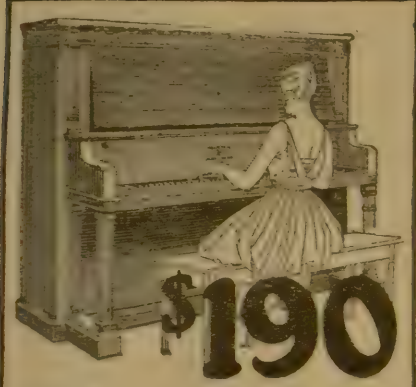
Try it out now while history is in the making.

Make them realize how their forefathers risked life and limb that they might enjoy liberty today.

Make them realize what a disgrace it is to be a traitor.

Loyalty taught now will follow these boys and girls into every sphere of life.

Teach them to defend the weak and to put the country above self.



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To the Citadel.

(Continued From Page 13.)

lifted her head proudly. "You two and Mrs. Bunch planned all this a few days ago, didn't you?" she said frigidly. "You three women, who think it is ultra-fashionable to coddle kittens and poodles with ancient names instead of your husbands' children—you are determined that I shall be humiliated, aren't you? And Mrs. Bunch, who claims such royal blood, is at the bottom of it all. I imagine one would find scrubwomen and chimney-sweeps, if one went to the trouble of climbing Mrs. Bunch's ancestral tree! As to your spring cleaning—only the very laziest housewives would wait until June for that."

Mrs. Bunch joined them at that instant, and she had heard all that Cleopatra had said. Her gypsy eyes snapped and scintillated, and her gypsy face went dead white. Unreasoning rage had crowded out every vestige of that great fear that had filled her heart a day or two before.

"You'll learn that even a Barrington can be humiliated! You'll see!" said Mrs. Bunch.

Cleopatra went on homeward without replying to the threat.

The minister's wife and her bosom friends quickly set about their work of wrecking the little happiness that was left in the life of Cleopatra Barrington. After a few days, not a woman in town would even speak to the Major's daughter; children crossed the street to avoid her. But the menfolk still admired her as she passed them, with the combined graces of a running doe and a swimming trout, with her copper-bronze head high and her smile more intoxicating than ever.

Forrest Hale understood it all. He knew that Cleopatra was suffering because of her ostracism; he knew that she, like that other royal flame of a woman of the name Cleopatra, was but human and but a woman, for all her splendid strength and pride. He wished he could help her. But he couldn't because she wouldn't let him. The citadel was impregnable.

The Major's daughter went to her father to make inquiries concerning the mortgages that covered every cent of the value of Barrington Arbor. She found him sitting by an open dining-room window, and he was drinking again.

"I tell you, Bob Taylor," he was saying, "you're the greatest Governor Tennessee ever had, sir! You will go down in history as the finest and best loved of all Tennesseans, sir. Go with you over to the Colonel's, you say? I will, and gladly. Ephraim, you black rascal, my hat and cane, and here's a dollar for you—why, Cleopatra, dear, here you are! Have you heard the news, my beautiful daughter? No? Well, it's this: Forrest Hale and I are going to join our legal forces; we are going to do a law business together. There's a man for you, my dear, as is implied by his name, Nathan Bedford Forrest Hale."

The young woman gave her father a worried look. So Hale was going to help them—anyway! It would be charity pure and simple, tho perhaps her father would not recognize it as that.

"Tell me," she requested, "about the mortgages."

"The mortgages!" exclaimed Major Barrington. "If they were foreclosed, we would be set out in the street—as homeless as the birds of the fields! But, ah—I forget myself! Let us not think of such things as mortgages, dear heart."

Cleopatra immediately went to see Forrest Hale, and she found him in his law office. He rose, greeted her pleasantly, and pushed a chair forward. She did not sit down.

"You are not going into business with my father, Mr. Hale," she said almost bluntly. "I forbid it."

Hale frowned. "Are you afraid that these women here—who, I happen to know, have hounded you almost to death because you will not let yourself down to their mediocre level—are you afraid that they will call it charity?" he demanded.

She did not answer, but stood there looking at him silently.

"The minister's wife started it all," Hale went on in a voice that vibrated. "Mrs. Bunch, who boasts of royal Spanish blood, started it all. My dear Miss Barrington, I know the Bunches well. They came here from Nashville, my home city. Bunch was a street preacher there. Mrs. Bunch, whose maiden name was Nina Sabino, is a Spanish gypsy, and when Bunch married her she was a scrubwoman—and her mother and her grandmother, too, were scrubwomen. Her father is the janitor who takes care of my Nashville offices, and that's how I came to know all about the Bunches. Royal Spanish blood—bah! Mrs. Bunch would have been a dancer, if she'd had the figure."

"Have you told this to anybody else?" asked Cleopatra Barrington.

"I told the whole story to every man I knew here, only this morning," answered Hale. "I have an idea it will lessen your persecution, if it doesn't stop it altogether."

Then he begged her to marry him, but she wouldn't.

"I love you," she admitted finally, "more than——"

"Not more than your pride," he smilingly interrupted.

"I am a Barrington," she reminded him.

And with that, Cleopatra went home.

Before two more suns had gone down, Mrs. Bunch, the deceiver, had fallen hard from her position as leader of Fort Barrington's social set. It was the only place of its kind she had ever held, and to lose it so ignominiously—well, death would have been easier for this narrow, mean woman, who loved show above everything else in the world. She found herself completely ostracized. Not even the menfolk sympathized with her; some of the children made faces at her, and called her a fortune-teller.

And she blamed Cleopatra Barrington with it all! Had not the Major's daughter twice hinted at scrubwomen in her presence? Mrs. Bunch believed that Cleopatra Barrington had employed Forrest Hale to trace her lineage.

Her gypsy blood cried out for vengeance, of course. It became the hope of her life; in her life there was nothing but that one hope. She sent her husband away for all time, which caused Bunch to weep real tears of regret; the poor man did not know when he was well off!

For a week she planned day and night, and one who is even moderately resourceful may not plan that long without coming upon an idea of promise. In the carrying out of her scheme, she employed the one weapon that was left to her, which was her keen and cunning, wrecking tongue—she told that she had seen Cleopatra Barrington stealing ribbons at Jim Dawes' dry goods store; that Cleopatra had once stolen two yards of silk from the parsonage; and that Cleopatra had several times robbed the church of money while she was in charge of the church's finances!

She found plenty of listeners, ostracized tho she was. The persecution of the Major's daughter became almost unbearable.

It was midnight, and the little town lay as silent as a sepulcher. About the old houses there was the faint odor of roses, and the sweet scent of honeysuckle. From far up on the side of the Big Cherokee floated the weird and melancholy cry of an owl. Then, suddenly as the lightning flashes, the night was pierced by a woman's shrill scream for help—and it had come from an upstairs window of the parsonage. It was laden with tragedy and mortal distress, and those who heard it were much alarmed; they rushed, half-dressed, for the minister's house.

The Ellises, the Daweses, old Dr. Hendrix and Forrest Hale were the first to reach the front door; it was not locked, and Hale opened it quickly and rushed up the stairway, with the others following close behind him.

"In here!" shrieked Mrs. Bunch from a room to the right. "In here!"

They hurried into the room, which was lighted by a round-wicked, nickel-plated lamp that set on a small table. Mrs. Bunch, clad in a lace-covered nightdress, stood holding to a bedpost as tho to keep her feet. With her dark, gypsy eyes snapping and scintillating, she pointed an unsteady finger toward the dresser. The others looked. They saw two long-stemmed wineglasses, each of which contained only a few drops of wine.

"Cleopatra Barrington poisoned me," cried Mrs. Bunch, weakly. "I was lying here reading, and she came in like a shadow. She had two glasses of wine in her hands, and she put them there on the dresser. She took a pistol from somewhere in her clothes—and pointed it at me——"

She swayed dizzily, and went on with a visible effort.

"'One of us is going to die,' Cleopatra Barrington said to me. 'Women can fight duels as well as men. One of these glasses of wine is poisoned,' she said, 'and the other is not. Take your choice,' she said—'I'll drink the one you leave.'

"I told her I didn't want to do it. But she had the pistol aimed at me. She made me drink one glass, and she—drank the other—and I—got the poison——in my glass——"

Mrs. Bunch, the slanderer, had gone white as her nightdress. She fell, face downward, to her bed, and lay still. She who had been Nina Sabino would never slander anybody, anywhere, any more.

Forrest Hale watched it all, heard it all, with eyes that spoke eloquently of heartbreak. He saw the doctor examine the prostrate woman, and shake his head. He saw Jim Dawes pick up a tortoiseshell sidecomb with two copper-bronze hairs fastened in it, and pass it to Henry Ellis. He saw Dr. Hendrix take up the two wineglasses, and he heard Dr. Hendrix say sadly:

"These belong to the Barringtons; I know them."

It was then that Hale sprang into action. If Cleopatra had chosen to emulate brave old Colonel Harrington in the matter of disposing of an enemy, it had been because she had been driven to it by sheer desperation, and he would protect her. Guilty or not guilty—and who could doubt, the damning evidence considered, that she was guilty?—he still loved her. Forrest Hale stole out of the room unnoticed, and hastened to Barrington Arbor.

The Barringtons rarely or never kept their doors fastened, and Hale entered without knocking. He hurried up the broad staircase, calling as he went:

"Cleopatra! Cleopatra!"

When he had reached the upper hallway, a bedroom door opened a few inches, and the Major's daughter inquired calmly:

"What is it, Mr. Hale?" She knew his voice in the dark.

"You have just been accused—of something, Miss Barrington," said Hale. "Can you prove, indisputably, that you have not left this house during the last three hours?"

"I cannot," the young woman answered readily.

Just then the Major came out to the hallway, and he carried a lighted lamp in one hand. He had fallen asleep with his clothing on.

"Ah, it's you, Hale!" he exclaimed drowsily. "What's the matter—is the house afire?"

Hale told Major Barrington what he had come to tell, told it quickly. Fifteen minutes afterward, the old Southerner and his daughter, fully dressed in dark clothing, were making their way toward the mountains. Major Barrington knew the mountain folk; they loved him; they would hide him and his daughter from the arm of the law until Hale learned whether it was advisable for Cleopatra to stand trial.

Court was in session at Fort Barrington. Imagine the surprise that prevailed when N. B. Forrest Hale announced that Cleopatra Barrington had decided to come back and stand trial—and that, in fact, she was even then waiting for her case to be called! He, Forrest Hale, had been employed to defend her.

The case was called without delay. The old courthouse was packed to the doors and window, when Miss Barrington closely attended by her father, walked to her place before the bar of justice; and never had Cleopatra seemed so proud and so sure of herself as she seemed now. The Major sat down near to her, and put his hat and cane on the floor; and crouching behind his chair, as much interested as any other person in the courtroom, was whiteheaded old Ephraim, his bodyservant of the other days.

An expectant hush fell as the wheels of the law began to move. Public sentiment was about equally divided; most of the men were for, and most of the women against, the clearing of the accused. Cleopatra pleaded, "Not guilty," in a very, very haughty tone. The State introduced its evidence—its strong evidence, the wineglasses, the comb with two copper-bronze hairs fastened in it, and Mrs. Bunch's dying statement—and rested.

The wheels of the law moved on. Forrest Hale began to plead for the life of the woman he loved, and he delivered his argument with a mighty and forceful eloquence that left the jury pale from the sheer force of it. He told of the persecution of Cleopatra, and many were those whom he made ashamed; he told of Cleopatra's suffering as tho he had known all that suffering in his own heart—and perhaps he had; he told of Mrs. Bunch's threat:

"You'll learn that even a Barrington can be humiliated. You'll see!"

Then he faced the judge, who had long been accustomed to hearing the impassioned speeches of attorneys of the South-

(Continued on Page 29.)

KEROSENE BURNERS IN OLD COOK STOVES

A new appliance which not only saves time and money, but which will lighten the burden of many housewives, is being placed on the market by the Standard Burner Co., Dept. 5018, 845 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago. It is a kerosene burner that can be attached to your old cook stove in 15 to 30 minutes, and instead of having to kindle your fire and wait for it to burn, you simply turn a valve, apply a match, and in five minutes you have a blazing hot fire. For heating, many find this burner cheaper than coal or wood.

There are no wicks in this appliance, it does away with dirt and gives off no unpleasant odor. Anyone desiring to secure one of these Burners on 30 days' trial can do so by addressing the above mentioned firm.—Adv.

Valuable Poultry Book Sent Free.

Every Poultry Raiser who wants more money from chickens should write to F. L. Carswell, 356 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., for his new free book on Poultry Raising. Gives many scientific home helps for any size flock. ***

Asthma and Hay Fever Remedy Free.

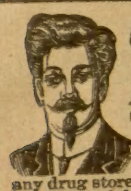
Remarkable cures effected from one bottle. Write D. J. Lane, Box 115 St. Marys, Kan., and tell him that you will try a bottle of his newly perfected remedy on his guarantee to charge you nothing if he doesn't cure, but that you will gladly pay him $1 for this bottle when you are completely cured.—Advertisement.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.



Gray Hair?
Use BARBO

A preparation of great merit for streaked, faded or gray hair.

You Can Make It Yourself

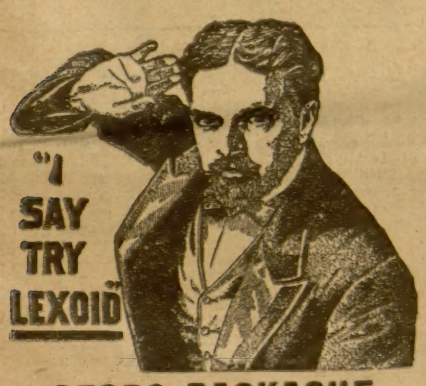
Get a box of Barbo Compound at any drug store. Directions for making and use come in each box. Costs little and easy to make.

KIDNEY
BLADDER TROUBLES
Rheumatism
TRY THIS
FREE

For Backache, Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Pains, and Unbearable Bladder Troubles.

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address—A Full Complete Treatment—SENT ON TRIAL.

My treatment has helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they tried had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.



STOPS BACKACHE

If you have backache, **kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism,** nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, **write for my treatment without a minute's delay.**

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to **drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.**

Now here is my offer—I will send you a **regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense,** just as I promise. Take it when it comes. **Use half of it, and see just what it does.** Then when you know it is helping you, **when you know you are getting better,** just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part **when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me.** Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, **not before. When you have used half of it,** if you are not satisfied, **return what's left and pay nothing.** Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this:

DR. H. Michell DeWerth,
376 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Send No Money; Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH
376 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment on Trial as you promised above, all charges paid. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is.....

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St. or R. F. D.....State.....

Please write name and address plainly

HOME AND HEALTH

FASHION NOTES.

Two belts, rather narrow, are supplanting the broad single belt, which has been popular for so long on one-piece frocks.

The world that is tired of colored coat suits and suspicious of colored topcoats takes to the dried peat and heather colors because they fit into the landscape of other costumes. They're not rebellious. They do not shriek at a gown or a hat. They melt into the color scheme given by the other parts of the costume and, therefore, prove a delight instead of a burden to the woman.

If there is special emphasis placed on any part of the coat, it is the collar. Fur collars are truly capes that reach almost to the waist line and cover the ears when worn high. Other styles wrap about the neck and fasten anywhere—directly in back, in front, on either side or both sides. Buckles, large buttons and tassels are used to fasten the collar. Shawl collars are frequently seen which fasten across the front, turning the fur inward. A waistcoat of fur is one of the new ideas produced this season.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Pour boiling water on oranges, apples, tomatoes, peaches and potatoes and they will peel quickly.

If brass curtain rods are rubbed with hard soap before being put up the curtains will slip on them easily.

Before broiling a slice of ham rub brown sugar on it. The ham will then have a delicious flavor. It is an improvement to soak in sugar and water a while.

To whiten ivory rub it well with unsalted butter and place it in the sunshine. If it is discolored it may be whitened by rubbing it with a paste composed of burned pumice stone and water and putting it in the sun under glass.

HEALTH NOTES.

In view of the possibility of occasional accidents in households, it is convenient for mothers to have a small emergency basket containing articles likely to be useful at such times. The contents of such a basket should consist of some lint, cotton, wool, old linen, a few prepared bandages, varying in width from one-half to three inches, a roll of adhesive plaster, some safety pins, ordinary needles and thread, some oiled silk, a pair of scissors, a nurse's dressing forceps, a bottle of carbolized olive oil of the strength of one part of carbolic acid to eighty of oil, a bottle of vaseline and a bottle of tincture of iodine.

RECIPES.

RAISIN BUNS—Sift one quart of flour with four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, rub in two tablespoonfuls of shortening and mix with sweet milk to a dough to roll. Roll out thin, sprinkle with sugar and chopped seeded raisins, roll up like a jelly roll cake, and with a sharp knife slice across into inch pieces, lay these on a buttered tin and bake in a quick oven until brown.

MACARONI AND CHEESE—One-third package macaroni, one and one-half pints of milk and one-half pint water, one-half cup grated cheese, butter size of walnut, four level tablespoonfuls of flour, salt to taste. Make white sauce of milk, butter, flour and salt. When partly cooked stir in grated cheese and finish cooking, stirring well to melt cheese. Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender. Stir cooked macaroni into hot sauce and bake in slow oven about thirty minutes.

GINGERED APPLES—Select tart apples, pare, core and cut in small pieces. To five pounds of the chopped apples allow an equal amount of sugar, five ounces of ginger root, three lemons, and one pint of water. Bruise the ginger root, add the water and let simmer for a couple of hours, adding more water when needed, getting a strong extraction of the ginger. Wipe the lemons, grate the rind and extract the juice. Tie ginger in a piece of cheesecloth and add to the pint of ginger water, with the lemon juice and rind, the sugar and apple. Boil all together until the pieces of apple look clear.

IDEAL WIFE.

Wanted, by men in every State, county, city and village in America, a wife.

Wanted, by millions of bachelors in the United States, a wife who can live on her husband's income and not complain; who can save a penny and not be ashamed.

Wanted, a wife whose aim in life is not dress, motor cars, card parties, dinners, society; who will not neglect her husband; who loves a home.

Wanted, a wife who knows how to cook, to sew, to direct a household; who can make a home.

Wanted, a wife who wants children.

Wanted, a wife who knows a baseball score and a batting average, who is not bored when her husband talks business; who will not laugh at a husband's ambitions.

Wanted, a wife who will not be a dressed-up doll or a household drudge; who will not limit her life to the four walls of the house; who knows the need of self-improvement, self-enlargement; who can continue to grow; who loves progress, refinement, culture.

Wanted, a wife who loves the stimulus of victory; who will not lose ambition with one defeat; who cannot be fatigued by climbing; who is willing to pay the price of success.

Wanted, a wife who can share adversity and not lose her love, who can share prosperity and not be jealous.

Wanted a wife who does not nag, who can be a companion, an inspiration; whose love can lighten the shadows of failure; who can keep her faith even tho all men fall to doubting.

Wanted, a wife who can love, love on thru the years—in prosperity, in hardships, in adversity, in sorrow.

A woman who can meet these wants will find millions of men in America ready to go down on their knees and pray God for the privilege of giving her a home and making her happy.

To the Citadel.

(Continued From Page 28.)

land and was therefore not very easily impressed.

"Your honor," he said, taking something from his pocket, "I have as witnesses that I picked this up in the dining-room of the Barringtons on the night of the tragedy, Sheriff Lowe and Deputy Sheriff Parnell."

He unwrapped and exhibited it. He proved that it had belonged to Mrs. Bunch. It was a sidecomb with a raven-black hair fastened in it. Mrs. Bunch had lost it when she had entered the dining-room of the Barringtons for the purpose of stealing evidence to support her dying statement. Hale continued:

"And the sheriff will tell you, your honor, that he saw Mrs. Bunch write, with white chalk, on a wall that faces the window of the jail's best cell, this one word: 'Humiliation!'

"Your honor, Mrs. Bunch lost all on earth she cared for when she lost her social prestige. Mrs. Bunch was a gypsy. She killed herself, your honor, in order that she might be revenged!"

Late that afternoon, Forrest Hale went out to Barrington Arbor. He found Cleopatra sitting in a weather-beaten old lawn swing, and he sat down beside her. She raised her very blue eyes to his strong young face.

"Forrest," she said, "I hope you came to ask me to marry you. Did you?"

Yes, she, a Barrington, she said that! Forrest Hale had found the way to the citadel of her heart, the home of her love and her pride. He had come in from above. The citadel of any woman's heart may be reached only from above.

And the next thing she knew she had her arms around his neck, and he was asking her.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Best Gift of All The Loftis Perfection Diamond Ring is the most popular **Solitaire.** Each Diamond is specially selected by our diamond experts and is skilfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14 karat solid gold 6-prong ring, possessing every line of delicate grace and beauty.

Send for Christmas Catalog

There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. **You see and examine the article right in your own hands.** If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory, and further guaranteed by us. Watches that will **pass railroad inspection** as low as $2.50 a month.

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YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free,** so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

and **besides** that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free,** our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and **postage prepaid.**

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
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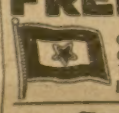

Badge of Honor for family or sweetheart. Service Star set in Gold. FREE for selling only 2 U. S. Copyright oil paintings "Over the Top—In France" at $1 each. Write today. LUTTRELL & COMPANY, 326 River Street, CHICAGO

FINE CAMERA and OUTFIT to make photographs for selling 25 pkgs. of post cards at 10c ea. Also book, "How to Make Photographs." Write today. **Metropolitan Nov. Co., 666 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Dept. 78.**

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE *attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life.* Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which alone is well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to *"look your best"* at all times.

PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper,* "TRADOS" (*Model 22*) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, *quickly, safely* and *permanently.* Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY!

Miss C. R.—After using my "Trados 22" for only two weeks sees a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

Mr. P. R. writes—Your Nose Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends.

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

Miss K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the Nose Shaper.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 911 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

BOYS! Get 25 Customers
For The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger

We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 1c on every Lone Scout.

25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers.

Each active agent is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts of America, who sends the badge, certificate of membership and booklet of instructions free. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

ONE WAY OUT.

"And now, Bella," said little Mary to her doll, "you must lay down for a while and go to sleep."

"You should say 'lie down, dear,'" put in little Mary's mother.

"Bella," said Mary impressively, "I'm going to lie you down, so don't you cry."

"'Lay you down,' dear," came the second gentle correction.

Mary was much puzzled. Whatever she said, it seemed to be wrong. She declined to cope longer with the intricacies of the English language. "Bella," she announced, "I think you better sit up!"

SLIGHTLY DISHEARTENING.

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us!'"

THE STAIRCASE WAS GONE.

An Irishman out of employment applied at some works for a job. To get to the office he was taken up by the lift, which left him at the floor on which the office was situated, and then it ascended further.

On Pat's coming out of the offices he went to where he got off the lift, stepped out and fell to the bottom. When he got up again he went to the man that was working in the yard.

"Faith, I have only a half-crown left, but I will give it to the first man that will tell me who took that staircase away."

HE UNDERSTOOD.

The pale-faced passenger looked out of the car window with exceeding interest. Finally he turned to his seat mate.

"You likely think I never rode in the cars before," he said, "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of prison this mornin' and it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, tho, facin' my old-time friends. I s'pose, tho, you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that."

"Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman, with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from Congress."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS. WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat $3.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 monthly. Glover $61.50 first four days. Neally 22 orders in 2 days. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-111, Dayton, Ohio.

BIG CHRISTMAS MONEY! ACT NOW! Every household, every store—everybody will use this complete Xmas tree decorative outfit. Operates by attachment plug that fits the electric socket in any home, or runs on three dry batteries. Packed in neat holly box. Retails $4.00. Make $2.00 on every sale. Send $2.00 for sample outfit. Don't delay. Electric Novelties Company, 1411 First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5,000 GUARANTEE THAT DELBARE'S naptha washing tablets will not injure the finest clothes. Men and women make startling profits selling this wonderful repeat order product. Guaranteed to wash clothes dazzlingly white without rubbing. Factory-to-you prices; prompt shipments. Naptha Washing Tablet Company, 728 S. Dearborn street, Chicago.

WOULD $150 MONTHLY AS GENERAL Agent for $150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing stock and poultry remedies, dips, disinfectants, sanitary products, interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-operative Mfg. Company, Dept. 34, Monticello, Indiana.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight, repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., K J Las Cruces, New Mexico.

FREE SAMPLE CASE OFFER. SELL money saving food, household products. Earn $25 to $35 weekly. Enormous profits—repeat orders—steady work. Established 1888. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept C-263, Chicago.

AGENTS: UNITED STATES SERVICE photo mount beautifully embossed red, white, blue and gold, space for photo 15c. Beautiful service bar pins 20c, postpaid. Conover, 15 Pearson, Chicago.

MEN OR WOMEN. MAKE $35 OR MORE weekly selling Puritan Sanitary Brushes. Every home buys. Large profits, easy work. Whole or spare time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1966 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS, EITHER SEX, SELL MENOLENE, needed in every home. 100 per cent profit and repeat orders. Free sample. Hamilton Mfg. Co., Box 633, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

NEW PATRIOTIC WAR ATLAS FREE with my 1917 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Beginners clear $7 daily. 50% commission. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B 1, Naperville, Ill.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE- sentative to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS: MEN OR WOMEN OF CHAR- acter and reliability. Experience not essential. No money required. Established 1884. Great Eastern Coffee and Tea Co., Dept. H 31, St. Louis, Missouri.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS of the best selling article ever offered to men; enormous profits; $15 daily made by one hustler; sworn statement. Address with stamp—Finley Specialty Co., Finley, N. D.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 720, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS—$60 A WEEK TO TRAVEL BY automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free auto offer. Thomas Co., 811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

$60 WEEKLY. WONDERFUL WINTER automobile fuel reduces operating expenses half. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

BORO MENTHOLEUM THE GUARANTEED catarrh cure. Sample and agency proposition 25c. Boro Products Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kans.

GAS FIRE IN COAL STOVES FROM COAL oil; cheaper than coal; agents' bonanza. Wonder Burner Co., Columbus, Ohio.

YOU CAN SELL OUR RAINCOATS. BIG commissions, free coat to good agents. Temple Raincoat Co., Templeton, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

PAY YOU 60C DOZEN DELIVER SAMPLES perfume your town. Outfit free, send 10c postage. Union D. Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

HELP WANTED

OWN A BUSINESS, BE INDEPENDENT. Make big money making Lockett's perfumes. Something new. Profits large. Formula and full instructions only 50 cents postpaid. A good mail order article. Edward Lockett, Franklin, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OF- fice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERV- ice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES—FASCINATING HOME BUSINESS tinting postcards, pictures, etc., spare time for profit. $5 on 100; no canvassing; samples 10c (stamps). Particulars free. Artint, 636B, 91 Meserole St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

$20 WEEKLY; STAMPING PATTERNS AT home. Send stamp. Chicago Silk Mills, Dept. M. M., Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDLESS MEN. BUY LAND TODAY. Start working for yourself. Poultry, stock, dairy and general farming pay well. 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts in Michigan. $18 to $30 per acre. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Company, X1245 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' subscription, Free. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars Free." Address Editor Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

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WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Rowell, Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

THAT SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR

"I ONLY wish," sighed the fluffy little thing with great seriousness, "that I'd heard Professor Mubbs' talk before we got engaged, Tom! It might have made a great dif——"

"Well!" said the young man with the square jaw, "will you tell me what this Mubbs person has to do with our future life together? Can't we tell whether we've found the right person——"

"Now, don't get excited, Tom!" protested the fluffy girl. "What I'm interested in knowing is just this—have you got a well-developed sense of humor?"

"Huh?" ejaculated the young man, startled. "Well, I've got all four of my wisdom teeth still, so I don't see why it isn't natural to suppose I have a sense of humor! I've been known to smile when the bank communicates 'Dear-Sir-your-account-is-overdrawn.'"

"I don't see what all that has to do with it," protested the young woman, frowning. "I do wish you'd stick to a subject instead of darting off at such crazy angles! Professor Mubbs said," she continued, "that the reason so many married people weren't happy was that they lacked a sense of humor. He said if you were so fortunate as to possess one you never would mind muddy coffee or bills or anything, and that if young [illegible] would only make a point of finding out——"

"That sounds interesting!" broke in the young man with the square jaw. "I'd like to find something which would put a quietus on my surging emotions when the coffee is spoiled and life upset! But I thought you knew how to make good coffee——"

"I do!" admitted the young woman. "But the sense of humor is most important, Tom! If you had it you'd know I didn't mean just coffee. He said——"

"Just a minute," begged the young man. "If you find I haven't got it, what's going to happen? Tell me, is it all off?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so literal and—er—abrupt!" she protested. "I expect it can be cultivated. Maybe if you had it you wouldn't mind so much if I look at any other man. You——"

"'Ha, ha!' I would cry," the young man told her interestedly. "'There's Angeline making soft eyes at the Bickers chap! What a corking joke! He thinks she means it! Let me seek a corner where I can retire and laugh myself to pieces! There isn't anything else to do, anyhow, seeing she is so wrapped up in him! If he knew the joke I bet he'd just die!' Something like that?"

"Nothing of the sort!" she retorted. "Professor Mubbs said that a sense of humor enabled one to ignore the bumps and troubles and remain content and calm——"

"I get you," said the young man. "I knew a family exactly like that back in Ohio. I never knew a family with a better developed sense of humor. They always were happy and in complete accord. If the roof leaked after Mrs. Higgins had asked her husband for the twenty-third time to fix it and the lamp exploded when the water descended on it and wrecked the room they merely laughed and said: 'Oh, what's the difference?' 'Why, if you'd fixed that roof,' Mrs. Higgins would say, when she could control her mirth, 'the fifth or sixth time I'd ask you, think what we'd missed! I never saw anything so funny in my life as Fido when the blazing lamp mat lighted on his tail! And I never did like that rug, anyhow! To be sure, we haven't a cent to buy a new one, but why mourn? Nobody ever comes to see us anyhow, and we needn't look at the floor!'

"'Why be upset?' old Higgins would inquire merrily when the grocer sent word his credit was cut off. 'Nothing external can touch my spirits if my mind is at peace! What is Boodles the grocer in my young life? How absurd to fancy the presence or absence of oatmeal, eggs and bacon makes any material difference!'

"'Johnny, hush your noise,' Mrs. Higgins would say merrily. 'There isn't a thing in the house for supper, and if you'd get the right philosophy on it you'd see what a howling good joke it was! You're getting old enough now to be able to join in our pleasures and we want to let you in on the fun! Turn in and have a good laugh about Mr. Boodles!'

"And when Albert, the eldest son, got hanged out West for horse stealing, they smiled as they wiped their streaming eyes. 'If he'd lived,' said Ma Higgins, 'he might 'a' had rheumatism awful when he was an old man! And I bet he did enjoy that ride when the sheriff was after him! Albert always did enjoy traveling fast!' You see——"

"I wish you'd stop!" cried the fluffy young person, almost in tears. "You are just foolish! Well, thank goodness, I know what a sense of humor is if you don't, so maybe we'll be able to get along all right!"

"We'll hope so," agreed the young man, soberly. "My word!"

CAMOUFLAGE BY THE FAIR SEX

THE girl in the tight little hat and the draped veil restrained a frown of annoyance when in tripping down the elevated steps she overtook the young woman in the large picture hat and imitation ermine.

"Why, Jessie!" cried the girl in the big hat, as the other attempted to go past. "How mean it was that I didn't know you were on this train! I haven't seen you for ages! Are you shopping?"

"Well, yes," admitted the girl with the draped veil, falling into step. "I'm so busy these days I had to drop a dozen things to come downtown! But one does have to have clothes—such a nuisance!"

"That's the way I feel about it," admitted the other. "I'm looking for a dress myself. Where are you going to look first?"

"Oh, in all those exclusive stores," the girl in the small hat rejoined with a tiny shudder. "I simply can't stand the places where they have no individuality and where, when you do find something, you meet sixteen other women with the same thing on! I cannot be happy in a gown unless it is for me alone—Arthur thinks I have the most distinctive style——"

The other girl gave a shriek. "Are you still going with Arthur Darkwater?" she cried. "My goodness! I should think you'd get so tired waiting and hoping——"

"I am not in such a hurry to marry as you seem to be," tartly said the girl in the small hat. "Poor Arthur! He told me all about how he had to stop calling on you because you so evidently were trying to rush him into a propos——"

"I'm going to try the shops first, too," hastily interrupted the young woman in the big hat, quite as tho the other had not spoken. "I want something out of the ordinary."

"It is simply impossible to buy a serge dress that is presentable under $50," said the girl in the small hat. "I want something terribly simple and yet distinguished-looking——"

"I know precisely what I want," broke in her friend in the big hat. "I saw one in Mme. Pheleepe's window—in that terribly exclusive little arcade, you know—and it was only $60 and looked worth a hundred and it had——"

"Mme. Croops, where I go mostly," languidly broke in the girl with the small hat, "never exhibits her frocks in a window, mercy no! You'd never know there were dresses for sale just looking in! She has the most wonderfully exclusively clients——"

"Mme. Pheleepe makes a special study of me," continued her friend sweetly. "She says she is always delighted when she finds some one who needs an individual style and can wear it! I've heard that your Mme. Croops buys lots of her things at sales and just marks them up——"

The girl in the small hat laughed amusedly. "I suppose her enemies in business tell all sorts of thiugs," she remarked. "She is making such a marvelous success I might as well see what she has in evening gowns while I'm there, I suppose. I want something in tulle and silver—just a little simple dance frock for about eighty or ninety. But I must get the serge today."

"I may get a satin day frock instead of a serge," chimed in the girl in the big hat. "Serge really is frightfully common. I suppose because it is cheaper than satin. A severe black satin frock has such an air and I can carry off those strictly tailored things. But I won't touch a satin under $4 a yard—I hate those sleazy cheap ones!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried the girl in the small hat, stopping short. "I'm so sorry! I've just remembered I've got to call at the optician's for mother's glasses—and I did want you to go with me to Mme. Croops! No, dear, I wouldn't dream of having you stop with me, because there's no telling how long I'll have to wait!"

"Maybe it's just as well," sighed the girl in the big hat and imitation ermine, prettily. "I must run right around and see about those opera tickets before it's too late! I'm just as disappointed as I can be! I wanted you to see the lovely things at Mme. Pheleepe's!"

Ten minutes later the girl in the small hat and the girl in the big one hated each other for life with a deadly hatred. For they met in a frenzied search thru the racks of $15 serge dresses in a crowded and extremely popular sale.

* * *

Hun Music Barred.

Our Tommies (writes the anonymous author of "From Dug-Out and Billet") don't appreciate the Boches' music one little bit; they say there is no tune to it.

The other evening they (the Boches) had a piano in their advance trenches, and we were close enough to hear the performance.

"What the blazes are you playin'?" one of our chaps shouted across.

"Wagner!" came the reply.

"Well," grumbled Tommy, "I don't wonder we're fightin' you about it."

Like a Boy at 50, Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

BOSTON, Mass.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or rundown, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone and 22-inch chain, one Signet Extension Bracelet to fit any arm and these 4 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN **FREE** for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c ea. Write today.

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We absolutely guarantee that the Kawnear Toilet is odorless and sanitary and that our D. D. Chemical does everything we claim for it and more. **We know it is O. K.** Try it in your own home. If it doesn't please you, if you aren't satisfied, send it back. **You are to be the judge.** Two of the biggest banks in Kansas City say we are all right and make good every promise.

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Per Person to Operate

With each Kawnear Toilet we furnish without charge the famous Kawnear D. D. Chemical—a wonder Deodorizer, Disinfectant and Germ killer. This lasts the average family four to six months. Additional quantities can be purchased from us direct, at cost to handle or $1.50 a gallon. With water, Kawnear D. D. Chemical makes a strong solution which acts instantly on all matter, destroying all odors. Any excess odor which might arise is immediately drawn off by a perfect Ventilating system. Empty only once in two weeks. Takes no longer than cleaning a chamber.

A Wonderful Convenience
For Young or Old—Sick or Well.

You will never know the comforts the Kawnear will bring to you and your family until you try it. To old folks—weak and feeble—it's a godsend. To sick—an almost indispensable necessity. To mothers with small children—a wonderful time and labor saver. **Insures Health, Refinement, Privacy.**

Health Boards, Schools, Doctors, Banks, Users, All Indorse The KAWNEAR

Test Made in Kansas University Proves Value of Our Claims

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—At the request of Doctor Crumbine, Secretary of the State Board of Health, we started a test on the Kawnear Cabinet. The equipment was set up in the public toilet room of Snow Hall, University of Kansas, October 1st, and it was examined several times daily and tests made.

We succeeded in getting a satisfactory elimination of bacteria with the dosage as directed, and we conclude from our investigation that the Kawnear Cabinet is entirely satisfactory for domestic or public use, and that if operated according to directions will eliminate nuisance and prevent the carrying of disease by flies and render human excrement innocuous.

At no time has it given any odor, and we consider the efficiency very satisfactory and can most certainly recommend it for unsewered residences or communities and highly efficient in killing out the fecal bacteria.

C. C. Y.,
Director of Laboratory.

Board of Health, S. Dakota.

This is to certify that I am using one cabinet type Sanitary Closet in my residence. It is odorless and perfectly sanitary; in fact, all that the people claim for it. As a Sanitary Officer, it appears to me the ideal toilet for school houses as well as residences.

(Signed) W. S. VERCOE.
Superintendent State Board of Health,
South Dakota.

State Board of Health Missouri.

Kaw-Near Cabinet Company,
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Your indoor chemical toilet has now been in operation under my observation for seventy days in a home of a family of five persons, to whom the service has been completely satisfactory.

Bacterial tests show that the result is all that could be desired and the operating expense is negligible. This system of toilet being both convenient and sanitary, is strongly endorsed to replace outdoor toilets and for use wherever a connection to an appropriate sewage system is not available.

Very truly yours,
GEO. H. JONES, M. D., Secretary.

State Board of Health Arkansas.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that the Arkansas State Board of Health thoroughly indorses the principle involved in the Kawnear Cabinet Toilet. This * * * is regarded as the best method of night-soil disposal when it is impossible to have sewer connection or inadvisable to have septic tank. This type closet is satisfactory in both private homes and public buildings. * * *

Respectfully,
C. W. GARRISON, State Health Officer.

Hoyt State Bank.

In answer to yours of the 3d in regard to our Chemical Closet, I will say that we like it very well. **It is odorless and we empty it only once a month.**

Very truly yours,
J. R. BURNS,
Assistant Cashier, Hoyt, Kan.

Install Without Expense in Any Room
No Sewer—No Water—No Smell—No Trouble.

Avoid This!

Can be installed in bedroom if necessary. Set it up in a closet, under the stairway, in the cellar or even in an open hall with a screen or curtain around it. The Kawnear is **Guaranteed absolutely odorless.** No trouble to install, not even a nail to drive. As easy to set up as a small stove. **Every Kawnear comes Complete. NO EXTRAS TO BUY.**

Renters Whether you own your home or not you can have this modern 20th century convenience—an indoor toilet for your own and family's comfort. You can move it with you wherever you go, so simple, so easy is it installed.

Have This!

Lasts a Lifetime—Saves Health—Saves Money—Saves Work

Read the Description of No. 35—(Accurately Pictured Above.) The lid is of solid wood—not veneered—glued in sections to prevent warping. Three-way aluminum or brass hinges of neat design allow the cover to swing smoothly and noiselessly. When raised, the lid rests against a rubber bumper and holds the seat in an upright position.

The seat is especially well constructed for beauty, strength and utility, scientifically shaped to give the greatest comfort.

The front panel is five-ply, built up and veneered with one sheet (no joints) of veneer. Side panels are three-ply veneered to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

A removable metal shield, with an opening corresponding with the opening in the seat, covers the entire top of the cabinet, so that when the cover and seat are raised the cabinet is immediately converted into a men's urinal.

Inside the cabinet is a 10¾ gallon container made of galvanized steel—about the thickness of the steel used in shovels—made right and should last a lifetime.

DIMENSIONS:—Height, 18 inches (same as your chairs); width, 20 inches; length, front to back, 26 inches; ventilating pipe, 4 inches in diameter.

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